
English Minor Poems Paradise Lost Samson Agonistes Areopagitica

BY JOHN MILTON



WILLIAM BENTON, *Publisher*

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CHICAGO LONDON TORONTO GENEVA SYDNEY TOKYO

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, London, on December 9, 1608 "My father," he wrote, "destined me, while yet a little boy for the study of humane letters Both at the grammar-school and also under other masters at home, he caused me to be instructed daily " At the age of seventeen he was admitted to Cambridge Here his first years were darkened by unpopularity and a quarrel with the college authorities, but he worked diligently and by the time he received his Master of Arts degree in 1632, his unusual powers had won him recognition and esteem At Cambridge he decided to abandon his original plan of entering the service of the Church, giving as his reason that he preferred "blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and swearing "

Milton's literary gifts were apparent early *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* was written while the poet was still at Cambridge *L'Allegro* and its companion piece, *Il Penseroso*, two masques, *Arcades* and *Comus*, and *Lycidas*, an elegy for a college friend drowned at sea, were the fruit of six years of study, chiefly of the classics, that followed the termination of his university career These years, passed quietly with his father in the rural setting of a small Buckinghamshire village, were succeeded by fifteen months of travel in France and Italy where he was widely received He made a special visit to Galileo, "grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought "

Even in the pastoral setting of *Lycidas* there were unmistakable stirrings of Milton's concern with the problem of church reform When, in 1641, this became one of the crucial issues in the rising tide of civil war, Milton emerged from his life of study and teaching Renouncing his poetry for militant prose, he scourged those who favored Episcopacy, holding them responsible for arresting the course of the Reformation His attack was framed in a series of pamphlets, the most elaborate of these being a treatise entitled *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*

In 1643, when he was thirty-five, Milton married Mary Powell, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a Cavalier family After a few weeks she returned to her home and seemed to have no intention of continuing the relationship Two years later, however, she came back, and their married life was resumed There were three daughters of this union and a son who died in infancy Mary Powell herself died in childbirth in 1654

In the same year that his wife left him, Milton wrote his famous treatise, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, Restored to the good of both sexes from the Bondage of Canon Law and other Mistakes*, asserting that marriage being a "private matter" could be dissolved in cases of incompatibility This incendiary tract and another on the same subject happened to have been published without a license immediately after the enactment of a

new ordinance requiring the licensing of all works. Accordingly proceedings against Milton were instituted. His answer was *Areopagitica a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing* published the following year without a license.

With the fall of the Stuarts in 1649 Milton mobilized his energies in the service of Cromwell and the Commonwealth. In answer to *Eikon Basilike* a work of disputed authorship purporting to be the last meditations of Charles I he wrote *Eikonoklastes* a point by point refutation. Published the same year was a pamphlet entitled *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates proving that it is lawfull and hath been held so in all ages for any who have the power to call to account a Tyrant or wicked King and after due conviction to depose and put him to death if the ordinary Magistrate neglect or denied to do it*. This was probably instrumental in Milton's appointment as Latin Secretary to the Council of State a position he retained until 1660. The poet continued to defend the Commonwealth against the attacks of continental writers in a series of Latin tracts. This controversy raged for four years with an extraordinary degree of violence and personal vituperation. Milton's participation against the advice of physicians brought him to total blindness.

Turning once more to domestic affairs Milton focused his attention on church reform advocating the complete separation of Church and State and mutual tolerance between Protestant sects. In 1660 on the eve of the Restoration and with full awareness that his was one of the last voices to be raised against the readmitting of kingship Milton published *The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth* and a number of other pamphlets outlining a plan for a permanent parliament.

The Restoration put an end to Milton's public life and forced him to go into hiding. Just why he was not executed with the other prominent supporters of the Commonwealth is not clear. At the age of fifty-two after nineteen years of stormy political activity he again turned to the studious and literary pursuits of his youth. To this last period of his life belong his greatest poetic achievements *Paradise Lost* (1667) its sequel *Paradise Regained* (1671) and finally *Samson Agonistes* (1671). His prose writings of these last years include a miscellany of scholarly and historical works and *De Doctrina Christiana* the final statement of his religious position which by a series of mischances was not published until 1825.

Underlying this vigorous literary activity was the loneliness of Milton's personal life. Totally blind at the time of Mary Powell's death he lived in helpless dependence on his motherless daughters who grew up resenting him and careless of his comfort and wishes. This bleak home life was interrupted briefly in 1656 by the poet's marriage to Katharine Woodcock who died in childbirth less than a year later. In 1663 he married Elizabeth Minshull then but twenty-five. She seems to have brightened his last decade which was passed in quiet study tempered with music and the company of friends. Weakened by the gout and other maladies he died on November 8 1674 and was buried beside his father in the church of St. Giles Cripplegate.

CONTENTS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

On the Morning of Christs		On Shakespear 1630	16
Nativity	1	On the University Carrier	16
The Hymn	2	Another on the same	17
A Paraphrase on Psalm 114	7	L'Allegro	17
Psalm 136	8	Il Penseroso	21
The Passion	10	Arcades	25
On Time	12	Lycidas	27
Upon the Circumcision	12	Comus	33
At a Solemn Musick	13	<i>Poems added in the 16~3 Edition</i>	
An Epitaph on the Marchioness		On the Death of a Fair Infant	57
of Winchester	14	At a Vacation Exercise	59
Song on May morning	15	The Fifth Ode of Horace Lib I	61

SONNETS

I, VII-VIX	63-68	To the Lord Generall Cromwell	
On the new forcers of Conscience		May 1652	69
under the Long Parliament	68	To Sr Henry Vane the younger	69
On the Lord Gen Fairfax at the		To Mr Cypriel Skinner upon his	
seige of Colchester	68	Blindness	70

PSALMS

I-VIII	71-77	LXXX-LXXXVIII	78-90
--------	-------	---------------	-------

PARADISE LOST

Book I	95	Book XII	217
Book II	111	Book XIII	231
Book III	135	Book IV	247
Book IV	152	Book V	274
Book V	175	Book VI	299
Book VI	196	Book VII	319

SAMSON AGONISTIS 335

AREOPAGITICA 379

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

On the Morning of CHRIST'S NATIVITY

Compos'd 1699

I

THIS is the Month, and this the happy morn
 Wherin the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
 Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
 Our great redemption from above did bring,
 For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That he our deadly forfeit should release,
 And with his Father work us a perpetual peace

II

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
 And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
 Wherewith he went at Heav'n's high Council-Table, o
 To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
 He laid aside, and here with us to be,
 Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
 And chose with us a darksome House of mortal Clay

III

Say Heav'nly Muse shall not thy sacred vein
 Afford a present to the Infant God?
 Hast thou no vers no hymn, or solemn strain,
 To welcom him to this his new abode,
 Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's term untrod,
 Hath tool no print of the approaching light, o
 And all the sprangled host I keep watch in squadrons bright

IV

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
 The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
 And lay it lowly at his blessed feet
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
 And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
 From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

THE HYMN

I

It was the Winter wilde
While the Heav'n born childe
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies 30
Nature in awe to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim
With her great Master so to sympathize
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour

II

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow
And on her naked shame 40
Pollute with sinfull blame
The Sainly Vail of Maiden white to throw
Confounded that her Makers eyes
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities

III

But he her fears to cease
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace
She crown'd with Olive green came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere
His ready Harbinger
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing 50
And waving wide her murtle wand
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land

II

No War or Battails sound
Was heard the World around
The idle spear and shield were high up hung
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood
The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng
And Kings sat still with awe full eye
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by 60

V

But peacefull was the night
Wherin the Prince of light

His reign of peace upon the earth began
 The Windes with wonder whist,
 Smoothly the waters list,
 Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

VI

The Stars with deep amaze
 Stand fixt in stedfast gaze, 70
 Bending one way their pretious influence,
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning light,
 Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence,
 But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
 Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go

VII

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame, 80
 As his inferiour flame,
 The new enlightn'd world no more should need,
 He saw a greater Sun appear
 Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear

VIII

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
 Or ere the point of dawn,
 Site simply chatting in a rustick row,
 Full little thought they than,
 That the mighty *Pan*
 Was kindly com to live with them below, 90
 Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep

IX

When such musick sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortall finger strook,
 Divinely-warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blisfull rapture took
 The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
 With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close

x

Nature that heard such sound 101
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of *Cynthia's* seat the Airy region thrilling
 Now was almost won
 To think her part was don
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union

xi

At last surrounds their sight 110
 A Globe of circular light
 That with long beams the shame fast night array'd
 The helmed Cherubim
 And sworded Seraphim
 Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid
 Harping in loud and solemn quire
 With unexpressive notes to Heav'n's new-born Heir

xii

Such Musick (as tis said)
 Before was never made
 But when of old the sons of morning sung
 While the Creator Great 120
 His constellations set
 And the well ballanc'd world on hinges hung
 And cast the dark foundations deep
 And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep

xiii

Ring out ye Crystall sphears
 Once bless our human ears
 (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
 And let your silver chime
 Move in melodious time
 And let the Base of Heav'n's deep Organ blow 130
 And with your ninefold harmony
 Make up full consort to th' Angelike symphony

xiv

For if such holy Song
 Enwrap our fancy long
 Time will run back and fetch the age of gold
 And speckl'd vanity
 Will sicken soon and die

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
 And Hell it self will pass away,
 And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day 140

XV

Yea Truth, and Justice then
 Will down return to men,
 Th'enameld *Arras* of the Rain-bow wearing,
 And Mercy set between,
 Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,
 With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering,
 And Heav'n as at som festivall,
 Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall

XVI

But wisest Fate sayes no,
 This must not yet be so, 150
 The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
 That on the bitter cross
 Must redeem our loss,
 So both himself and us to glorifie
 Yet first to those y chain'd in sleep,
 The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the
 deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang
 As on mount *Sinai* rang
 While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake
 The aged Earth agast 160
 With terrour of that blist,
 Shall from the surface to the center shake,
 When at the worlds last session,
 The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins, for from this happy day
 Th'old Dragon under ground
 In stricter limits bound
 Not half so far crists his usurped sway, 170
 And w rath to see his Kingdom full,
 Swindges the scaly Horror of his fouled tail

XIX

The Oracles are dumm,
 No voice or hideous humm

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving
Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine
 With hollow shriek the steep of *Delphos* leaving
 No nightly trince or breathed spell
 Inspires the pile-eyed Priest from the prophetic cell 180

XX

The lonely mountains re
 And the resounding shore
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament
 From haunted spring and dale
 Edged with poplar pale
 The parting Genius is with sighing sent
 With flow're inwoven tresses torn
 The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn

XXI

In consecrated Earth
 And on the holy Hearth 190
 The *Lars* and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint
 In Urns and Altars round
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint
 And the chill Marble seems to sweat
 While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat

XXII

Peor and *Barim*
 Forsake their Temples dim
 With that twice-battered god of *Palestine*
 And mooned *Ashtaroth* 200
 Heav'n's Queen and Mother both
 Now sits not girt with Tapers' holy shine
 The Libyan *Hammon* shrinks his horn
 In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamir* mourn

XXIII

And sullen *Moloch* fled
 Hith left in shadows dred
 His burning Idol all of blackest hue
 In vain with Cymbals ring
 They call the grisly king
 In dismall dance about the furnace blue 210
 The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast
Isis and *Orus* and the Dog *Anubis* hast

XXIV

Nor is *Osiris* seen
 In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
 Trampling the unshow'r'd Grasse with lowings loud
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest,
 Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
 In vain with *Timbrel*'d Anthems dark
 The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worship't Ark 220

XXV

He feels from *Juda's* Land
 The dreeded Infants hand,
 The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn,
 Nor all the gods beside,
 Longer dare abide,
 Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine
 Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
 Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew

XXVI

So when the Sun in bed,
 Curtain'd with cloudy red, 230
 Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to th' infernall jail,
 Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,
 And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
 Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze

XXVII

But see the Virgin blest,
 Hath laid her Babe to rest
 Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,
 Heav'n's youngest teemed Star, 240
 Hath fixt her polish'd Car,
 Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending
 And all about the Courtly Stable,
 Bright-harrest Angels sit in order serviceable

A Paraphrase on *Psalms* 114

This and the following *Psalms* were don by the Author at fifteen yeers old

When the blest seed of *Terah's* faithfull Son,
 After long toil their liberty had won,
 And past from *Phrym* fields to *Canan* Land,

Led by the strength of the Almightyes hand
Jehozab s wonders were in *Israel* shov'n
 His praise and glory was in *Israel* know'n
 That saw the troubl'd Sea and shivering fled
 And sought to hide his froth becurled head
 Low in the earth *Jordans* clear streams recoil
 As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil 10
 The high huge bellied Mountains skip like Rams
 Amongst their Ewes the little Hills like Lambs
 Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
 Why turned *Jordan* toward his Cry stall Fountains?
 Shake earth and at the presence be agast
 Of him that ever was and ay shall last
 That glassy fouds from rugged rocks can crush
 And make soft rills from fiery flint stones gush

Psalm 136

Let us with a gladsom mind
 Praise the Lord for he is kind
 For his mercies ay endure
 Ever faithfull ever sure

Let us blaze his Name abroad
 For of gods he is the God
 For c c

O let us his praises tell
 That doth the wrathfull ty rants quell 10
 For c c

That with his miracles doth make
 Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake
 For c c

That by his wisdom did create
 The painted Heav'ns so full of state 20
 For c c

That did the solid Earth ordain
 To rise above the watry plain
 For c c

That by his all commanding might
 Did fill the new made world with light.
 For c c

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his cours to run 50
For, &c

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright
For, &c

He with his thunder-clipping hand,
Smote the first-born of *Egypt* Land 40
For, &c

And in despight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*
For, &c

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythraean* main
For, &c

The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass 50
For, &c

But full soon they did devour
The *Tyrus* King with all his power
For, &c

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastfull *Wildernes* 60
For, &c

In bloody battail he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown
For, &c

He foild bold *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast
For, &c

And large-lim'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over hardy crew 70
For, &c

And to his Servant *Israel*,
He gave their Land therein to dwell
For, &c

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery
For &c

80

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enemy
For &c

All living creatures he doth feed
And with full hand supplies their need
For &c

Ler us therfore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth
For &c

90

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortall ey
For his mercies ay endure
Ever faithfull ever sure

The Passion

I

Ere while of Musick and Ethereal mirth
Wherwith the stage of Ay r and Earth did ring
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth
My muse with Angels did divide to sing
But headlong joy is ever on the wing
In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out living night

II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song
And set my Harpe to notes of saddest wo
Which on our dearest Lord did sease ere long
Dangers and snares and wrongs and worse then so
Which he for us did freely undergo
Most perfect *Heroe* try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard too hard for human wight

10

III

He sovran Priest stooping his regall head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair ey
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered
His starry front low rooft beneath the skies

O what a Mask was there, what a disguise!
 Yet more, the stroke of death he must abide, 20
 Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side

IV

These latter scenes confine my roving vers,
 To this Horizon is my *Phoebus* bound,
 His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
 And former sufferings other where are found,
 Loud o're the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound,
 Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
 Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things

V

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
 Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw, 30
 And work my flatter'd fancy to belief,
 That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo,
 My sorrows are too dark for day to know
 The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
 And letters where my tears have wash'd a wannish white

VI

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
 That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebir* flood,
 My spirit som transporting *Cherub* feels,
 To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
 Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood, 40
 There doth my soul in holy vision sit
 In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstasick fit.

VII

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
 That was the Caslet of Heav'ns richest store,
 And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
 Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
 My plaining vers as lively as before,
 For sure so well instructed are my tears
 That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII

Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing, 50
 Take up a weeping on the Mountuns wilde,
 The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
 Would soon unboosom all their Lchoes milde,

And I (for grief is easily beguiled)
Might think th infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud

This Subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had when he wrote it and nothing satisfi d with it at eas begun left it unfinished

On Time

Fly envious *Time* till thou run out thy race
Call on the lazy leaden stepping hours
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours
Which is no more then what is false and vain
And meerly mortal dross
So little is our loss
So little is thy gun
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd
And last of all thy greedy self consum'd 10
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine
With Truth and Peace and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him t whose happy making sight alone
When once our heavenly guided soul shall clime
Then all this Earthy grosnes quit 20
Attir'd with Stars we shall for ever sit
Triumphing over Death and Chance and thee O Time

Upon the Circumcision

Ye flaming Powers and winged Warriours bright
That erst with Musick and triumphant song
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the listning night
Now mourn and if sad share with u to bear
Your fiery essence can distill no tear
Burn in y our sighs and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow
He who with all Heavns heraldry whileare 10
Enter'd the world now bleeds to give us ease
Alas how soon our sin
Sore doth begin

His Infancy to cease!
 O more exceeding love or law more just?
 Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
 For we by rightfull doom remediles
 Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
 High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
 Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes, 20
 And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
 Intirely satisfi'd,
 And the full wrath beside
 Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
 And seals obedience first with wounding smart
 This day, but O ere long
 Huge pangs and strong
 Will pierce more neer his heart

At a Solemn Musick

Blest pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'n's joy,
 Spher-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
 Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
 Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
 And to our high-raisd phantasie present,
 That undisturbed Song of pure content,
 As sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
 To him that sits thereon
 With Suintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
 Where the bright Seraphim in burning row 10
 Their loud up lifted Angel trumpets blow,
 And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
 Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
 With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
 Hymns devout and holy Psalms
 Singing everlastingly,
 That we on Earth with undiscording voice
 May rightly answer that melodious noise,
 As once we did, till disproportion d sin
 Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din 20
 Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
 To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
 In perfect Drapison, whilst they stood
 In first obedience, and their state of good
 O may we soon again renew that Song,
 And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
 To his celestial consort us unite,
 To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light

ON SHAKESPEAR 1630

What needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones
 The labour of an age in piled Stones
 Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
 Under a Star y pointing *Egyptus*?
 Dear son of memory great heir of Fame
 What need st thou such weak wittnes of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thy self a live long Monument
 For whilst to th shame of slow endeavouring art
 Thy easie numbers flow and that each heart 10
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book
 Those Delphick lines with deep impression took
 Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving
 Dost make us Marble with too much concealing
 And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie
 That hangs for such a Tomb would wish to die

On the University Carrier

who sickn'd in the time of his vacancy being forbid to go to
London, by reason of the Plague

Here lies old *Hobson* Death hath broke his girt
 And here alas hath laid him in the dirt
 Or els the ways being foul twenty to one
 He's here stuck in a slough and overthrown
 'Twas such a shifter that if truth were known
 Death was half glad when he had got him down
 For he had any time this ten yeers full
 Dodg'd with him betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull
 And surely Death could never have prevail'd
 Had not his weekly cours of carnage fail'd 10
 But lately finding him so long at home
 And thinking now his journey's end was come
 And that he had tane up his latest Inne
 In the kind office of a Chamberlin
 Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night
 Pull'd off his Boots and toot away the light
 If any ask for him it shall be sed
Hobson has sapt, and s newly gon to bed

Another on the same

Here lieth one who did most truly prove,
 That he could never die while he could move,
 So hung his destiny never to rot
 While he might still jogg on, and keep his trot,
 Made of spehear-metal, never to decay
 Untill his revolution was at stay
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
 'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time
 And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
 His principles being ceast, he ended strait 10
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
 And too much breathing put him out of breath,
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm
 Too long vacation hastned on his term
 Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
 Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
 Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
 If I may not carry, sure Ile ne're be fetch'd,
 But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
 For one Carrier put down to make six bearers 20
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
 He di'd for heav'nes that his Cart went light,
 His leasure told him that his time was com,
 And lack of lord, made his life burdensom,
 That even to his last breath (ther be that say 't)
 As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight,
 But had his doings listed as they were,
 He had bin an immortall Carrier
 Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
 In cours reciprocal, and had his fate 30
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase
 His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
 Onely remains this superscription

L'Allegro

Hence loathed Melancholy
 Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
 In *Stryx* in Cave forlorn
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
 Find out som uncouth cell,
 Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings

And the night Raven sings
 There under *Ebon* shades and low brow'd Roel's,
 As ragged as thy Locks
 In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell 10
 But com thou Goddess fair and free
 In Heaven y cleap'd *Euphrosyne*
 And by men heart easing Mirth
 Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
 With two sister Graces more
 To Ivy crowned *Bacchus* bore
 Or whether (as some Sager sing)
 The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring
Zephyr with *Aurora* playing
 As he met her once a Maying 20
 There on Beds of Violets blew
 And fresh blown Roses washt in dew
 Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair
 So buxsome blith and debonaire
 Haste thee nymphe and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity
 Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles
 Nods and Becks and Wreathed Smiles
 Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek
 And love to live in duple sleek 30
 Sport that wrincled Care derides
 And Laughter holding both his sides
 Com and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastick toe
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The Mountain Nymph sweet Liberty
 And if I give thee honour due
 Mirth admit me of thy cue
 To live with her and live with thee
 In unreprieved pleasures free 40
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night
 From his watch towre in the skies
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise
 Then to com in spite of sorrow
 And at my window bid good morrow
 Through the Sweet Briar or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine
 While the Cock with lively din
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin 50
 And to the stack or the Barn dore,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before

Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
 From the side of som Houe Hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill
 Som time walking not unseen
 By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
 Right against the Eastern gate,
 Wher the great Sun begins his state, 60
 Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
 The clouds in thousand Liveries dight
 While the Plow man neer at hand,
 Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
 And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
 And the Mower whets his sithe,
 And every Shepherd tells his tale
 Under the Hawthorn in the dale
 Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the Lantskip round it measures, 70
 Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
 Where the nibling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren brest
 The labouring clouds do often rest
 Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
 Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide
 Towers, and Battlements it sees
 Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
 Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes 80
 Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
 From betwixt two aged Oakes,
 Where *Coridon* and *Thyrsis* met,
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of Herbs, and other Country Messes,
 Which the next-handed *Phyllis* dresses,
 And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
 With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves,
 Or if the earlier season lead
 To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead, 90
 Som times with secure delight
 The upland Hamlets will invite,
 When the merry Bells ring round,
 And the jocond rebeck's sound
 To many a youth, and many a maid,
 Dancing in the Chequer'd shade,
 And young and old com forth to play
 On a Sunshine Holiday,

Till the live long day light fail
 Then to the Spicy Nut brown Ale 100
 With stories told of many a fear,
 How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat
 She was pincht and pull'd she sed
 And he by Friars Lanthorn led
 Tells how the drudging *Goblin* sweet
 To ern his Cream bowle duly set
 When in one night ere glimps of morn
 His shadowy Flae hath thresh'd the Corn
 That ten day labourers could not end
 Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend 110
 And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength
 And Crop-full out of dores he sings
 Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings
 Thus don the Tales to bed they creep
 By whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep
 Towred Cives please us then
 And the busie humm of men
 Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold
 In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold 120
 With store of Ladies whose bright eies
 Rain influence and judge the prise
 Of Wit or Arms while both contend
 To win her Grace whom all commend
 There let *Hymen* oft appear
 In Saffron robe with Taper clear
 And pomp and feast and revelry
 With mask and antique Pageantry
 Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
 On Summer eeves by haunted stream 130
 Then to the well trod stage anon
 If *Jonsoris* learned Soe be on
 Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe
 Warble his native Wood notes wilde
 And ever against eating Cares
 Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetnes long drawn out 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning
 The melting voice through mazes running
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony

That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt *Elysian* flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
 His half-regain'd *Eurydice*
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live

150

II Penseroso

Hence vain deluding joys,
 The brood of folly without father bred,
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fix'd mind with all your toys,
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams

The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.

10

But hail thou Goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose Suntuously visage is too bright
 To hit the Sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view,
 O'erlaid with black staid Wisdoms hue
 Black, but such as in esteem,
 Prince *Memmons* sister might beseech,
 Or that Starr'd *Ethiopia* Queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above
 The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended
 Yet thou art higher far descended,
 Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
 To solitary *Saturn* bore,
 His daughter she (in *Saturns* reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain)
 Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
 While yet there was no fear of *Jove*
 Compensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, stedfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestick train,
 And on her pale cheeks lay a

20

30

O'er thy decent shoulders drawn
 Corn but keep thy wonted state
 With eeven step and musing gait
 And looks commercing with the skies
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
 There held in holy passion still
 Forget thy self to Marble till
 With a sad Leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast
 And joy = with thee calm Peace and Quiet
 Spare Fast that oft with gods doth diet
 And hears the Muses in a ring
 Ay round about Jo es Altar sing
 And adde to these retired Leasure
 That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure
 But first and chiefest with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing
 Guiding the fiery wheeled throne
 The Cherub Contemplation
 And the mute Silence lust along
 Less Philornel will daign a Song
 In her sweetest saddest plight
 Smoothing the rugged brow of night
 While Cynthia checks her Dragon yoke
 Gently o're th' accusom'd Oke
 Sweet Bird that shunnst the noise of folly
 Most musicall most melancholy
 Thee Chivvntress oft the Woods among
 I woo to hear thy eeven Song
 And missing thee I walk unscen
 On the dry smooth shaven Green
 To behold the wandring Moon
 Riding neer her highest noon
 Like one that had bin led astray
 Through the Heavns wide pathles way
 And oft as if her head she bow'd
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud
 Oft on a Plat of rising ground
 I hear the far off Curfew sound
 Over som wide water'd shoar
 Swinging slow with sullen roar
 Or if the Ayr will not permit
 Som still removed place will fit
 Where glowing Embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom
 Far from all resort of mirth

40

50

60

70

80

Save the Criel et on the hearth,
 Or the Belmans drousie charm,
 To bless the dores from nightly harm
 Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
 Be seen in som high lonely Tow'r,
 Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
 With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphair
 The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
 What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook
 And of those *Dæmons* that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
 Whose power hath a true consent
 With Planet, or with Element
 Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
 In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
 Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
 Or the tale of *Troy* divine 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age,
 Ennobled with the Buskind stage
 But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
 Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
 Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
 Such notes as warbled to the string,
 Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek
 Or call up him that left half told
 The story of *Cambuscan* bold, 110
 Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
 And who had *Canace* to wife,
 That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
 And of the wondrous Hors of *Briss*,
 On which the *Tartar* King did ride,
 And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of Turneys and of Trophies hung,
 Of Forests, and inchantments drear,
 Where more is meant then meets the ear 120
 Thus night oft see me in thy pile career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
 Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
 With the Attick Boy to hunt,
 But Cherche't in a comly Cloud,
 While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
 Or usher'd with a shower still,

When the gust hath blown his fill
 Ending on the rustling Leaves
 With minute drops from off the Eaves 130
 And when the Sun begins to sting
 His flaming beams me Goddess bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves
 And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
 Of Pine or monumental Oake
 Where the rude Ax with heav'd stroke
 Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt
 Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
 There in close covert by some Brook
 Where no profaner eye may look 140
 Hide me from Day's garish eye
 While the Bee with Homied thrum
 That at her flow'ry work doth sing
 And the Waters murmuring
 With such consort as they keep
 Entice the dewy feather'd Sleep
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his Wings in Airy stream
 Of lively portrature display'd
 Softly on my eyelids laid 150
 And as I wake sweet musick breathe
 Above about or underneath
 Sent by some spirit to mortals good
 Or th' unseen Genius of the Wood
 But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious Cloysters pale
 And love the high embow'd Roof
 With antick Pillars massy proof
 And storied Windows richly dight
 Casting a dim religious light 160
 There let the pealing Organ blow
 To the full voic'd Quire below
 In Service high and Anthems clear
 As may with sweetness through mine ear
 Dissolve me into ecstasies
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peacefull hermitage
 The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
 Of every Star that Heaven doth shew
 And every Herb that sips the dew
 Till old experience do attain

To something like Prophetic strain
 These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
 And I with thee will choose to live

Arcades

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of *Darby*
 at *Harefield*, by some Noble persons of her Family who appear on the
 Scene in pastoral habit moving toward the seat of State with this
 Song

I SONG

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
 What sudden blaze of majesty
 Is that which we from hence descry
 Too divine to be mistook

This this is she
 To whom our vows and wishes bend,
 Heer our solemn search hath end

Fame that her high worth to raise,
 Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
 We may justly now accuse
 Of detraction from her praise,
 Less then half we find exprest,
Envy bid conceal the rest

10

Mark what radiant state she spreads,
 In circle round her shining throne,
 Shooting her beams like silver threds,
 This this is she alone,
 Sitting like a Goddess bright,
 In the center of her light

Might she the wise *Latona* be,
 Or the towred *Cybele*,
 Mother of a hunderd gods,
Juno dare's not give her odds,
 Who had thought this clime had held
 A deity so unparallel'd?

20

As they com forward the genius of the Wood appears and turning to-
 ward them speaks

Gen Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
 I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
 Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
 Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
 Divine *Alpheus*, who by secret sluse,

30

Stole under Seas to meet his *Arctuse*
 And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood
 Fair silver busk and Nymphs as great and good
 I know this quest of yours and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion ment
 To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this nights glad solemnity
 And lead ye where ye may more neer behold 40
 What shallow searching *fame* hath left untold
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sate to wonder at and gaze upon
 For I now by lot from *Jove* I am the power
 Of this fair Wood and live in Oak n bower
 To nurse the Saplings tall and curl the grove
 With Ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove.
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisom winds and blasting vapours chill
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew 50
 And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew
 Or what the cross dire looking Planet smites
 Or hurtfull Worm with canker d venom bites
 When Evening gray doth rise I fetch my round
 Over the mount and all this hallow d ground
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbring leaves or tasseld horn
 Shales the high thicket haste I all about
 Number my ranks and visit every sprout
 With puissant words and murmurs made to bless 60
 But els in deep of night when drowsines
 Hath lockt up mortal sense then listen I
 To the celestial *Sirens* harmony
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly
 To lull the daughters of *Necessity*
 And I keep unsteddy Nature to her law 70
 And the low world in measur d motion draw
 After the heavenly tune which none can hear
 Of human mould with grosse unpurg'd ear
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
 The peerles height of her immortal praise
 Whose lustre leads us and for her most fit,

LYCIDAS

If my inferior hand or voice could hit
 Immutable sounds, yet as we go,
 What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
 I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
 And so attend ye toward her glittering state,
 Where ye may all that are of noble stemm
 Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm

80

2 SONG

O're the smooth enameld green
 Where no print of step hath been,
 Follow me as I sing,
 And touch the warbled string
 Under the shady roof
 Of branching Elm Star-proof,
 Follow me,
 I will bring you where she sits
 Clad in splendor as befits
 Her deity
 Such a rural Queen
 All *Arcadia* hath not seen

90

3 SONG

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
 By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks
 On old *Lycaeus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
 Trip no more in twilight ranks,
 Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
 A better soyl shall give ye thanks
 From the stony *Menalus*,
 Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
 Here ye shall have greater grace,
 To serve the Lady of this place
 Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistres were,
 Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her
 Such a rural Queen
 All *Arcadia* hath not seen

100

Lycidas

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend unfortunately
 drown'd in his Passage from *Chester* on the *Irish* Seas 1637 And by
 occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more

Ye Muses breathe upon my never-sleeping

Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*
 And ye the breathing *Roses* of the Wood
 Fair silver buskind *Nymphs* as great and good
 I know this quest of yours and free intent
 Was all in honour and devotion ment
 To the great *Mistress* of yon princely shrine
 Whom with low reverence I adore as mine
 And with all helpful service will comply
 To further this nights glad solemnity
 And lead ye where ye may more neer behold 40
 What shallow searching *Fame* hath left untold
 Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
 Have sate to wonder at and gaze upon
 For know by lot from *Jove* I am the power
 Of this fair Wood and live in *Oak* a bow'r
 To nurse the Saplings tall and curl the grove
 With Ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove
 And all my Plants I save from nightly ill
 Of noisome winds and blasting vapours chill
 And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew 50
 And heal the harms of th'warring thunder blew
 Or what the cross dire looking *Planet* smites,
 Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites
 When Evening gray doth rise I fetch my round
 O'er the mount and all this hallow'd ground
 And early ere the odorous breath of morn
 Awakes the slumbring leaves or tasseld horn
 Shakes the high thicket haste I all about
 Number my ranks and visit every sprout
 With puissant words and murmurs made to bless, 60
 But els in deep of night when drownsines
 Hath lockt up mortal sense then listen I
 To the celestial *Sirens* harmony
 That sit upon the nine enfolded Spheres
 And sing to those that hold the vital shears
 And turn the Adamantine spindle round
 On which the fate of gods and men is wound
 Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly
 To lull the daughters of *Necessity*
 And keep unsteddy Nature to her law 70
 And the low world in measur'd motion draw
 After the heavenly tune which none can hear
 Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear
 And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
 The peerles height of her immortal praise,
 Whose lustre leads us and for her most fit,

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
 Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*? 51
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids* ly,
 Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
 Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream
 Ay me, I fondly dream!
 Had ye bin there—for what could that have don?
 What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
 The Muse her self, for her enchanting son
 Whom Universal nature did lament, 60
 When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His goary visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore
 Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,
 Were it not better don as others use,
 To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of *Neæra's* hair?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of Noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes,
 But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin spun life But not the praise,
Phæbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears,
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistering foil
 Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
 And perfet witnes of all judging *Jove*,
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed
 O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd fload,
 Smooth-sliding *Mincus*, crown'd with vocall reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood
 But now my Oate proceeds,
 And listens to the Herald of the Sea
 That came in *Neptune's* plea, 90
 He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
 What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
 And question'd every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beaked Promontory,
 They knew not of his story,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray d
The Ayr was calm and on the level brine
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play d
It was that fatall and perfidious Bark
Built in th eclipse and rigg d with curses dark
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine

100

Next *Cannus* reverend Sire went footing slow
His Mantle hairy and his Bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib d with woe
Ah Who hath rest (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came and last did go
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake

110

Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain
(The Golden opes the Iron shuts amain)
He shook his Miter d locks and stern bespake
How well could I have spar d for thee young swain,
Anon of such as for their bellies sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck ning make
Then how to scramble at the shearers feast
And shove away the worthy bidden guest
Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep hook or have learn d ought els the least

120

That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped
And when they list their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw
The hungry Sheep look up and are not fed
But swolln with wind and the rant must they draw
Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread
Besides what the grim Wolf with privy paw
Duly devours apace and nothing sed
But that two handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more

130

Return *Alpheus* the dread voice = past
That shrunk thy streams Return *Sicilian* Muse
And call the Vales and bid them hither cast
Their Bels and Flourets of a thousand hues
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use
Of shades and winton winds and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparsely looks
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes
That on the green turf suck the honied showres
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres

140

Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies
 The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
 The white Pink, and the Pansie freckt with jeat,
 The glowing Violet
 The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine
 With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears
 Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
 And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
 To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise
 Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
 Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurl'd,
 Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
 Visitst the bottom of the monstrous world,
 Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
 Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old, 160
 Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
 Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold,
 Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth
 And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth
 Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
 For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor,
 So sinles the day-star in the Ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And triels his beams, and with new sprigled Ore, 170
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky
 So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
 Where other groves, and other streams along,
 With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial Song,
 In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love
 There entertain him all the Saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
 That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes
 Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more,
 Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood
 Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th'Oakes and rills,
 While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

He touch'd the tender stops of various Quills
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay
And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills
And now was dropt into the Western bay
At last he rose and twitch'd his Mantle blew
To morrow to fresh Woods and Pastures new

COMUS

A MASK PRESENTED at LUDLOW-Castle,

1634 &c

The Persons

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of <i>Thyrsis</i>	The Lady 1 Brother 2 Brother
<i>Comus</i> with his crew	<i>Sabrina</i> the Nymph.

The chief persons which presented, were
The Lord *Bracly*
Mr *Thomas Egerton* his Brother,
The Lady *Alice Egerton*

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood
The attendant Spirit descends or enters

BEFORE the starry threshold of *Joves* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inspear'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayre,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feeble being
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats
Yet some there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That opens the Palace of Eternity
To such my errand is, and but for such
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould
But to my task *Neptune* besides the sways
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
The unadorned boosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to severall government,

10

20

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

And gives them leave to wear their Siphire crowns
 And wield their little tridents but this Ile
 The greatest and the best of all the main
 He quarters to his blu hair d deities
 And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun 30
 A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
 Has in h^m charge with temper d awe to guide
 An old and haughty Nation proud in Arms
 Where his fair off spring nurs^d in Princely lore
 Are coming to attend their Fathers suite
 And new entrusted Scepter but their way
 Lies through the perplex t paths of this dreir Wood
 The nodding horror of whose shady brows
 Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger
 And here their tender age might suffer perill 40
 But that by quick command from Sov^{er}an Jo^e
 I was dispitcht for their defence and guard
 And listen why for I will tell y^e now
 What never y^et was heard in Tale or Song
 From old or modern Bard in Hall or Bow^r
 B^{reel} us that first from out the purple Grape
 Crush t the sweet poys^{on} of mis used Wine
 After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform d
 Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore as the winds listed
 On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe* 50
 The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
 Whoever tasted lost his upright shape
 And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
 This Nymph that gaz d upon his clustering locks
 With Ivy berries wreath d and his blithe y^{outh}
 Had by him ere he parted thence a Son
 Much lil e his Father but his Mother more
 Whom therefore she brought up and *Comus* nam d
 Who ripe and frolick of his full grown age
 Roaving the *Celtick* and *Iberian* fields 60
 At last betakes him to this ominous Wood
 And in thiel shelter of black shides imbow^r d
 Excells his Mother at her mighty Art
 Offring to every weary Travailer
 His orient liquor in a Cry^{stal} Glasse
 To quench the drouth of *Phœbus* which as they taste
 (For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
 Soon as the Potion works their human count nance
 Th^e express resemblance of the gods is chang d
 Into som brutish form of Woolf or Bear 70
 Or Ounce or Tiger Hog or bearded Goat

COMUS

All other parts remaining as they were,
 And they, so perfect is their misery,
 Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
 But boast themselves more comely then before
 And all their friends, and native home forget
 To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie
 Therefore when any favour'd of high *Joe*,
 Chances to pass through this ad'entrous glade,
 Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star, 80
 I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
 As now I do But first I must put off
 These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,
 And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
 That to the service of this house belongs,
 Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,
 Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
 And hush the waving Woods, nor of lesse faith,
 And in this office of his Mountain watch,
 Likeliest, and neereest to the present ayd 90
 Of this occasion But I hear the tread
 Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now

Comus enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glass in the other, with him a rout of Monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts, but other wise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistring, they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands

Comus The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
 Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
 And the gilded Car of Day,
 His glowing Ayle doth allay
 In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
 And the slope Sun his upward beam
 Shoots against the dusky Pole,
 Pacing toward the other gole 100
 Of his Chamber in the East.
 Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Tipsie dance, and Jollity
 Braid your Locks with rosie Twine
 Dropping odours, dropping Wine
 Rigor now is gon to bed,
 And Advice with scrupulous head,
 Strict Age, and sowre Severity,
 With their grave Savs in slumber ly 110
 We that are of purer fire
 Imitate the Starry Quire,
 Who in their nightly watchfull Sphears,

Leid in swift round the Months and Years
 The Sounds and Seas with all their finny drove
 Now to the Moon in wakening Morrice move,
 And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves
 Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves
 By dimpled Brool and Fountain brim
 The Wood Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim 120
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep
 What hath night to do with sleep?
 Night hath better sweets to prove
 Venus now wales and wakens Love
 Com let us our nights begin,
 'Tis onely day light that makes Sin
 Which these dun shades will ne re report
 Hail Goddess of Nocturnal sport
 Dark vaud *Cotytto* to whom the secret flame
 Of mid night Torches burns mysterious Dame 130
 That ne re art call'd but when the Dragon woom
 Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
 And makes one blot of all the ayr
 Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair
 Wherin thou ridst with *Hecat* and befriend
 Us thy vow'd Priests til utmost end
 Of all thy dues be done and none left out
 Ere the blabbing Eastern scout
 The nice Morn on th *Indian* steep
 From her cabin'd loop hole peep 140
 And to the tel tale Sun discry
 Our conceal'd Solemnity
 Com, knit hands and beat the ground,
 In a light fantastick round

The Alceastre

Break off break off I feel the different pace
 Of som chaste footing neer about this ground
 Run to your shrouds within these Brakes and Trees
 Our number may affright Som Virgin sure
 (For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
 Benighted in these Woods Now to my charms 150
 And to my wily trains I shall ere long
 Be well stockt with as fair a herd as graz'd
 About my Mother *Circe* Thus I hurl
 My dazling Spells into the spongy ayr
 Of power to cheat the eye with beare illusion
 And give it false presentments lest the place
 And my quaint habits breed astonishment,

And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course,
I under fair pretence of friendly ends, 160
And well plac'd words of glozing courtesie
Baited with reasons not unplaussible
Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
And hugg him into snares When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear som humbles Villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her busines here

The Lady enters

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true, 170
My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss I should be loath
To meet the rudenesse, and swill'd insolence
Of such late Wassailers, yet O where els 180
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phœbus* wain 190
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darknes, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night
Why shouldst thou, but for som felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely Travailer? 200
This is the place, as well as I may guess,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Whence ees it now the tumult of loud Mirth
 Was rife and perfect in my listning ear
 Yet nought but single darknes do I find
 What might this be A thousand fancies
 Begin to throng into my memory
 Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
 On Sands, and Shoars and desert Wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well but not confound
 The vertuous mind that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion Conscience —
 O welcom pure-eyed Faith white handed Hope,
 Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
 And thou unblemish'd form of Chastity
 I see ye visibly and now believe
 That he, the Supreme good to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering Guardian if need were
 To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
 Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
 I did not err there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
 I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
 I'll venture for my new-enlaid spirits
 Prompt me and they perhaps are not far off

SONG

Sweet Echo sweetest Nymph that art unseen
Will in thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green
And in the violet embroider'd ale
Where the lark lorn sings tingingale
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourn'd well
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That liketh thy Narcissus are?
O if thou hast e
Hid them in some flow'ry Ca
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parly Daughter of the Spl ear
So maist thou be translated to the skies
And give resounding grace to all Heavens Harmonies

Com Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould

Breath such Divine enchanting ravishment³
 Sure something holy lodges in that brest,
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air
 To testifie his hidd'n residence,
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings
 Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night 250
 At every fall smoothing the Riven doune
 Of darknes till it smil'd I have oft heard
 My mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
 Amid'st the flowry-lirtl'd *Naiades*
 Culling their Potent herbs, and balefull drugs,
 Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
 And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept,
 And chid her barking waves into attention,
 And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense, 260
 And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,
 But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss
 I never heard till now Ile speak to her
 And she shall be my Queen Hail forren wonder
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
 Unlesse the Goddess that in rurall shrine
 Dwel'l'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood 270
 La Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
 That is address to unattending Ears,
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
 How to regain my sever'd company
 Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
 To give me answer from her mossie Couch
 Co What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?
 La Dim darknes, and this leavy Labyrinth
 Co Could that divide you from neer-ushering guides?
 La They left me weary on a grasseie turf 280
 Co By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?
 La To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring
 Co And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?
 La They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return
 Co Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them
 La How easie my misfortune is to hit!
 Co Imports their loss, beside the present need?
 La No less then if I should my brothers loose
 Co Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
 La As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips 290

Co Two such I saw what time the labour d Oxe
 In his loose traces from the furrow came
 And the swink t hedger at his Supper sate
 I saw them under a green mantling vine
 That crawls along the side of yon small hill
 Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots
 Their port was more then human as they stood
 I took it for a faery vision
 Of som gay creatures of the element
 That in the colours of the Rainbow live 300
 And play wth plighted clouds I was aw strook
 And as I past I worshippt if those you seek
 It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
 To help you find them *La* Gentle villager
 Wha readiest way would bring me to that place?
Co Due west it rises from this shrubby point
La To find out that good Shepherd I suppose
 In such a scant allowance of Star light
 Would overtask the best Land Pilots art
 Without the sure guess of well practiz'd feet 310
Co I know each lane and every alley green
 Dingle or bushy dell of this wilde Wood
 And every bosky bourn from side to side
 My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood
 And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd
 Or shroud within these limits I shall know
 Ere morrow wake or the low roosted lark
 From her thatch t pallat re we if otherwise
 I can conduct you Lady to a low
 But loy al cottage where you may be safe 320
 Till further quest *La* Shepherd I take thy word
 And trust thy honest offer d courtesie
 Which oft is sooner found in lov ly sheds
 With smoaky rafters then in tapstry Halls
 And Courts of Princes where it first was nam'd
 And yet is most pretended In a place
 Less warranted then this or less secure
 I cannot be that I should fear to change it
 Ere me blest Providence and square my triall
 To my proportion d strength Shepherd lead on — 330

The Two Brothers

Eld Bro Unmuffle ye faint stars and thou fair Moon
 That wontst to love the travellers benizon
 Scoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud
 And disinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here

In double night of darknes, and of shades,
 Or if y our influence be quite damm'd up
 With black usurping mists, som gentle taper
 Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
 Of som clay habitation visit us
 With thy long leuell'd rule of streaming light,
 And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*, 340
 Or *Tyrian Canosure* 2 *Bro* Or if our eyes
 Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
 The folded flocks pen'd in their wated cotes,
 Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
 Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock
 Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
 'Twould be som solace yet, som little chearing
 In this close dungeon of innumeros bowes
 But O that haples virgin our lost sister 350
 Where may she wander now, whether betale her
 From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
 Perhaps som cold bank is her boulder now
 Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
 Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears
 What if in wild amazement, and affright,
 Or while we speak within the direfull grasp
 Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat
Eld Bro Peace brother, be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils, 360
 For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief,
 And run to meet what he would most avoid?
 Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
 How bitter is such self-delusion
 I do not think my sister so to seek,
 Or so unprincipld in vertues book,
 And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
 As that the single want of light and noise
 (Not being in danger, as I trust she is not) 370
 Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
 And put them into mis-becoming plight.
 Vertue could see to do what vertue would
 By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
 Were in the flat Sea sunk And Wisdoms self
 Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
 Where with her best nurse Contemplation
 She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
 That in the various bussle of resort
 Were all to ruffl'd, and somtimes impair d 380

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

He that has light within his own cleer brest
 May sit in th center and enjoy bright day
 But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
 Benighted walks under the mid day Sun
 Himself is his own dungeon

1 Bro Tis most true

That musing meditation most affects
 The pensive secrecy of desert cell
 Far from the cheerfull haunt of men and herds
 And sits as safe as in a Senat house

For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds
 His few Books or his Beads or Maple Dish
 Or do his gray hairs any violence?

390

But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree
 Laden with blooming gold had need the guard
 Of dragon watch with unenchanted eye
 To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
 From the rash hand of bold Incontinence
 You may as well spread out the unsund heaps
 Of Misers treasure by an out laws den

And tell me it is safe as bid me hope

400

Dinger will win on Opportunity
 And let a single helpless maiden pass
 Uninjur'd in this wilde surrounding wast
 Of night or loneliness it recks me not
 I fear the dread events that dog them both
 I est som all greeting touch attempt the person
 Of our unowned sister

Eld Bro I do not brother

Infer as if I thought my sisters state
 Secure without all doubt or controversie
 Yet where an equall poise of hope and fear

410

Does arbitrate th event my nature is
 That I incline to hope rather then fear
 And gladly banish squint suspicion
 My sister is not so defenceless left

As you imagine she has a hidden strength
 Which you remember not

2 Bro What hidden strength

Unless the strength of Heaven if you mean that?

Eld Bro I mean that too but yet a hidden strength
 Which if Heaven gave it may be term'd her own

'Tis chastity my brother chastity

40

She that has that is clad in compleat steel
 And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows leen
 May trace huge Forests and unharbour'd Heaths

Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
 Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
 No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaneer
 Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
 Yea there, where very desolation dwels
 By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
 She may pass on with unblench't majesty, 430
 Be it not don in pride, or in presumption
 Som say no evil thing that walks by night
 In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
 Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
 That breaks his magick chains at *curfeu* time,
 No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
 Hath hurttull power o're true virginity
 Do ye beleieve me yet, or shall I call
 Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece
 To testifie the arms of Chastity? 440
 Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dreed bow
 Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
 Wherwith she tam'd the brinded lioness
 And spotted mountain pard, but set it nought
 The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men
 Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods
 What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* shield
 That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
 Wherwith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
 But rigid looks of Chast austeritey, 450
 And noble grace that dash't brute violence
 With sudden adoration, and blank aw
 So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,
 A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
 Driving far off each thung of sin and guilt,
 And in cleer dream, and solemn vision
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
 Till oft convers with heav'nly habitants
 Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape, 460
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,
 And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
 Till all be made immortal but when lust
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
 But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
 The divine property of her first being

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp 470
 Oft seen in Charnell vaults and Sepulchers
 Lingerin' and sitting by a new made grave
 As loath to leave the body that it lov'd,
 And link t'it self by carnal sensuality
 To a degenerate and degraded state
 2 Bro How charming is divine Philosophy!
 Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose
 But musical as is *Apollo's* lute
 And a perpetual feast of nectar d sweets
 Where no crude surfeit reigns *Eld Bro* List list I hear
 Som far off hallow break the silent Air 481
 2 Bro Me thought so too what should it be?
Eld Bro For certain
 Either som one like us might founder d here
 Or els som neighbour Wood man or at worst
 Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows
Bro Heav'n keep my sister agen agen and neer,
 Best draw and stand upon our guard
Eld Bro Ile hallow
 If he be friendly he comes well if not
 Defence is a good cause and Heav'n be for us

T'le attendant Spirit is habited like a Shepherd

That hallow I should know what are you? speal 490
 Com not too neer you fall on iron stakes else
Spir What voice is that my young Lord? speak agen
Bro O brother tis my father Shepherd sure
Eld Bro T'lyris? Whose artful struns have oft delaid
 The huddling brook to hear his madrigal
 And sweeten'd every muskrose of the dale
 How camst thou here good Swain? hath any ram
 Slip't from the fold or young kid lost his dam
 Or straggling weather the pen't flock forsook?
 How couldst thou find this dark sequester'd nook? 500
Spir O my lov'd masters heir and his next joy
 I came not here on such a trivial toy
 As a stray'd Ewe or to pursue the stealth
 Of pilfering Woolf not all the fleecy wealth
 That doth enrich these Downs is worth a thought
 To this my errand and the care it brought
 But O my Virgin Lady where is she?
 How chance she is not in your company?
Eld Bro To tell thee sadly Shepherd without blame
 Or our neglect we lost her as we came 510
Spir Ay me unhappy then my fears are true

Eld Bro What fears good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly shew
Spir He tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
 (Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance)
 What the sage Poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
 Storied of old in high immortal vers
 Of dire *Chimera's* and enchanted Isles,
 And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
 For such there be, but unbelief is blind

Within the naval of this hideous Wood, 520
 Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwells
 Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
 Deep sl ill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
 And here to every thirsty wanderer,
 By sly enticement gives his banefull cup,
 With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
 The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
 And the inglorious likenes of a beast

Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
 Character'd in the face, this have I learn't 530
 Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
 That brow this bottom glade whence night by night
 He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
 Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
 Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*

In their obscured haunts of inmost bow res
 Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells
 To inveigle and invite th'unwary sense
 Of them that pass unwitting by the way
 This evening late by then the chewing flocks 540
 Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb
 Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
 I sate me down to watch upon a bank
 With Ivy canopied, and interwove
 With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
 Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy
 To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
 Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
 The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
 And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance, 550
 At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
 Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence
 Gave respite to the drowsie frightened steeds
 That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep
 At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
 Rose like a steam of rich distill'd Perfumes,
 And stole upon the Air, that even Silence

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Was took ■ re she was ware and wish t she might
 Deny her nature and be never more
 Still to be so displac t. I was all care 560
 And took in strains that might create a soul
 Under the ribs of Death but O ere long
 Too well I did perceiv ■ it was the voice
 Of my most honour d Lady your dear sister
 Amas d I stood harrow d with grief and fear
 And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I
 How sweet thou sing st how neer the deadly snare!
 Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong hast
 Through paths and turnings oft n trod by day
 Till guided by mine ear I found the place 570
 Where that damn d wisard hid in sly disguise
 (For so by certain signes I knew) had met
 Already ere my best speed could prævent,
 The aidless innocent Lady his wish t prey
 Who gentlv ask t if he had seen such two
 Supposing him som neighbour villager
 Longer I durst not stay but soon I guess t
 Ye were the two she mean t with that I sprung
 Into swift flight till I had found you here
 But furdur I now I not Bro O night and shades 580
 How are ye joy n d with hell in triple knot
 Against th unarmed weakness of one Virgin
 Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
 You gav e me Brother? Eld Bro Yes and keep it still
 Lean on it safely not a period
 Shall be un aid for me against the threats
 Of malice or of sorcery or that power
 Which erring men call Chance this I hold firm
 Vertue may be assail d but never hurt
 Surpriz d by unjust force but not enthrill d 590
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory
 But evil on it self shall back recoyl
 And mix no more with goodness when at last
 Gather d like scum and setl d to it self
 It shall be in eternal restless change
 Self fed and self consum d if thus fail
 The pillar d firmament is rott nness
 And earths base built on stubble But com let s on
 A,ainst th opposing will and arm of Heav n 600
 May never this just sword be lifted up
 But for that damn d magician let him be gurt
 With all the greisly legions that troop

Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyies and *Hydra's*, or all the monstrous forms
 'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, Ile find him out,
 And force him to restore his purchase back,
 Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
 Curs'd as his life

Spir Alas good ventrous youth,
 I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise, 610
 But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
 Farr other arms, and other weapons must
 Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
 He with his bare wand can unthred thy jovnts,
 And crumble all thy sinews

Eld Bro Why prethee Shepherd
 How durst thou then thy self approach so neer
 As to make this relation?

Spir Care and utmost shifts
 How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
 Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
 Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd 620
 In every vertuous plant and healing herb
 That spreads her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,
 He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
 Which when I did, he on the tender grass
 Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
 And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,
 And shew me simples of a thousand names
 Telling their strange and vigorous faculties,
 Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
 But of divine effect, he cull'd me out, 630
 The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
 But in another Countrey, as he said,
 Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl
 Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swain
 Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
 And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*
 That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave,
 He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
 And bad me keep it as of sov'ran use
 'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp 640

Or gastly furies apparition,
 I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
 Till now that this extremity compell'd,
 But now I find it true, for by this means
 I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
 Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,

And yet came off if you have this about you
 (As I will give you when we go) you may
 Boldly assault the necromancers hall
 Where if he be with dauntless hardihood 650
 And brandish r blade rush on him break his glass
 And shed the luscious liquor on the ground
 But cease his wand though he and his curst crew
 Feirce signe of battail make and menace high
 Or lil e the sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak
 Yet will they soon retire if he but shrink
Eld Bro Thyrsis lead on apace he follow thee
 And som good angel bear a shield before us

The Scene changes to a stately Palace set out with all manner of deliciousness soft Musick Tables spread with all dainties Con us appears with his rabble and the Lady set in an enchanted Chair to whom he offers his Glass which she puts by and goes about to rise

Connus Nay Lady sit if I but wave this wand
 Your nerves are all chain d up in Alabaster 660
 And you a statue or as *Daphne* was
 Root bound that fled *Apollo*
 La Fool do not boast
 Thou canst not touch the freedom of my munde
 With all thy charms although this corporal rinde
 Thou haste immanacled while Heav'n sees good
 Co Why are you vext Lady? why do you frown?
 Here dwell no frowns nor anger from these gates
 Sorrow flies farr See here be all the pleasures
 That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts
 When the fresh blood grows lively and returns 670
 Brisk as the *April* buds in *Primrose* season
 And first behold this cordial Julep here
 That flames and dances in his crysal bounds
 With spirits of balm and fragrant Syrops mixt.
 Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*
 In *Egypt* gave to *Jove* born *Helena*
 Is of such power to star up joy as this
 To life so friendly or so cool to thirst
 Why should you be so cruel to your self
 And to those dainty limms which nature lent 680
 For gentle usage and soft delicacy?
 But you invert the covnants of her trust
 And harshly deal like an ill borrower
 With that which you receiv'd on other terms
 Scorning the unexempt condition
 By which all mortal frailty must subsist
 Refreshment after toil ease after pain

That have been tir'd all day without repast,
 And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin
 This will restore all soon
La 'Twill not false traitor, 690
 'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
 That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,
 Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
 Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
 These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
 Hence with thy brew'd enchantments, foul deceiver,
 Hast thou betray'd my credulous innocence
 With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
 And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
 With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute? 700
 Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
 I would not taste thy treasonous offer, none
 But such as are good men can give good things,
 And that which is not good, is not delicious
 To a well-govern'd and wise appetite
Co O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
 To those budge doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
 And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
 Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence
 Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth, 710
 With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
 Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
 Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
 But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
 And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
 That in their green shops weave the smooth hair'd silk
 To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
 Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
 She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
 To store her children with, if all the world 720
 Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
 Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
 Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
 Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
 And we should serve him as a grudging master,
 As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
 And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
 Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
 And strangl'd with her waste fertility,
 Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
 The herds would over-multitude their Lords, 731
 The Sea o'refraught would swell, and th'unsought diamonds

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Would so emblaze the forehead of the Deep
 And so bestudd with Stars that they below
 Would grow nur d to light and com at last
 To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows
 List Lady be not coy and be not cosen d
 With that sime vaunted name Virginity
 Beauty is natures coyn must not be hoorded
 But must be currant and the good thereof 740
 Consists in mutual and partak n bliss
 Unsavoury in th injoyment of it self
 If you let slip time like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish n head
 Beauty is natures brag and must be shown
 In courts, at feasts and high solemnities
 Where most may wonder at the workmanship
 It is for homely features to keep home
 They had their name thence course complexions
 And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply 750
 The simpler and to teize the huswifes wooll
 What need a vermeil tinctured lip for that
 Love darting eyes or tresses like the Morn?
 There was another meaning in these gifts
 Think what and be adviz d, you are but young y et.
 La I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
 In this unhallow d air but that this Jugler
 Would think to charm my judgement as nuncy es
 Obtruding false rules princt in reasons garb
 I hate when vice can bolt her arguments 760
 And vertue has no tongue to check her pride
 Impostor do not charge most innocent nature
 As if she would her children should be riotous
 With her abundance she good cateress
 Means her provision onely to the good
 That live according to her sober laws
 And holy dictate of spare Temperance
 If every just man that now pines with want
 Had but a moderate and besecming share
 Of that which lewdly pamper d Luxury 770
 Now heaps upon som few with vast excess
 Natures full blessings would be well dispenc d
 In unsuperfluous even proportion
 And she no whit encomber d with her store
 And then the giver would be better thank t,
 His praise due paid for swinish gluttony
 Ne re looks to Heav n amidst his gorgeous feast,
 But with besotted base ingratitude

Cramms, and blasphem'es his feeder Shall I go on?
 Or ha' I said enough? To him that dares 780
 Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
 Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,
 Fain would I something say, yet to what end?
 Thou hast nor Eare, nor Soul to apprehend
 The sublime notion, and high mystery
 That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
 And serious doctrine of Virginity,
 And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
 More happiness then this thy present lot
 Enjoy your deer Wit, and gay Rhetorick 790
 That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
 Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't,
 Yet should I try, the uncontroled worth
 Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
 To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
 That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
 And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
 Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
 Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head
 Co She fables not, I feel that I do fear 800
 Her words set off by som superior power,
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
 Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
 To som of *Saturns* crew I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly Com, no more,
 This is meer moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation,
 I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
 And setlings of a melancholy blood, 810
 But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams Be wise, and taste —

The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn wrest his Glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground his rout make signe of resistance, but are all driven in, The attendant Spirit comes in

Spir What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
 O ye mustook, ye should have snatcht his wand
 And bound him fast, without his rod revers't,
 And backward mutters of dissembling power,
 We cannot free the Lady that sits here
 In stony fetters fixt, and motionless,
 Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me, 820
 Som other means I have which may be us'd,

Which once of *Melibeus* old I learnt
 The soothest Shepherd that ere pip't on plains.
 There is a gentle Nymph not farr from hence
 That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream
Sabrina is her name a Virgin pure
 Whilom she was the daughter of *Loctine*
 That had the Scepter from his father *Brute*
 The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
 Of her enraged stepdam *Guendolen* 830
 Commended her fair innocence to the flood
 That stay'd her flight with his cross flowing course
 The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid
 Held up their pearled wrists and took her in
 Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus* Hall
 Who piteous of her woes rear'd her lank head
 And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
 In nectar'd lavers strew'd with *Asphodil*
 And through the porch and inlet of each sense
 Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv'd 840
 And underwent a quick immortal change
 Made Goddess of the River still she retains
 Her maiden gentlenes and oft at Eve
 Visits the herds along the twilight meadows
 Helping all urchin blasts and ill luck signes
 That the shrewd meddling *Elfe* delights to make
 Which she with pretious viald liquors heals
 For which the Shepherds at their festivals
 Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes
 And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream 850
 Of pancies pinks and gaudy *Daffadils*
 And as the old Swain said she can unlock
 The clasping charm and thaw the numming spell
 If she be right invoc't in warbled Song
 For maidnhood she loves and will be swift
 To aid a Virgin such as was her self
 In hard besetting need this will I try
 And adde the power of som adjuring verse

SONG

Sabrina farr
 Listen where thou art sitting 860
 Under the glassie cool translucent ware
 In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
 The loose train of thy amber dropping hair
 Listen for dear honour's sake
 Goddess of the silver lake

Listen and save

Listen and appear to us
 In name of great *Oceanus*,
 By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
 And *Tethys* grave majestick pace, 870
 By hoary *Neieus* wrinckled look,
 And the *Carpathian* wisards hook,
 By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,
 And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,
 By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
 And her son that rules the strands,
 By *Thetis* tinsel-slipper'd feet,
 And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
 By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
 And fair *Ligen's* golden comb, 880
 Wherwith she sits on diamond rocks
 Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
 By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
 Upon thy streams with wily glance,
 Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
 From thy coral-pav'n bed,
 And bridle in thy headlong wave,
 Till thou our summons answered have

*Listen and save**Sabrina rises, attended by water-Nymphes, and sings*

By the rusby-fringed bank, 890
 Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
 My sliding Chariot staves,
 Thick set with Agat, and the azurr sheen
 Of *Turkis* blew, and *Emrauld* green
 That in the channell straves,
 Whilst from off the waters fleet
 Thus I set my printless feet
 O're the Cowslips Velvet head,
 That bends not as I tread,
 Gentle swam at thy request 900
 I am here

Spir Goddess dear
 We implore thy powerful hand
 To undo the charmed band
 Of true Virgin here distrest,
 Through the force, and through the wile
 Of unblest inchanter vile
 Sab Shepherd 'tis my office best
 To help insnared chastity,

Brightest Lady look on me
 Thus I sprinkle on thy brest
 Drops that from my fountain pure
 I have kept of pretious cure
 Thrice upon thy fingers tip
 Thrice upon thy rubied lip
 Next this marble venom d seat
 Smear d with gumms of glutinous heat
 I touch with chaste palms moist and cold
 Now the spell hath lost his hold
 And I must haste ere morning hour
 To wait in *Amphitrite's* bowr

910

920

Sabrina descends and the Lady rises out of her seat

Spir Virgin daughter of *Lochrine*
 Sprung of old *Anchises* line
 May thy brimmed waves for this
 Their full tribute never miss
 From a thousand petty rills
 That tumble down the snowy hills
 Summer drouth or singed air
 Never scorch thy tresses fair
 Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood
 Thy molten crystal fill with mudd
 May thy billows rowl ashoar
 The beryl and the golden ore
 May thy lofty head be crown d
 With many a tower and terrass round
 And here and there thy banks upon
 With Groves of myrrhe and cinnamon
 Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace
 Let us fly this cursed place
 Lest the Sorcerer us intice
 With som other new device
 Not a waste or needless sound
 Till we com to holier ground
 I shall be your faithfull guide
 Through this gloomy covert wide
 And not many furlongs thence
 Is your Fathers residence
 Where this night are met in state
 Many a friend to gratulate
 His wish t presence and beside
 All the Swains that there abide
 With Jiggs and rural dance resort
 We shall catch them at their sport

930

940

950

And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere,
Come let us haste, the Stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky

*The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow Town and the Presidents Castle,
then com in Countrey-Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with
the two Brothers and the Lady*

SONG

Spir *Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,
Till next Sun-shine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod* 960
*Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury did fist devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas*

This second Song presents them to their father and mother

*Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,* 970
*Their faith, their patience, and their truth
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance*

The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguzes

Spir *To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky
There I suck the liquid ayr* 980
*All amidst the Gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwels,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling* 990

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Nard and *Cassia's* balmy smels
Iris there with humid bow
 Waters the odorous banl ■ that blow
 Flowers of more mingled hew
 Then her purfl'd scarf can shew
 And drenches with *Elysian* dew
 (Last mortals if your ears be true)
 Beds of *Hyacinth* and roses
 Where young *Adonis* oft reposes
 Waving well of his deep wound 1000
 In slumber soft and on the ground
 Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen
 But far above in spangled sheen
 Celestial *Cupid* her fam'd son advanc't
 Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc't
 After her wandring labours long
 Till free consent the gods among
 Make her his eternal Bride
 And from her fair unspotted side
 Two blissful twins are to be born 1010
 Youth and Joy so *Jove* hath sworn
 But now my task ■ smoothly don
 I can fly or I can run
 Quickly to the green earths end
 Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend
 And from thence can soar as soon
 To the corners of the Moon
 Mortals that would follow me
 Love virtue she alone is free
 She can teach ye how to clime 1020
 Higher then the Spheary chime
 Or if Vertue feeble were
 Heav'n ■ it self would stoop to her

POEMS ADDED IN THE 1673 EDITION

Anno aetatis 17

On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough

I

O FAIREST flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timeleslie,
Summers chief honour if thou hadst out lasted
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie,
For he being amorous on that lovely die

That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal bliss

II

For since grim Aquilo his charioter
By boistrous rape th' Athenian dāmsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,

10

Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held

III

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing aire
He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,

But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place

20

IV

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate,
For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand
Whulome did slay his dearly-loved mate
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurotas'* strand,
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land,

But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power

V

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earths dark wombe,

30

Or that thy beauties lie in a worme bed
 Hid from the world in a low delved tombe
 Could Heav'n for pittie thee so strictly doom?
 Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
 Above mortallitie that shew'd thou wast divine

VI

Resolue me then oh Soul most surely blest
 (If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
 Tell me bright Spirit where ere thou hoverest
 Whether above that high first moving Spheare
 Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were) 40
 Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight
 And why from us so quickly thou didst take thy flight

VII

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin'd roofof
 Of shak't Olympus by mischance didst fall
 Which carefull Jove in natures true behoofe
 Took up and in fit place did reims all?
 Or didst late earths Sonnes besiege the wall
 Of sheeme Heav'n and thou some goddess fled
 Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar'd head

VIII

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before 50
 Forsook the hated earth O tell me sooth
 And cam'st again to visit us once more?
 Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth?
 Or that crown'd Matron sage white robed Truth?
 Or any other of that heav'nly brood
 Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some good

IX

Or wert thou of the golden winged hoast
 Who having clad thy self in humane weed
 To earth from thy prefixed seat didst poast
 And after short abode flie back with speed 60
 As if to shew what creatures Heav'n doth breed
 Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
 To scorn the sordid world and unto Heav'n aspire

X

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
 To bless us with thy heav'nly lov'd innocence
 To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe

To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,
 Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
 To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart
 But thou canst best perform that office where thou art. 70

VI

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child
 Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
 And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild,
 Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
 And render him with patience what he lent,
 This if thou do he will an off-spring give,
 That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live

Anno Aetatis 19 *At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge, part*
Latin, part English The Latin speeches ended, the
English thus began

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak
 Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
 And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripps,
 Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,
 Driving dum silence from the portal dore,
 Where he had mutely sate two years before
 Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,
 That now I use thee in my latter task
 Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
 I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee 10
 Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,
 Believe me I have thuther packt the worst
 And, if it happen as I did forecast,
 The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last
 I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
 For this same small neglect that I have made
 But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
 And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefest treasure,
 Not those new fangled toys, and trimming slight
 Which takes our late fantasticks with delight, 20
 But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
 Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire
 I have some naked thoughts that rove about
 And loudly knock to have their passage out,
 And wearie of their place do only stay
 Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray,
 That so they may without suspect or fears
 Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears,

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Yet I had rather if I were to chuse
 Thy service in some graver subject use 30
 Such as may make thee search thy coffers round
 Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound
 Such where the deep transported mind may soare
 Above the wheeling poles and at Heav ns dore
 Look in and see each blissful Deitie
 How he before the thunderous throne doth lie
 Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
 To th touch of golden wires while *Hebe* brings
 Immortal Nectar to her kingly Sire
 Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire 40
 And nustie Regions of wide air next under
 And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder
 May tell at length how green ey d *Neptune* raves,
 In Heav ns dehance mustering all his waves
 Then sing of secret things that came to pass
 When Beldim Nature in her cradle was
 And last of Kings and Queens and *Hero s* old
 Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
 In solemn Songs at King *Alemous* feast
 While sad *Ulissee* soul and all the rest 50
 Are held with his melodious harmonie
 In willing chains and sweet captivitie
 But fie my wandring Muse how thou dost stray!
 Expectance calls thee now another way
 Thou know st it must be now thy only bent
 To keep in compass of thy Predicament
 Then quick about thy purpos d business come
 That to the next I may resign my Roome

*Then Ens is represented as Father of the Predicaments his ten Sons
 where of the Eldest stood for Substance with his Canons which Ens
 thus speaking explains*

Good luck befriend thee Son for at thy birth
 The Faery Ladies daunc t upon the hearth 60
 Thy drow sic Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
 Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie
 And sweetly singing round about thy Bed
 Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head
 She heard them give thee this that thou should st still
 From eyes of mortals walk invisible
 Yet there is something that doth force my fear
 For once it was my dismal hap to hear
 A *Sybil* old bow bent with crooked age
 That far events full wisely could presage 70
 And in Times long and dark Prospective Glass

Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,
 Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
 Shall subject be to many an Accident
 O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,
 Yet every one shall make him underling,
 And those that cannot live from him asunder
 Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
 In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
 Yet being above them, he shall be below them, 80
 From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
 Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing
 To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
 And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap,
 Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore
 Devouring war shall never cease to roare,
 Yea it shall be his natural property
 To harbour those that are at enmity
 What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
 Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot 90

The next Quantity and Quality, spake in Prose, then Relation was call'd by his Name

Rivers arise, whether thou be the Son,
 Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Oose*, or gulphie *Dun*,
 Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
 His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,
 Or sullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
 Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,
 Or Rockie *Avon*, or of Sedgie *Lee*,
 Or Coaly *Tme*, or antient hallowed *Dee*,
 Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
 Or *Medway* smooth, or Royal Towred *Thame* 100

The rest was Prose

The Fifth Ode of Horace Lib I

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit

What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
 Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
 Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden Hair,
 Plain in thy neatness, O how oft shall he
 On Faith and changed Gods complain and Seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Who now enjoys thee credulous all Gold
Who always vacant always amiable 10
Hopes thee of flattering gales
Unmindfull Hapless they
To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares to have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the stern God of Sea

SONNETS

I

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'st at eve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuckoo's bill
Portend success in love, O if *Jove's* will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny 10
As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why,
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I

VII¹

How soon hath Time the suttile thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth yeer¹
My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n, 10
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n,
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task Masters eye

VIII

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may sease,
If ever deed of honour did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,

¹ Sonnets II—VI, written in Italian are omitted

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

He can requite thee for he knows the charms
 That call Fame on such gentle acts as these
 And he can spread thy Name o're Lands and Seas
 What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bow re
 The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of *Pindarus* when Temple and Towre
 Went to the ground And the repeated air
 Of sad *Electra's* Poet had the power
 To save th' *Atheman* Walls from ruine bare

IX

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth
 Wisely hath shun'd the broad way and the green
 And with those few art eminently seen
 That labour up the Hill of heavenly Truth
 The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*
 Chosen thou hast and they that overween
 And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen
 No anger find in thee but pity and ruth
 Thy care is fixt and zealously attends 10
 To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light
 And Hope that reaps not shame Therefore be sure
 Thou when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
 Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night
 Hast gain'd thy entrance Virgin wise and pure

X

Daughter to that good Earl once President
 Of *Englands* Counsel and her Treasury
 Who liv'd in both unstain'd with gold or fee
 And left them both more in himself content
 Till the sad breacking of that Parliament
 Broke him as that dishonour'd victory
 At *Cheronéa* fatal to liberty
 Kild with report that Old man eloquent
 Though later born then to have known the days 10
 Wherin your Father flourisht yet by you
 Madam me thinks I see him living yet
 So well your words his noble virtues praise
 That all both judge you to relate them true
 And to possess them Honour'd *Margaret*

XI

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*
 And wov'n close both matter form and stile

The Subject new it walk'd the Town a while,
 Numbring good intellects, now seldom por'd on
 Cries the stall-reader, bless us! what a word on
 A title page is this! and some in file
 Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-
 End Green Why is it harder Sirs then Gordon,
 Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
 Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek 10
 That would have made *Qumtilian* stare and gasp
 Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
 Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp,
 When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward*
 Greek

XII *On the same*

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs
 By the known rules of antient libertie,
 When strait a barbarous noise environs me
 Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs
 As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
 Ralld at *Latona's* twin-born progenie
 Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee
 But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs,
 That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free 10
 Licence they mean when they cry libertie,
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good,
 But from that mark how far they roave we see
 For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood

XIII

To Mr H Lawes, on his Ares

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
 First taught our English Musick how to span
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan
 With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long,
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
 With praise enough for Envy to look wan,
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
 That with smooth aire couldst humor best our
 tongue
 Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
 To honour thee, the Priest of *Phæbus* Quire 10
 That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher

Then his *Casella* whom he woo'd to sing
Met in the mulder shades of Purgatory

XIV

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never
Had ripen'd thy just soul to dwell with God
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of Death call'd Life which us from Life doth
sever
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind nor in the grave were trod
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliss for ever
Love led them on and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand maids clad them o'er with purple beams 10
And azure wings that up they flew so drest
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams

XV

On the late Massacher in Piemont

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter'd Saints whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold
Ev'n them who leapt thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship'd Stocks and Stones
Forget not in thy book record their groans
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold
Shyn by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills and they
To Heav'n Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow 10
O'er all th' *Italian* fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant that from these may grow
A hunder'd fold who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo

XVI

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker and present
My true account least he returning chide
Doth God exact day labour light deny'd

I fondly ask, But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
 10 Bear his milde yoaK, they serve him best, his State
 Is Kingly Thousands at his bidding speed
 And post o're Land and Ocean without rest
 They also serve who only stand and waite

XVII

Lawrence of vertuous Father & vertuous Son,
 Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help wast a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard Season gaining time will run
 On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
 The frozen earth, and cloth in fresh attire
 The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun
 What next repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise
 10 To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
 Warble immortal Notes and *Tuscan* Ayre?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise

XVIII

Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench
 Of Brittain *Themis*, with no mean applause
 Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
 Which others at their Barr so often wrench
 To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
 In mirth, that after no repenting drawes,
 Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,
 And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*
 To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
 Toward solid good what leads the nearest way,
 10 For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
 And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
 That with superfluous burden loads the day,
 And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

XIX

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
 Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
 Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
 Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint
 Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,

Purification in the old Law did save
 And such as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint
 Came vested all in white pure as her mind
 Her face was veiled yet to my fancied sight 10
 Love sweetness goodness in her person shined
 So clear as in no face with more delight
 But O as to embrace me she inclined
 I wailed she fled and day brought back my night

*On the new forcers of Conscience under the
 Long PARLIAMENT*

Because you have thrown off your Prelate Lord
 And with stiff Vowes renounced his Liturgie
 To seize the widdow'd whore Pluralitie
 From them who e'en ye envied not abhor'd
 Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword
 To force our Consciences that Christ set free
 And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
 Taught ye by meer *A S* and *Rotherford*?
 Men whose Life Learning Faith and pure intent 10
 Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*
 Must now be named and printed Hereticks
 By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d'ye call
 But we do hope to find out all your tricks
 Your plots and packing worse then those of *Trent*,
 That so the Parliament
 May with their wholsome and preventive Shears
 Clip your Phylacteries though baulk your Ears
 And succour our just Fears
 When they shall read this clearly in your charge
 New *Presbyter* is but *Old Priest* writ Large 20

*On the Lord Gen Fairfax at the siege of
 Colchester*

Fairfax whose name in armes through Europe rings
 Filling each mouth with envy or with praise
 And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
 And rumors loud that daunt remotest kings
 Thy firm unshak'n vertue ever brings
 Victory home though new rebellions raise
 Thir Hydra heads & the fals North dispaies
 Her broken league to impe their serpent wings
 Yet a nobler task awaites thy hand

For what can Warr, but endless warr still breed, 10
 Till Truth, & Right from Violence be freed,
 And Public Faith cleard from the shamefull brand
 Of Public Fraud In vain doth Valour bleed
 While Avarice, & Rapine share the land

To the Lord Generall Cromwell May 1652

On the proposalls of certaine ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospell

Cromwell, our cheif of men, who through a cloud
 Not of warr onely, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith & matchless Fortitude
 To peace & truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
 Hast reard Gods Trophies, & his work pursu'd,
 While Darwen stream with blood of Scotts imbru'd,
 And Dunbarr feild resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worsters laureat wreath, yet much remaines
 To conquer still, peace hath her victories 10
 No less renown'd then warr, new foes arises
 Threatning to bind our soules with secular chaines
 Helpe us to save free Conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves whose Gospell is their maw

To Sr Henry Vane the younger

Vane, young in yeares, but in sage counsell old,
 Then whome a better Senatour nere held
 The helme of Rome, when gownes not armes repell'd
 The feirce Epeiros & the African bold,
 Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
 The drift of hollow states, hard to be spell'd,
 Then to advise how warr may best, upheld,
 Move by her two maine nerves, Iron & Gold
 In all her equipage, besides to know
 Both spirituall powre & civill, what each meanes 10
 What severs each thou 'hast learnt, which few have don
 The bounds of either sword to thee wee ow
 Therefore on thy firme hand religion leanes
 In peace, & reck'ns thee her eldest son

To Mr Cyriack Skinner upon his Blindness

Cyriack this three y ears day these eys though clear
 To outward view of blemish or of spot
 Bereft of light thur seeing have forgot
 Nor to thir idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of Sun or Moon or Starre throughout the year
 Or man or woman Yet I argue not
 Against heavens hand or will nor hate a jot
 Of heart or hope but still bear vp and steer
 Right onward What supports me dost thou ask?
 The conscience Friend to have lost them ouerply d 10
 In libertyes defence my noble tasl
 Of which all Europe talks from side to side
 This thought might lead me through the world s
 vain mask
 Content though blind had I no better guide

PSALMS

PSAL I *Done into Verse, 1653*

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
 In counsel of the wicked, and ith' way
 Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
 Of scorers hath not sate But in the great
Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,
 And in his Law he studies day and night
 He shall be as a tree which planted grows
 By watry streams, and in his season knows
 To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
 And what he takes in hand shall prosper all 10
 Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
 The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
 In judgment, or abide their tryal then,
 Nor sinners in th'assembly of just men
 For the Lord knows th'upright way of the just,
 And the way of bad men to ruine must

PSAL II *Done Aug 8 1653 Terzetti*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
 Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th'earth upstand
 With power, and Princes in their Congregations
 Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
 Against the Lord and his Messiah dear
 Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
 Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
 Their twisted cords he who in Heaven doth dwell
 Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe 10
 Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
 And fierce ire trouble them, but I saith hee
 Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
 On Sion my holi' hill A firm decree
 I will declare, the Lord to me hath say'd
 Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
 This day, ask of me, and the grant is made,
 As thy possession I on thee bestow
 Th'Heithen, and as thy conquest to be swa'd

Earths utmost bounds them shalt thou bring full low
 With Iron Scepter bruise d and them disperse 20
 Like to a potters vessel shiver d so
 And now be wise at length ye Kings averse
 Be taught ye Judges of the earth with fear
 Jehovah serve and let your joy converse
 With trembling kiss the Son lest he appear
 In anger and ye perish in the way
 If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere
 Happy all those who have in him their stay

PSAL III Aug 9 1653

When he fled from Absalom

Lord how many are my foes
 How many those
 That in arms against me rise
 Many are they
 That of my life distrustfully thus say
 No help for him in God there lies
 But thou Lord art my shield my glory
 Thee through my story
 Th exalter of my head I count 10
 Aloud I cry d
 Unto Jehovah he full soon reply d
 And heard me from his holy mount
 I lay and slept I wak d again
 For my sustain
 Was the Lord Of many millions
 The populous rout
 I fear not though incamping round about
 They pitch against me their Pavillions
 Rise Lord save me my God for thou
 Hast smote ere now -0
 On the cheek bone all my foes
 Of men abhor d
 Hast broke the teeth This help was from the Lord
 Thy blessing on thy people flows

PSAL IV Aug 10 1653

ANSWER me when I call
 God of my righteousness
 In straights and in distress
 Thou didst me disanthrall

And set at large, now spare,

Now pity me, and hear my earnest prai'r

Great ones how long will ye

My glory have in scorn

How long be thus forborn

Still to love vanity,

10

To love, to seek, to prize

Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?

Yet know the Lord hath chose

Chose to himself a part

The good and meek of heart

(For whom to chuse he knows)

Jehovah from on high

Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie

Be aw'd, and do not sin,

Speak to your hearts alone,

20

Upon your beds, each one,

And be at peace within

Offer the offerings just

Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust

Many there be that say

Who yet will shew us good?

Talking like this worlds brood,

But Lord, thus let me pray,

On us lift up the light

Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright

30

Into my heart more joy

And gladness thou hast put

Then when a year of glut

Their stores doth over-cloy

And from their plenteous grounds

With vast increase their corn and wine abounds

In peace at once will I

Both lay me down and sleep

For thou alone dost keep

Me safe where ere I lie

40

As in a rocky Cell

Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell

PSAL V Aug 12 1653

JEHOVAH to my words give ear

My meditation waigh

The voyce of my complaining hear

My King and God for unto thee I pray

Jehovah thou my early voyce

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

Shalt in the morning hear
 Ith morning I to thee with choyce
 Will rant my Prayers and watch till thou appear
 For thou art not a God that takes
 In wickedness delight 10
 Evil with thee no biding makes
 Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight
 All workers of iniquity
 Thou hatst and them unblest
 Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly
 The bloody and guileful man God doth detest
 But I will in thy mercies dear
 Thy numerous mercies go
 Into thy house I in thy fear
 Will towards thy holy temple worship low 20
 Lord lead me in thy righteousness
 Lead me because of those
 That do observe if I transgress
 Set thy wayes right before where my step goes
 For in his faltring mouth unstable
 No word is firm or sooth
 Their inside troubles miserable
 An open grave their throat their tongue they smooth
 God find them guilty let them fall
 By their own counsels quell'd 30
 Push them in their rebellions all
 Still on for against thee they have rebell'd
 Then all who trust in thee shall bring
 Their joy while thou from blame
 Defendst them they shall ever sing
 And shall triumph in thee who love thy name
 For thou Jehovah wilt be found
 To bless the just man still
 As with a shield thou wilt surround
 Him with thy lasting favour and good will 40

PSAL VI Aug 13 1653

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me
 Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct
 Pity me Lord for I am much deject
 Am very weak and faint heal and amend me
 For all my bones that even with anguish ake
 Are troubled yea my soul is troubled sore
 And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord restore
 My soul O save me for thy goodness sake

For in death no remembrance is of thee,
 Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise? 10
 Wearied I am with sighing our my dayes,
 Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea,
 My Bed I water with my tears, mine Eye
 Through grief consumes is waxen old and dark
 It h' mid'st of all mine enemies that mark
 Depart all ye that work iniquitie
 Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
 The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r
 My supplication with acceptance fair
 The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping 20
 Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't
 With much confusion, then grow red with shame,
 They shall return in hast the way they came
 And in a moment shall be quite abash't

PSAL VII Aug 14 1653

*Upon the words of Chush the Benjamite
 against him*

LORD my God to thee I flie
 Save me and secure me under
 Thy protection while I crie
 Least as a Lion (and no wonder)
 He hast to tear my Soul asunder
 Tearing and no rescue nigh

Lord my God if I have thought
 Or done this, if wickedness
 Be in my hands, if I have wrought
 Ill to him that meant me peace, 10
 Or to him have render'd less,
 And not fre'd my foe for naught,

Let th'enemy pursue my soul
 And overtake it, let him tread
 My life down to the earth and roul
 In the dust my glory dead,
 In the dust and there out spread
 Lodge it with dishonour foul

Rise Jehovah in thine ire
 Rouze thy self amidst the rage 20
 Of my foes that urge like fire,

And wake for me their fun assuage
Judgment here thou didst engage
And command which I desire

So th assemblies of each Nation
Will surround thee seeking right
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the worlds foundation

30

Judge me Lord be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is
Upon me cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss

But the just establish fast
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins On God is cast
My defence and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th upright of Heart at last

40

God is a just Judge and severe
And God is every day offended
If th unjust will not forbear
His Sword he whets his Bow hath bended
Already and for him intended
The tools of death that waits him near

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute) Behold
He travels big with vanitie,
Trouble he hath conceav d of old
As in a womb and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie

50

He dig d a pit and delv d it deep
And fell into the pit he made
His mischief that due course doth keep
Turns on his head and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay d
Fall on his crown with ruine steep

60

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise
And sing the Name and Deitie
Of Jehovah the most high

PSAL VIII *Aug 14 1653*

O JEHOVAH our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth³
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes
To stint th'enemy, and slack th'avengers brow
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set, 10
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him, or of man begot
That him thou visit'st and of him art found,
Scarce to be less then Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forrest meet 20

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide And know no dearth
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

April 1648 J M

*Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherem all but
what is in a different Character, are the
very words of the Text, translated
from the Original*

PSAL LXXV

- 1 THOU Shepherd that dost Israel keep
Give ear in mine of need
Who ledest like a flock of sheep
Thy lo^d Josephs seed
That sitt st between the Cherubs bright
Bet^{ween} their wings out spread
Shine forth and from thy cloud give light
And on o^{ur} foes thy dread
- 2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins
And in Manasse s sight 10
Awake¹ thy strength come and be seen
To save us by thy might
- 3 Turn us again thy grace di^{ne} me
To us O God touchsafe
Cause thou thy face on us to shine
And then we shall be safe
- 4 Lord God of Hosts how long wilt thou
How long wilt thou declare
Thy smoking wrath and angry brow
Against thy peoples pra^{ise} 20
- 5 Thou feed st them with the bread of tears
Their bread with tears they eat
And makst them² largely drink the tears
Wher^{with} th^{ey}ir cheeks are wet
- 6 A strife thou makst us and a prey
To every neighbour foe
Among themselves they³ laugh they⁴ play
And⁴ flouts at us they throw
- 7 Return us and thy grace di^{ne} me
O God of Hosts touchsafe 30
Cause thou thy face on us to shine
And then we shall be safe
- 8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,
Thy free lo^{ve} made it thine
And drovst out Nations proud and ha^{ut}
Gnorer^a Gnashanta Sl^{at} sh J Ignagu

- To plant this lovely Vine
 9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place
 And root it deep and fast
 That it *began to grow apace,*
And fill'd the land at last 40
- 10 With her *green shade that cover'd all,*
 The Hills were *over-spread*
 Her Bows as *high as Cedars tall*
Advanc'd their lofty head
- 11 Her branches *on the western side*
 Down to the Sea she sent,
 And *upward* to that river wide
 Her other branches *went*
- 12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low
 And brok'n down her Fence, 50
 That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
- 13 The *tusked Boar* out of the wood
 Up turns it by the roots,
 Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her Grapes and tender Shoots
- 14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
 From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
 Behold *us, but without a frown,*
 And visit this *thy Vine* 60
- 15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
 Hath set, and planted *long,*
 And the young branch, that for thy self
 Thou hast made firm and strong
- 16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
 And cut *with Axes* down,
 They perish at thy dreadfull ire,
 At thy rebuke and frown
- 17 Upon the man of thy right hand
 Let thy *good hand be laid,* 70
 Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
 Strong for thyself hast made
- 18 So shall we not go back from thee
 To *wayes of sin and shame,*
 Quick'n us thou, then gladly wee
 Shall call upon thy Name
 Return us, and thy grace divine
 Lord God of Hosts *voutsafe,*
 Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
 And then we shall be safe. 80

PSAL LYXXI

- 1 To God our strength sing loud *and clear*
Sing loud to God *our King*
To Jacobs God *that all my heart*
Loud acclamations ring
- 2 Prepare a Hymn prepare a Song
The Timbrel hither bring
The *cheerfull* Psaltry bring along
And Harp *with pleasant string*
- 3 Blow *as it was wont* in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty sound*
Th appointed time the day whereon
Our solemn Feast *comes round*
- 4 This was a Statute *given of old*
For Israel *to observe*
A Law of Jacobs God *to hold*
From whence they might not *swerve*
- 5 This he a Testimony ordain'd
In Joseph *not to chinge*
When as he pass'd through *Ægypt land*
The Tongue I heard *was strange*
- 6 From burden *and from slavish toyle*
I set his shoulder free
His hands from pots *and mirie soyle*
Deliver'd were *by me*
- 7 When trouble did thee sore assaile
On me then didst thou call
And I to free thee *did not faile*
And led thee out of *thrall*
I answer'd thee in *thunder deep*
With clouds encompass'd *round*
- 8 I tri'd thee at the water steep
Of Meriba *renown'd*
- 9 Hear O my people *hearken well*
I testifie to thee
Thou *antient flock* of Israel
If thou wilt list to mee
- 10 Through out the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be
Nor shalt thou to a *foreign God*
In honour bend thy knee
- 10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of *Ægypt land*

10

20

30

40

- Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand
11 And yet my people would not *bear*,
Nor hearken to my voice,
And Israel *whom I lov'd so dear*
Mishk'd me for his choice
12 Then did I leave them to their will
And to their wandring mind, 50
Their own conceits they follow'd still
Their own devises blind
13 O that my people would *be wise*
To serve me *all their daies*,
And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous waies*
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
That now so *proudly rise*,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies 60
15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they, His people, should remain*,
Their time should have no end
16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfie them from the rock
With Honey for their Meat

PSAL LXXXII

- 1 God in the¹ great¹ assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States,
Among the gods² on both his hands
He judges and debates
2 How long will ye³ pervert the right
With³ judgment false and wrong
Favouring the wicked *by your might*,
Who thence grow bold and strong?²
3 ⁴ Regard the ⁴ weak and fatherless
⁴ Dispatch the ⁴ poor mans cause, 70
And [~] raise the man in deep distress
By ⁵ just and equal Lawes
4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicl ed men the low estate

¹Bagnadath el ²Bekerev ³Tishphetu gna-el ⁴Shiphthu dal
⁵Harzdiku

- Of him that help demands*
 5 They know not nor will understand
 In darkness they walk on
 The Earths foundations all are ^a mov d
 And ^a out of order gon ~0
 6 I said that ye were Gods ye all
 The Sons of God most high
 7 But ye shall die like men and fall
 As other Princes die
 8 Rise God ^r judge thou the earth in might
 This wicked earth ^r redress
 For thou art he who shalt by right
 The Nations all possess

PSAL LXXIII

- 1 Be not thou silent now at length
 O God hold not thy peace
 Sit not thou still O God of strength
 We cry and do not cease
 2 For lo thy furious foes now ¹ swell
 And ¹ storm outrageously
 And they that hate thee proud and fell
 Exalt their heads full hie
 3 Against thy people they contrive
 ³ Their Plots and Counsels deep 10
 ⁴ Them to ensnare they chiefly strive
 ⁵ Whom thou dost hide and keep
 4 Come let us cut them off say they
 Till they no Nation be
 That Israels name for ever may
 Be lost in memory
 5 For they consult ⁶ with all their might,
 And all as one in mind
 Themselves against thee they unite
 And in firm union bind 20
 6 The tents of Edom and the brood
 Of scornful Ishmael
 Moab with them of Hagers blood
 That in the Desert dwell
 7 Gebal and Ammon there conspire
 And I iteful Amalec
 The Philistines and they of Tyre
 Whose bounds the Sea doth check

Immoru Sh phta Iebemapun I gnar mu Sod
I thjagnatsu gnol Tseplun ca Lev ja l dau

- 8 With them *great Asshur* also bands
And doth confirm the knot,
All these have lent their armed hands
 To aid the Sons of Lot 30
- 9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*
That wasted all the Coast
 To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabins hoast,
When at the brook of Kishon old
They were repulst and slam,
- 10 At Endor quite cut off, and row I'd
 As dung upon the plain 40
- 11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped
 So let their Princes speed
 As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*
 So let their Princes *bleed*
- 12 *For they anudst their pride* have said
 By right now shall we seize
 Gods houses, and *will now invade*
¹ Their stately Palaces
- 13 My God, oh make them as a wheel
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and restless let them reel
 Like stubble from the wind 50
- 14 As *when an aged wood* takes fire
Which on a sudden strates,
 The *greedy* flame runs hier and hier
 Till all the mountains blaze,
- 15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
 And with thy tempest chase,
- 16 ² And till they ³ yield thee honour due,
 Lord fill with shame their face
- 17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be, 60
 Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,
 Ever confounded, and so die
 With shame, *and scape it never*
- 18 Then shall they l now that thou whose name
 Jehova is alone,
 Art the most high, *and thou the same*
 O're all the earth *art one*

¹Neoth Elohm bears both They seek thy Name Heb

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

- Salvation is at hand
 And glory shall ere long appear
 To dwell within our Land 40
- 10 Mercy and Truth that long were miss'd
 Now joyfully are met
 Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss'd
 And hand in hand are set
- 11 Truth from the earth like to a flower
 Shall bud and blossom then
 And Justice from her heavenly bow
 Look down on mortal men
- 12 The Lord will also then bestow
 Whatever thing is good 50
 Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
 Her fruits to be our food
- 13 Before him Righteousness shall go
 His Royal Harbinger
 Then ^s will he come and not be slow
 His footsteps cannot err

PSAL LXXXVI

- 1 Thy Gracious ear O Lord incline
 O hear me I thee pray
 For I am poor and almost pine
 With need and sad decay
- 2 Preserve my soul for I have trod
 Thy wares and love the just
 Save thou thy servant O my God
 Who still in thee doth trust
- 3 Pity me Lord for daily thee
 I call 4 O make joyce 10
 Thy Servants Soul for Lord to thee
 I lift my soul and voice
- 5 For thou art good thou Lord art prone
 To pardon thou to all
 Art full of mercy thou alone
 To them that on thee call
- 6 Unto my supplication Lord
 Give ear and to the cry
 Of my incessant prayers afford
 Thy hearing graciously 20
- 7 In the day of my distress
 Will call on thee for aid

Heb H will set his step so th way Hel I am good loving
 a doer of good and holy th ngs

- For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*
And answer, what I pray'd
- 8 Like thee among the gods is none
 O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
 Like to thy *glorious* works
- 9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
 Shall come, *and all shall frame* 30
 To bow them low before thee Lord,
 And glorifie thy name
- 10 For great thou art, and wonders great
 By thy strong hand are done,
 Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*
 Remainest God alone
- 11 Teach me O Lord thy way *most right*,
 I in thy truth will bide,
 To fear thy name my heart unite
So shall it never slide 40
- 12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God
Thee honour, and adore
 With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
 Thy name for ever more
- 13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
 And thou hast free'd my Soul
 Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free
From deepest darkness foul
- 14 O God the proud against me rise
 And violent men are met 50
 To seek my life, and in their eyes
 No fear of thee have set
- 15 But thou Lord art the God most mild
 Readiest thy grace to shew,
 Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*
 Most mercifull, most true
- 16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
 And me have mercy on,
 Unto thy servant give thy strength,
 And save thy hand-maids Son 60
- 17 Some sign of good to me afford,
 And let my foes *then* see
 And be asham'd, because thou Lord
 Do'st help and comfort me

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

PSAL LXXXVII

- 1 Among the holy Mountains high
Is his foundation fast
There Seated in his Sanctuary
His Temple there is plac'd
- 2 Sions fair Gates the Lord loves more
Then all the dwellings faire
Of Jacobs Land though there be store
And all within his care
- 3 City of God most glorious things
Of thee abroad are spoke 10
- 4 I mention Egypt where proud Kings
Did our forefathers yoke
I mention Babel to my friends
Philistia full of scorn
And Tyre with Ethiops utmost ends
Lo this man there was born
- 5 But true that praise shall in our ear
Be said of Sion last
This and this man was born in her
High God shall fix her fast 20
- 6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
That ne re shall be out worn
When he the Nations doth enrowle
That this man there was born
- 7 Both they who sing and they who dance
With sacred Songs are there
In thee fresh brooks and soft streams glimce
And all my fountains clear

PSAL LXXXVIII

- 1 Lorn God that dost me save and keep
All day to thee I cry
And all night long before thee weep
Before thee prostrate lie
Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend
And to my cries that ceaseless are
Thine ear with favour bend
- 3 For clay'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie
My life at death's uncharful dore
Unto the grave draws nigh 10

- 4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass
 Down to the *dismal* pit
 I am a ¹ man, but weak alas
 And for that name unfit.
- 5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
 Among the dead *to sleep*,
 And like the slain *in bloody fight*
 That in the grave lie *deep* 20
 Whom thou rememberest no more,
 Dost never more regard,
 Them from thy hand deliver'd o're
Deaths hideous house hath barr'd
- 6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
 Hast set me *all forlorn*,
 Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
 In horrid deeps *to mourn*
- 7 Thy wrath *from which no shelter saves*
 Full sore doth press on me, 30
² Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
² And all thy waves break me
- 8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
 And mak'st me odious,
 Me to them odious, *for they change*,
 And I here pent up thus
- 9 Through sorrow, and affliction great
 Mine eye grows dim and dead,
 Lord all the day I thee entreat,
 My hands to thee I spread 40
- 10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
 Shall the deceas'd arise
 And praise thee *from their loathsome bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
- 11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
 On whom the grave *hath hold*,
 Or they *who* in perdition *dwell*
 Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
- 12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
 Or wondrous acts be known, 50
 Thy justice in the *gloomy land*
 Of *dark oblivion?*
- 13 But I to thee O Lord do cry
E're yet my life be spent,
 And *up to thee* my prayer doth lie
 Each morn, and thee prevent
- 14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,

¹ Heb *A man without manly strength* ² The Heb *bears forth*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

- And hide thy face from me
 15 That I'm already bruised and I shake
 With terror sent from thee
 Bruised and afflicted and so low
 As ready to expire
 While I thy terrors undergo
 Astonished with thine ire
 16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow
 Thy threatnings cut me through
 17 All day they round about me go
 Like waves they me pursue
 18 I over and friend thou hast removed
 And severed from me far
 They fly me now whom I have loved
 And as in darkness are

60

70

Heb *Prae Concussione*

PARADISE LOST

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

THIS first Book proposes first in brief the whole Subject, *Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd* Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent, who revolting from God and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep Which action past over the Poem hasts into the midst of things presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made certainly, not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darknesse, fittest call'd Chaos Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him, they confer of thir miserable fall Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded, They rise, thir Numbers array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoyning To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophesie or report in Heaven for that Angels were long before this visible Creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers To find out the truth of this Prophesie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Councell What his Associates thence attempt Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep The infernal Peers there sit in Counsel

OF MANS First Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos or if Sion Hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's Brook that flow'd
Fast by the Oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' Aonian Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer

Before all Temples th' upright heart and pure
 Instruct me for Thou know'st Thou from the first
 Wast present and with mighty wings outspread - 10
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss
 And mad'st it pregnant What in me is dark
 Illumine what is low raise and support
 That to the hight of this great Argument
 I may assert Eternal Providence
 And justify the wayes of God to men

Say first for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep Tract of Hell say first what cause
 Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly to fall off 20
 From their Creator and transgress his Will
 For one restraint Lords of the World besides?
 Who first seduc'd them to that fowl revolt?
 Th' infernal Serpent he it was whose guile
 Stur'd up with Envy and Revenge deceiv'd
 The Mother of Mankind what time his Pride
 Had cast him out from Heav'n with all his Host
 Of Rebel Angels by whose aid aspiring
 To set himself in Glory above his Peers 40
 He trusted to have equal'd the most High
 If he oppos'd and with ambitious aim
 Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
 Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
 With vain attempt Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' Ethereal Si'e
 With hideous ruine and combustion down
 To bottomless perdition there to dwell
 In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire
 Who durst defie th' Omnipotent to Arms
 Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night 50
 To mortal men he with his horrid crew
 Lay vanquish'd rowling in the fiery Gulfe
 Confounded though immortal But his doom
 Reserv'd him to more wrath for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him round he throws his baleful eyes
 That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
 Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate
 At once as far as Angels ken he views
 The dismal Situation waste and wilde 60
 A Dungeon horrible on all sides round
 As one great Furnace flam'd yet from those flames
 No light but rather darkness visible

Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
 That comes to all, but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
 With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd
 Such place *Eternal Justice* had prepar'd 70
 For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
 As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall, o'whelm'd
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime, 80
 Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd
Beelzebub To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began
 If thou beest he, But O how fall'n! how chang'd
 From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
 Myriads though bright If he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
 Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd 90
 In equal ruin into what Pit thou seest
 From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd
 He with his Thunder and till then who knew
 The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fixt mind
 And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along 100
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislodge his reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his throne What though the field be lost
 All is not lost, the unconquerable Will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield
 And what is else not to be overcome?

That Glory never shall his wrath or might 110
 Extort from me To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee and deſie his power
 Who from the terrour of this Arm ſo late
 Doubted his Empire that were low indeed
 That were an ignominy and ſhame beneath
 This downfall ſince by Fate the ſtrength of Gods
 And this Emphyreal ſubſtance cannot fail
 Since through experience of this great event
 In Arms not worſe in foresight much advanc't
 We may with more ſucceſſful hope reſolve 120
 To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe
 Who now triumphs and in th' exceſs of joy
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n
 So ſpake th' Apoſtate Angel though in pain
 Vaunting aloud but rackt with deep deſpairo
 And him thus answer'd ſoon his bold Compeer
 O Prince O Chief of many Throned Powers
 That led th' imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
 Under thy conduct and in dreadful deeds 130
 Fearleſs endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King
 And put to proof his high Supremacy
 Whether upheld by ſtrength or Chance or Fate
 Too well I ſee and rue the dire event
 That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath loſt us Heav'n and all this mighty Hoſt
 In horrible deſtruction laid thus low
 As far as Gods and Heav'nly Eſſences
 Can periſh for the mind and ſpirit remains
 Invincible and vigour ſoon returns 140
 Though all our Glory extinct, and happy ſtate
 Here ſwallow'd up in endless miſery
 But what if he our Conquerour (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty ſince no leſs
 Then ſuch could hav' orepow'r'd ſuch force as ours)
 Have left us this our ſpirit and ſtrength intire
 Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains
 That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire
 Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
 By right of Warr what e're his buſineſs be 150
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire
 Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep
 What can it then avail though yet we feel
 Strength undiminish'd, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal puniſhment?

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd
 Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or Suffering but of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight, 160
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist If then his Providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil,
 Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim
 But see the angry Victor hath recall'd 170
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n The Sulphurous Hail
 Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep
 Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe
 Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde, 180
 The seat of desolation, voyd of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
 And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire Calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from Hope, 190
 If not what resolution from despair

Thus Satan talking to his nearest Mate
 With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
 Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briarion or *Typhon*, whom the Den
 By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea beast 200
Leviathan, which God of all his works

Created hugest that swim th Ocean stream
 Him haply slumbring on the *Norwy* foam
 The Pilot of some small night founderd d Sl iff
 Deeming some Island oft as Sea men tell
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
 Moors by his side under the Lee while Night
 Invests the Sea and wished Morn delays
 So stretcht out huge in length the Arch fiend lay
 Chain d on the burning Lake nor ever thence 210
 Had ris n or heav d his head but that the will
 And high permission of all ruling Heaven
 Left him at large to his own dark designs
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation while he sought
 Evil to others and enrag d might see
 How all his malice serv d but to bring forth
 Infinite goodness grace and mercy shewn
 On Man by him seduc t but on himself
 Treble confusion wrath and vengeance pour d 220
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
 His mighty Stature on each hand the flames
 Driv n backward slope their pointing spires & rowld
 In billows leave 1 th midst a horrid Vale
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
 Aloft incumbent on the dusky Air
 That felt unusual weight till on dry Land
 He lights if it were Land that ever burn d
 With solid as the Lake with liquid fire
 And such appear d in hue as when the force 230
 Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
 Torn from *Pelorus* or the shatter d side
 Of thundering *Ætna* whose combustible
 And fel d entrals thence conceiving Fire
 Sublim d with Mineral fury and the Winds
 And leave a singed bottom all inolv d
 With stench and smoak Such resting found the sole
 Of unblest feet Him followed his next Mate
 Both glorying to have scap t the *Stygian* flood
 As Gods and by their own recover d strength 240
 Not by the sufferance of supernal Power
 Is this the Region this the Soil the Clime
 Said then the lost Arch Angel this the seat
 That we must change for Heaven this mournful gloom
 For that celestial light? Be it so since hee
 Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
 What shall be right fardest from him is best

Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
 Above his equals Farewel happy Fields
 Where Joy for ever dwells Hail horrors, hail 250
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
 Receive thy new Possessor One who brings
 A nund not to be ching'd by Place or Time
 The mind is its own place, and in it self
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than hee
 Whom Thunder hath made greater³ Here at least
 We shall be free, th' Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence 260
 Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell
 Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
 Th' associates and copartners of our loss
 Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
 Regained in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell³ 270

So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*
 Thus answer'd Leader of those Armies bright,
 Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,
 If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
 In worst extreame, and on the perilous edge
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New courage and revive, though now they lye
 Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire, 280
 As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious hight

He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
 Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield
 Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
 Behind him cast, the broad circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
 Through Optic Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views
 At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,
 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands, 290
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
 His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
 Hew'n on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast

Of some great Ammiral were but a wand
 He walkt with to support uneasy steps
 Over the burning Marle not like those steps
 On Heavens Azure and the torrid Clime
 Smote on him sore besides vaulted with Fire
 Nathless he so endur'd till on the Beach
 Of that inflamed Sea he stood and call'd 300
 His Legions Angel Forms who lay intransi-
 Thiel as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
 In *Vallombrosa* where th' *Cirruian* shades
 High overarcht imbrowr or scatterd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd
 Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast whose waves orethrew
Buxiris and his *Memphian* Chivalrie
 While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
 The Sojourners of *Goshen* who beheld
 From the safe shore their floating Carcases 310
 And broken Chariot Wheels so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these covering the Flood
 Under amazement of their hideous change
 He call'd so loud that all the hollow Deep
 Of Hell resounded Princes Potentates
 Warriors the Flower of Heav'n once yours now lost
 If such astonishment as this can sieze
 Eternal spirits or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toyl of Battel to repose
 Your wearied vertue for the ease you find 320
 To slumber here as in the Vales of Heav'n?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
 Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
 With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
 Th' advantage and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping or with linked Thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe
 Awake arise or be forever fall'n 330

They heard and were abasht and up they sprung
 Upon the wing as when men wout to watch
 On duty sleeping found by whom they dread
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were or the fierce pains not feel
 Yet to their Generals Voysce they soon obey'd
 Innumerable As when the potent Rod
 Of *Amirans* Son in *Egypt* evill day

Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud 340
 Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,
 That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
 Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires,
 Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Thir course, in even ballance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain, 350
 A multitude, like which the populous North
 Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons
 Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands
 Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
 The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
 Their great Commander, Godlike shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones, 360
 Though of their Names in heav'nly Records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
 By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life
 Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*
 Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
 Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and th' invisible
 Glory of him, that made them, to transform 370
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
 With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities
 Then were they known to men by various Names,
 And various Idols through the Heathen World
 Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,
 Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
 At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
 While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof? 380
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
 Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
 Among the Nations round, and durst abide

Jehorah thundring out of *Sion* thrond
 Between the Cherubim yea often plac'd
 Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines
 Abominations and with cursed things
 His holy Rites and solemn Feasts profan'd 390
 And with their darkness durst affront his light
 First *Moloch* horrid King besmeard with blood
 Of human sacrifice and parents tears
 Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud
 Their childrens cries unheard that past through fire
 To his grim Idol Him the *Ammonite*
 Worshipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain
 In *Argob* and in *Basan* to the stream
 Of utmost *Arnon* Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood the wisest heart 400
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
 His Temple right against the Temple of God
 On that opprobrious Hill and made his Grove
 The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom* *Tophet* thence
 And black *Gehenna* call'd the Type of Hell
 Next *Chemos* th' obscene dread of *Morib* Sons
 From *Aroer* to *Nebo* and the wild
 Of Southmost *Abarim* in *Hesebon*
 And *Horonaim* Seons Realm beyond
 The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines 410
 And *Eleale* to th' *Asphaltick* Pool
 Peor his other Name when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*
 To do him wanton rites which cost them woe
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd
 Even to that Hill of scandal by the Grove
 Of *Moloch* homicide lust hard by hate
 Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell
 With these came they who from the bordering flood
 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts 420
Egypt from *Syrian* ground had general Names
 Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth* those male
 These Feminine For Spirits when they please
 Can either Sex assume or both so soft
 And uncompounded is their Essence pure
 Not ti'd or manacled with joynt or limb
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones
 Like cumbrous flesh but in what shape they choose
 Dilated or condens'd bright or obscure
 Can execute their aerie purposes 430
 And works of love or enmity fulfill

For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook
 Their living strength, and unfrequented left
 His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
 To bestial Gods, for which their heads as low
 Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear
 Of despicable foes With these in troop
 Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns,
 To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon 440
Sidonian Virgins pūd their Vows and Songs,
 In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood
 Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
 By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
 Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell
 To Idols foul *Thammuz* came next behind,
 Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
 The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate
 In amorous ditties all a Summers day,
 While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock 450
 Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
 Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded the Love-tale
 Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,
 Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
 His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
 Of alienated *Judah* Next came one
 Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark
 Mourn'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
 In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge, 460
 Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers
Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
 And downward Fish yet had his Temple high
 Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast
 Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,
 And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds
 Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat
 Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertile Banl
 Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams
 He also against the house of God was bold 470
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
Ahaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
 Gods Altar to disparage and displace
 For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
 His odious offerings, and adore the Gods
 Whom he had vainly quest After these appear'd
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,

Osiris Isis Orus and their Train
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
 Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests to seek 480
 Their wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
 Rather than human Nor did *Israel* scape
 Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
 The Calf in *Oreb* and the Rebel King
 Doubt'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*
 Lacking his Maker to the Grazed Ox
Jehorah who in one Night when he pass'd
 From *Egypt* marching equal'd with one stroke
 Both her first born and all her bleating Gods
Belial came last then whom a Spirit more lewd 490
 Fell not from Heaven or more gross to love
 Vice for it self To him no Temple stood
 Or Altar smok'd yet who more oft than hee
 In Temples and at Altars when the Priest
 Turns Atheist as did *Elys* Sons who fill'd
 With lust and violence the house of God
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
 And in luxurious Cities where the noise
 Of riot ascends above thir lustiest Towers
 And injury and outrage And when Night 500
 Darkens the Streets then wander forth the Sons
 Of *Behai* flown with insolence and wine
 Witness the Streets of *Sodom* and that night
 In *Gibeon* when hospitable Dores
 Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape
 These were the prime in order and in might
 The rest were long to tell though far renown'd
 Th' *Ionian* Gods of *Javans* Issue held
 Gods yet confest later than Heav'n and Earth
 Thir boasted Parents *Titan* Heav'n's first born 510
 With his enormous brood and birthright seas'd
 By younger *Saturn* he from mightier *Jove*
 His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found
 So *Jove* usurping reign'd these first in *Creet*
 And *Ida* known thence on the Snowy top
 Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air
 Thir highest Heav'n or on the *Delpbian* Cliff
 Or in *Dodona* and through all the bounds
 Of *Doric* Land or who with *Saturn* old
 Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields 520
 And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles
 All these and more came flocking but with looks
 Down cast and damp yet such wherein appear'd

Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss it self, which on his count'nance cast
 Like doubtful hue but he his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
 Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
 Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears 530
 Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
 Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard
 His mighty Standard, that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall
 Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld
 Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't
 Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
 With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
 Seraphic arms and Trophies all the while
 Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds 540
 At which the universal Host upsent
 A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
 Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
 With Orient Colours waving with them rose
 A Forrest huge of Spears and thronging Helms
 Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable Anon they move
 In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood 550
 Of Flutes and soft Recorders, such as rais'd
 To highth of noblest temper Hero's old
 Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds Thus they
 Breathing united force with fix'd thought 560
 Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
 Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle, and now
 Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise
 Of Warriors old with order'd Spear and Shield,
 Awuting what command thir mighty Chief
 Had to impose He through the armed Files
 Darts his experient eye, and soon traverse
 The whole Battalion views, thir order due

Their visages and stature as of Gods 570
 Their number last he sums And now his heart
 Distends with pride and hardning in his strength
 Glories For never since created man
 Met such imbodied force as nam'd with these
 Could merit more then that small infantry
 Warr'd on by Cranes though all the Giant brood
 Of *Phlegra* with th' Heroic Race were join'd
 That fought at *Thebes* and *Ilium* on each side
 Mixt with auxilar Gods and what resounds
 In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son 580
 Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* knights
 And all who since Baptiz'd or Infidel
 Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*
Dunisco or *Morocco* or *Trebisond*
 Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore
 When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
 By *Fontarabbia* Thus far these beyond
 Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread Commander he above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent 590
 Stood like a Tower his form had yet not lost
 All her Original brightness nor appear'd
 Less then Arch Angel ruind and th' excess
 Of Glory obscur'd As when the Sun new ris'n
 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
 Shorn of his Beams or from behind the Moon
 In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the Nations and with fear of change
 Perplexes Monarchs Dark'n'd so yet shon
 Above them all th' Arch Angel but his face 600
 Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht and care
 Sat on his faded cheek but under Broues
 Of dauntless courage and considerate Pride
 Waiting revenge cruel his eye but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain
 Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
 Of Heav'n and from Eternal Splendors flung 610
 For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood
 Their Glory wither'd As when Heavens Fire
 Hath seath'd the Forrest Oaks or Mountain Pines
 With singed top their stately growth though bare
 Stands on the blasted Heath He now prepar'd

To speak, whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
 From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round
 With all his Peers attention held them mute
 Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth at last 620
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change
 Hateful to utter but what power of mind
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse? 630

For who can yet beleieve, though after loss,
 That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend
 Self-ris'd, and repossess their native seat?
 For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
 If counsels different, or danger shun'd
 By me, have lost our hopes But he who reigns
 Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
 Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custome, and his Regal State 640

Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
 So is not either to provoke, or dread
 New warr, provok't, our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile
 What force effected not that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe
 Space may produce new Worlds, whereof so rife 650

There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should make our equal to the Sons of Heaven
 Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps
 Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere
 For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
 Cælestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abyesse
 Long under darkness cover But these thoughts
 Full Counsel must mature Peace is despair'd 660
 For who can think Submission? Warr then, Warr

Open or understood must be resolv'd

He spake and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim the sudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell highly they rag'd
Against the Highest and fierce with grasped arms
Clash'd on their sounding shields the din of war
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav'n

There stood a Hill not far whose grisly top
Belch'd fire and rowling smol the rest entire
Shon with a glosse scurff undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore
The work of Sulphur Thither wing'd with speed
A numerous Brigad hasten'd As when bands
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm'd
Forerun the Royal Camp to trench a Field
Or cast a Rampart *Mammon* led them on
Mammon the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav'n for ev'n in heav'n his looks and thoughts 680
Were always downward bent admiring more
The riches of Heav'n's pavement trod'n Gold
Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
In vision beatific by him first
Men also and by his suggestion taught
Ransack'd the Center and with impious hands
Rifl'd the bowels of their mother Earth
For Treasures better hid Soon had his crew
Op'n'd into the Hill a spacious wound
And dig'd out ribs of Gold Let none admire 690
That riches grow in Hell that soyle may best
Deserve the pretious bane And here let those
Who boast in mortal things and wondring tell
Of *Babel* and the works of *Assyrian* Kings
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame
And Strength and Art are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd 700
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the Lake a second multitude
With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore
Severing each kinde and scum'd the Bullion dross
A third as soon had form'd within the ground
A various mould and from the boiling cells
By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook

As in an Organ from one blast of wind
 To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths
 Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge 710
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
 Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round
 Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
 With Golden Architrave, nor did there want
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
 The Roof was fretted Gold Not *Babylon*,
 Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence
 Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
Belus or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat 720
 Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove
 In wealth and luxurie Th' ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
 Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
 Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
 And level pavement from the arched roof
 Pendant by suttile Magic many a row
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed
 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light
 As from a sky The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
 And some the Architect his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
 Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,
 And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
 In ancient *Greece*, and in *Ausonian* land
 Men called him *Mulciber*, and how he fell 740
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*
 Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements from Morn
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
 A Summers day, and with the setting Sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
 On *Lenmos* th' *Ægean* Ile thus they relate,
 Erring, for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before, nor ought avail'd him now
 To have built in Heav'n high Towers, nor did he scape
 By all his Engines, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in hell
 Meane while the winged Haralds by command
 Of Sov'reign power, with awful Ceremony

And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim
 A solemn Council forthwith to be held
 At *Pandæmonium* the high Capital
 Of Satan and his Peers thur summons call'd
 From every Band and squared Regiment
 By place or choice the worthiest they anon
 With hunderds and with thousands trooping came 760
 Attended all access was throng'd the Gates
 And Porches wide but chief the spacious Hall
 (Though like a cover'd field where Champions bold
 Wont ride in arm'd and at the Soldans chair
 Desi'd the best of *Pannu* chivalry
 To mortal combat or career with Lance)
 Thick swarm'd both on the ground and in the air
 Brusht with the hiss of rusling wings As Bees
 In spring time when the Sun with *Taurus* rides
 Poure forth thur populous youth about the Hive 770
 In clusters they among fresh dews and flowers
 Flie to and fro or on the smoothed Plank
 The suburb of thur Straw built Cittadel
 New rub'd with Baume expatiate and confer
 Thur State affairs So thick the serie crowd
 Swarm'd and were strain'd till the Signal giv'n
 Behold a wonder! they but now who seem'd
 In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
 Now less then smallest Dwarfs in narrow room
 Throng numberless like that Pigmean Race 780
 Beyond the *Indian* Mount or Faene Elves
 Whose midnight Revels by a Forrest side
 Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees
 Or dreams he sees while over head the Moon
 Sits Arbitress and neerer to the Earth
 Wheels her pale course they on thur mirth & dance
 Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear
 At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds
 Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
 Reduc'd thur shapes immense and were at large 790
 Though without number still amidst the Hall
 Of that infernal Court But far within
 And in thur own dimensions like themselves
 The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
 In close recess and secret conclave sat
 A thousand Demy Gods on golden seat s
 Frequent and full After short silence then
 And summons read the great consult began

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven some advise it, others dissuade A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by Satan to search the truth of that Prophecy or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created Thir doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search Satan thir chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honour'd and applauded The Councel thus ended, the rest betake them several wyes and to several employments, as thir inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till SATAN return He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven, with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought

HIGH on a Throne of Royal State, which far
Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Shows on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl & Gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence, and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain *Warr* with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displaid 10
Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though oppress'd and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost From this descent
Celestiall vertues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate
Mee though just right, and the first *Laws* of Heav'n
Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,
With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight, 20
Hath bin achiev'd of merit, yet this loss
Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
Establish'd in a safe unenvied Throne
Yielded with full consent The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior, but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Formost to stand again t the Thunderers' arm

Your bulwark and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? where there is then no good 30
 For which to strive no strife can grow up there
 From Faction for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence none whose portion is so small
 Of present pain that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more With this advantage then
 To union and firm Faith and firm accord
 More then can be in Heav'n we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old
 Surer to prosper then prosperity
 Could have assur'd us and by what best way 40
 Whether of open Warr or covert guile
 We now debate who can advise may speak

He ceas'd and next him *Moloch* Scepter'd King
 Stood up the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
 That fought in Heav'n now fiercer by despair
 His trust was with th' Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength and rather then be less
 Car'd not to be at all with that care lost
 Went all his fear of God or Hell or worse
 He reck'd not and these words thereafter spake 50

My sentence is for open Warr Of Wiles
 More unexpert I boast not them let those
 Contrive who need or when they need not now
 For while they sit contriving shall the rest
 Millions that stand in Arms and longing wait
 The Signal to ascend sit lingering here
 Heav'n's fugitives and for thir dwelling place
 Accept this dark approbrious Den of shame
 The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns
 By our delay? no let us rather choose 60
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury all at once
 O're Heav'n's high Towers to force resistless way,
 Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
 Against the Torturer when to meet the noise
 Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
 Infernal Thunder and for Lightning see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels and his Throne it self
 Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur and strange fire
 His own invented Torments But perhaps 70
 The way seems difficult and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe
 Let such bethink them if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still

That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat descent and fall
 To us is adverse Who but felt of late
 When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
 Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight 80
 We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then,
 Th' event is fear'd, should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd what can be worse
 Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end
 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge 90
 Inexorably, and the torturing houre
 Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus
 We should be quite abolisht and expire
 What fear we then what doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier farr
 Then miserable to have eternal being
 Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst 100
 On this side nothing, and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne
 Which if not Victory is yet Revenge

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
 To less then Gods On th' other side up rose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane,
 A furer person lost not Heav'n, he seem'd 110
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit
 But all was false and hollow, though his Tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest Counsels for his thoughts were low,
 To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful yet he pleas'd the care,
 And with persuasive accent thus began

I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd 120

Main reason to perswade immediate Warr
 Did not dissuade me most and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success
 When he who most excels in fact of Arms
 In what he counsels and in what excels
 Mistrustful grounds his courage on despair
 - And utter dissolution as the scope
 Of all his aim after some dire revenge
 First what Revenge? the Towers of Heaven are fill'd
 With Armed watch that render all access 130
 Impregnable oft on the bordering Deep
 Encamp thir Legions or with obscure wing
 Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night
 Scorning surprize Or could we break our way
 By force and at our heels all Hell should rise
 With blackest Insurrection to confound
 Heavns purest Light yet our great Enemy
 All incorruptible would on his Throne
 Sit unpolluted and th' Ethereal mould
 Incapable of stain would soon expel 140
 Her mischief and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious Thus repuls'd our final hope
 Is flat despair we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage
 And that must end us that must be our cure
 To be no more sad cure for who would loose
 Though full of pain this intellectual being
 Those thoughts that wander through Eternity
 To perish rather swallowd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night 150
 Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows
 Let this be good whether our angry Foe
 Can give it or will ever? how he can
 Is doubtful that he never will is sure
 Will he so wise let loose at once his ire
 Belike through impotence or unaware
 To give his Enemies thir wish and end
 Them in his anger whom his anger saves
 To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
 Say they who counsel Warr we are decreed 160
 Reserv'd and destin'd to Eternal woe
 Whatever doing what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse? is this then worst
 Thus sitting thus consulting thus in Arms?
 What when we fled amain pursu'd and strook
 With Heavns afflicting Thunder and besought

The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse
 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires 170
 Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
 And plunge us in the Flames? or from above
 Should intermitted vengeance Arme again
 His red right hand to plague us? what if all
 Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament
 Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
 Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
 One day upon our heads, while we perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,
 Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd 180
 Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
 Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains,
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
 Ages of hopeless end, this would be worse
 Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice disswades, for what can force or guile
 With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
 Views all things at one view, he from heav'ns highth 190
 All these our motions vain, sees and derides,
 Not more Almighty to resist our might
 Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles
 Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
 Thus trampil'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
 Chains and these Torments? better these then worse
 By my advice, since fate inevitable
 Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree
 The Victors will To suffer, as to doe,
 Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200
 That so ordains this was at first resolv'd,
 If we were wise, against so great a foe
 Contending, and so doubtful what might fall
 I hugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
 And vent rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
 What yet they know must follow, to endure
 Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
 The sentence of thir Conquerour This is now
 Our doom, which if we can sustain and bear,
 Our Supream Foe in time may much remit 210
 His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
 Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd

With what is punish'd whence these raging fires
 Will slacken if his breath stir not thur flames
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Thir noxious vapour or enur'd not feel
 Or chang'd at length and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat and void of pain
 This horror will grow milde this darkness light 220
 Besides what hope the never ending flight
 Of future days may bring what chance what change
 Worth waiting since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill for ill not worst
 If we procure not to our selves more woe

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reasons garb
 Counsel'd ignoble ease and peaceful sloath
 Not peace and after him thus *Mammon* spake
 Either to disunthrone the King of Heav'n
 We warr if warr be best or to regain 230
 Our own right lost him to unthroned we then
 May hope when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance and *Chaos* judge the strife
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter for what place can be for us
 Within Heav'n's bound unless Heav'n's Lord supream
 We overpower? Suppose he should relent
 And publish Grace to all on promise made
 Of new Subjection with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble and receive 240
 Strict Laws impos'd to celebrate his Throne
 With warbl'd Hymns and to his Godhead sing
 For ever Halleluiahs while he Lordly sits
 Our envied Sovran and his Altar breathes
 Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers
 Our servile offerings This must be our task
 In Heav'n this our delight how wearisome
 Eternity so spent in worship paid
 To whom we hate Let us not then pursue
 By force impossible by leave obtain'd 250
 Unacceptable though in Heav'n our state
 Of splendid vassalage but rather seek
 Our own good from our selves and from our own
 Live to our selves though in this vast recess
 Free and to none accountable preferring
 Hard liberty before the easie yoke
 Of servile Pomp Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous when great things of small

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
 We can create, and in what place so e're 260
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
 Through labour and endurance This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,
 And with the Majesty of darkness round
 Covers his Throne, from whence deep thunders roar
 Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
 As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light
 Imitate when we please? This Desart soile 270
 Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold,
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence, and what can Heav'n shew more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
 As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
 Into their temper, which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain All things invite
 To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
 Of order, how in safety best we may 280
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
 All thoughts of Warr, ye have what I advise
 He scarce had finisht, when such murmur filld
 Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance
 Or Pinnacle anchors in a craggy Bay
 After the Tempest Such applause was heard 290
 As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace for such another Field
 They dreaded worse then Hell so much the fear
 Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
 Wrought still within them, and no less desire
 To found this nether Empire, which might rise
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n
 Which when *Belzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A Pillar of State, deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat and publick care,
 And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,

Majestick though in ruin sage he stood
 With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest Monarchies his look
 Drew audience and attention still as Night
 Or Summers Noon tide air while thus he spake
 Thrones and imperial Powers off spring of heav'n 310
 Ethereal Vertues or these Tides now
 Must we renounce and changing stile be call'd
 Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
 Inclines here to continue and build up here
 A growing Empire doubtless while we dream
 And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon not our safe retreat
 Beyond his Potent arm to live exempt
 From Heav'n's high jurisdiction in new League
 Banded against his Throne but to remaine 320
 In strictest bondage though thus far remov'd
 Under th' inevitable curb reserv'd
 His captive multitude For he be sure
 In highth or depth still first and last will Reign
 Sole King and of his Kingdom loose no part
 By our revolt but over Hell extend
 His Empire and with Iron Scepter rule
 Us here as with his Golden those in Heav'n
 What sit we then projecting Peace and Warr?
 Warr hath determin'd us and fould with loss 330
 Irreparable tearms of peace yet none
 Voutsaf't or sought for what peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd but custody severe
 And stripes and arbitrary punishment
 Inflict'd? and what peace can we return
 But to our power hostility and hate
 Untam'd reluctance and revenge though slow
 Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least
 May reap his conquest and may least rejoyce
 In doing what we most in suffering feel? 340
 Nor will occasion want nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n whose high walls fear no assault or Siege
 Or ambush from the Deep What if we find
 Some easier enterprize? There is a place
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
 Err not) another World the happy seat
 Of som new Race call'd *Man* about this time
 To be created like to us though less
 In power and excellence but favour'd more 350

Of him who rules above, so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
 That shook Heav'n's whol circumference, confirm'd
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,
 And where thir weakness, how attempted best,
 By force or suttlety Though Heav'n be shut,
 And Heav'n's high Arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd 360
 The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it here perhaps
 Som advantageous act may be achiev'd
 By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
 To waste his whole Creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
 The punie habitants, or if not drive,
 Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
 May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own works This would surpass 370
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise
 In his disturbance, when his darling Sons
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Thir frail Originals, and faded bliss,
 Faded so soon Advise if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain Empires Thus *Beelzebub*
 Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd
 By *Satan*, and in part propos'd for whence, 380
 But from the Author of all ill could Spring
 So deep a malice, to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
 To mingle and involve, done all to spite
 The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves
 His glory to augment The bold design
 Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
 Sparkl'd in all thir eyes, with full assent
 They vote whereat his speech he thus renews
 Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate, 390
 Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
 Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
 Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,
 Neerer our ancient Seat, perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
 And opportune excursion we may chance

Re enter Heav'n or else in some milde Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair Light
 Secure and at the brightning Orient beam
 Purge off this gloom the soft delicious Air 400
 To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires
 Shall breath her balme But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world whom shall we find
 Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way or spread his aerie flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt ere he arrive
 The happy Ile what strength what art can then 410
 Suffice or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
 Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
 All circumspection and wee now no less
 Choice in our suffrage for on whom we send
 The weight of all and our last hope relies

This said he sat and expectation held
 His look suspence awaiting who appeerd
 To second or oppose or undertake
 The perillous attempt but all sat mute 420
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts and each
 In others count'nance red his own dismay
 Astonisht none among the choice and prime
 Of those Heav'n warring Champions could be found
 So hardie as to proffer or accept

Alone the dreadful voyage till at last
 Satan whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows with Monarchal pride
 Conscious of highest worth unmov'd thus spake

O Progeny of Heav'n Empyreal Thrones 430
 With reason hath deep silence and demurr
 Seis'd us though undismaid long is the way
 And hard that out of Hell leads up to Light
 Our prison strong this huge convex of Fire
 Outrageous to devour immures us round
 Ninefold and gates of burning Adamant
 Barr'd over us prohibit all egress
 These past if any pass the void profound
 Of unessential Night receives him next
 Wide gaping and with utter loss of being 440
 Threatens him plung'd in that abortive gulf
 If thence he scape into what ever world

Or unknown Region, what remains him less
 Then unknown dangers and as hard escape
 But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
 And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd
 With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
 And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
 Of difficulty or danger could deterre
 Me from attempting Wherefore do I assume 450
 These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
 Refusing to accept as great a share
 Of hazard as of honour, due alike
 To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
 Of hazard more, as he above the rest
 High honourd sits? Go therefore mighty powers,
 Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n, intend at home,
 While here shall be our home, what best may ease
 The present misery, and render Hell
 More tollerable, if there be cure or charm 460
 To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
 Of this ill Mansion intermit no watch
 Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
 Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
 Deliverance for us all this enterprize
 None shall partake with me Thus saying rose
 The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
 Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd, 470
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand
 His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn But they
 Dredid not more th' adventure then his voice
 Forbidding, and at once with him they rose
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of Thunder heard remote Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone, and as a God
 Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they priz'd, 480
 That for the general safety he despis'd
 His own for neither do the Spirits damn'd
 Loose all their vertue, lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
 Or close ambition vrnisht o're with zeal
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless Chief
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds

Ascending while the North wind sleeps a respread
 Heav'n's chearful face the low ring Element 490
 Scowls o're the dark and lantskip Snow or show re
 If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam the fields revive
 The birds thir notes renew and bleating herds
 Attest thir joy that hill and valley rings
 O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds men onely disagree
 Of Creatures rational though under hope
 Of heavenly Grace and God proclaiming peace
 Yet live in hatred enmitie and strife 500
 Among themselves and levie cruel warres
 Wasting the Earth each other to destroy
 As if (which might induce us to accord)
 Man had not hellish foes anow besides
 That day and night for his destruction waite
 The Stygian Councel thus dissolv'd and forth
 In order came the grand infernal Peers
 Midst came thir mighty Paramount and seem'd
 Alone th' Antagonist of Heav'n nor less
 Then Hell's dread Emperour with pomp Supream 510
 And God like imitated State him round
 A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos'd
 With bright imblazonie and horrent Arms
 Then of thir Session ended they bid cry
 With Trumpets regal sound the great result
 Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
 Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie
 By Harilds voice explain'd the hollow Abyss
 Heard farr and wide and all the host of Hell
 With deafning shout return'd them loud acclaim 520
 Thence more at ease thir minds and somewhat rais'd
 By false presumptuous hope the ranged powers
 Disband and wandring each his severall way
 Pursues as inclination or sad choice
 Leads him perplext where he may likeliest find
 Truce to his restless thoughts and entertain
 The irksome hours till his great Chief return
 Part on the Plain or in the Air sublime
 Upon the wing or in swift race contend 530
 As at th' Olympian Games or Pythian fields
 Part curb thir fierie Steeds or shun the Goal
 With rapid wheels or fronted Brigads form
 As when to warn proud Cities warr appears
 Wag ill in the troubl'd Skie and Armies rush

To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
 Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears
 Till thickest Legions close, with feats of Arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns
 Others with vast *Typhœan* rage more fell
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air 540
 In whirlwind, Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar
 As when *Alcides* from *Oëalia* Crown'd
 With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian* Pines,
 And *Lichas* from the top of *Oëta* threw
 Into th' *Euboic* Sea Others more milde,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes Angelical to many a Harp
 Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall 550
 By doom of Battel, and complain that Fate
 Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance
 Thir song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience In discourse more sweet
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
 Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute, 560
 And found no end, in winding mazes lost
 Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom ill, and false Philosophie
 Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Gallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest
 With stubborn patience as with triple steel 570
 Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal World, if any Clime perhaps
 Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
 Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams,
 Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,
 Sad *Acheron* of Sorrow, black and deep
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the rueful stream, fierce *Phlegeton* 580

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage
 Farr off from these a slow and silent stream
Lethe the River of Oblivion rouses
 Her wat'rie Labyrinth whereof who drinks
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets
 Forgets both joy and grief pleasure and pain
 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
 Lies dark and wilde beat with perpetual storms
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail which on firm land
 Thaws not but gathers heap and ruin seems 590
 Of ancient pile all else deep snow and ice
 A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
 Betwixt *Dmata* and mount *Casius* old
 Where Armies whole have sunk the parching Air
 Burns froze and cold performs th' effect of Fire
 Thither by harpy footed Furies hail'd
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extreams extreams by change more fierce
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice 600
 Thir soft Ethereal warmth and there to pine
 Immovable infixt and frozen round
 Periods of time thence hurried back to fire
 They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound
 Both to and fro thir sorrow to augment
 And wish and struggle as they pass to reach
 The tempting stream with one small drop to loose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe
 All in one moment and so neer the brink
 But fate withstands and to oppose th' attempt 610
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
 The Ford and of it self the water flies
 All taste of living wight as once it fled
 The lip of *Tantalus* Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn th' advent'rous Bands
 With shuddring horror pale and eyes agast
 View'd first thir lamentable lot and found
 No rest through many a dark and drearie Vaile
 They pass'd and many a Region dolorous
 O're many a Frozen many a Fierie Alpe 620
 Rocks Caves Lakes Fens Bogs Dens and shades of death
 A Universe of death which God by curse
 Created evil for evil only good
 Where all life dies death lives and nature breeds
 Perverse all monstrous all prodigious things
 Abominable inutterable and worse

Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire
 Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight, som times
 He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery concave towering high
 As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd
 Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds
 Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Isles
 Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
 Thir spicie Drugs they on the trading Flood 640
 Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole So seem'd
 Farr off the flying Fiend at last appeer
 Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
 And thrice threefold the Gates, three folds were Brass,
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
 Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd Before the Gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape,
 The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair, 650
 But ended foul in many a scaly fould
 Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
 With mortal sting about her middle round
 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous Peal yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her wombe,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
 Within unseen Farr less abhorrd then these
 Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts 660
Calabria from the hoarce *Trinacrian* shore
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon
 Eclipses at thir charms The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either, black it stood as Night, 670
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful Dirt, what seem'd his head

The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on
Satan was now at hand and from his seat
 The Monster moving onward came as fast
 With horrid strides Hell trembled as he strode
 Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd
 Admir'd not fear'd God and his Son except,
 Created thing naught vallu'd he nor shun'd
 And with disdainful look thus first began

680

Whence and what art thou execrable shape
 That dar'st though grim and terrible advance
 Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
 To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass
 That be assured without leave askt of thee
 Retire or taste thy folly and learn by proof
 Hell born not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n

To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply'd
 Art thou that Traitor Angel art thou hee
 Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith till then
 Unbrol'n and in proud rebellious Arms
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons
 Conjur'd against the highest for which both Thou
 And they outcast from God are here condemn'd
 To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?
 And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n
 Hell doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
 Where I reign King and to enrage thee more
 Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment
 False fugitive and to thy speed add wings
 Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingring or with one stroke of this Dart
 Strange horror seise thee and pangs unfelt before.

690

700

So spake the grieslie terrour and in shape
 So speaking and so threatning grew ten fold
 More dreadful and deform on th' other side
 Incens'd with indignation *Satan* stood
 Unterrifi'd and like a Comet burn'd
 That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
 In th' Arctick Sky and from his horrid hair
 Shakes Pestilence and Warr Each at the Head
 Level'd his deadly aim thir fatall hands
 No second stroke intend and such a frown
 Each cast at th' other as when two black Clouds
 With Heav'n's Artillery fraught come rattling on
 Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front
 Hovering a space till Winds the signal blow
 To joy'n thir dark Encounter in mid air

710

So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood, 720
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe and now great deeds
 Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
 Had not the Snake Sorceress that sat
 Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between

O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
 Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart
 Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom, 730
 For him who sits above and laughs the while
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,
 His wrath which one day will destroy ye both

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
 Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd

So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends, till first I know of thee, 740
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
 In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st
 Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more detestable then him and thee

T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd,
 Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
 Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
 In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd 750
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King,
 All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
 Lil est to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
 Out of thy head I sprung, amazement seiz'd
 All th' Host of Heav'n, back they recoild affraid 760
 At first, and call'd me *Sm*, and for a Sign
 Portentous held me, but familiar grown,
 I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
 The most verse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing

Becam st enamour d and such joy thou tool st
 With me in secret that my womb conceiv d
 A growing burden Mean while Warr arose
 And fields were fought in Heav n wherein remand
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
 Cleer Victory to our part loss and rout 770
 Through all the Empyrean down they fell
 Driv n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven down
 Into this Deep and in the general fall
 I also at which time this powerful Key
 Into my hand was giv n with charge to keep
 These Gates for ever shut which none can pass
 Without my op ning Pensiv n here I sat
 Alone but long I sat not till my womb
 Pregnant by thee and now excessive grown
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes 780
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
 Thine own begotten breaking violent way
 Tore through my entrails that with fear and pain
 Distorted all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform d but he my inbred enemy
 Forth issu d brandishing his fatal Dart
 Made to destroy I fled and cry d out *Death*
 Hell trembl d at the hideous Name and sigh d
 From all her Caves and back resounded *Death*
 I fled but he pursu d (though more it seems 790
 Inflam d with lust then rage) and swifter far
 Me overtook his mother all dismayd
 And in embraces forcible and foule
 Ingendring with me of that rape begot
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me as thou sawst hourly conceiv d
 And hourly born with sorrow infinite
 To me for when they list into the womb
 That bred them they return and howle and gnaw
 My Bowels their repast then bursting forth 800
 Afresh with conscious terrors vex me round
 That rest or intermission none I find
 Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim *Death* my Son and foe who sets them on
 And me his Parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey but that he knows
 His end with mine involv d and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter Morsel and his bane
 When ever that shall be so Fate pronounc d
 But thou O Father I forewarn thee shun 810

His deadly arrow, neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,
 Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist
 She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore
 Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus answer'd smooth
 Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
 And my fair Son here show'st me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change 820
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
 Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd
 Fell with us from on high from them I go
 This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
 My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense
 To search with wandering quest a place foretold 830
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss
 In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
 A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
 Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new broiles Be this or aught
 Then this more secret now design'd, I haste
 To I now, and this once known, shall soon return
 And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
 With odours, there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be y^{our} prey
 He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a gastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour no less joyc'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire
 The key of this infernal Pit by due, 850
 And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These Adamantine Gates, against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o^{er}matcht by living might.
 But what ow I to his commands above

Who hates me and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound
 To sit in hateful Office here confin'd
 Inhabitant of Heaven and heav'nly born 860
 Here in perpetual agonie and pain
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
 Of mine own brood that on my bowels feed
 Thou art my Father thou my Author thou
 My being gav'st me whom should I obey
 But thee whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss among
 The Gods who live at ease where I shall Reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous as befits
 Thy daughter and thy darling without end 870
 Thus saying from her side the fatal Key
 Sad instrument of all our woe she took
 And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train
 Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew
 Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers
 Could once have mov'd then in the key hole turns
 Th' intricate wards and every Bolt and Bar
 Of massie Iron or solid Rock with ease
 Unfastens on a sudden open flie
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound 880
 Th' infernal dores and on thir hinges grate
 Harsh Thunder that the lowest bottom shook
 Of *Erebus* She open'd but to shut
 Excell'd her power the Gates wide open stood
 That with extended wings a Banner'd Host
 Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
 With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array
 So wide they stood and like a Furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smokes and ruddy flame
 Before thir eyes in sudden view appear 890
 The secrets of the hoarie deep a dark
 Illimitable Ocean without bound
 Without dimension where length breadth and height
 And time and place are lost where eldest Night
 And *Chaos* Ancestors of Nature hold
 Eternal *Anarchie* amidst the noise
 Of endless wars and by confusion stand
 For hot cold, moist and dry four Champions fierce
 Strive here for Maistrie and to Battell bring
 Thir embryon Atoms they around the flag 900
 Of each his faction in thir several Clants
 Light arm'd or heavy sharp smooth swift or slow

Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
 Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,
 Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
 Their lighter wings To whom these most adhere,
 Hee rules a moment, *Chaos* Umpire sits,
 And by decision more imbroiles the fray
 By which he Reigns next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all Into this wilde Abyss, 910
 The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
 Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
 But all these in their pregnant causes mixt
 Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
 Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
 His dark materials to create more Worlds,
 Into this wild Abyss the warie fiend
 Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
 Pondering his Voyage for no narrow frith
 He had to cross Nor was his eare less peal'd 920
 With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
 Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,
 With all her battering Engines bent to rase
 Som Capital City, or less then if this frame
 Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
 In mutinie had from her Axle torn
 The stedfast Earth At last his Sail-broad Vannes
 He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
 Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
 As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides 930
 Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
 A vast vacuitie all unawares
 Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft that furie stay'd,
 Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,
 Nor good dry Land nigh founderd on he fares, 940
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying, behoves him now both Oare and Saile
 As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
 With winged course oer Hill or morie Dale,
 Pursues the *Armaspin*, who by stelh
 Had from his wakeful custody purloind
 The guarded Gold So eagerly the fiend
 Oer bog or steep, through trait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head hands wings or feet pursues his way
 And swims or sinks or wades or creeps or flies 950
 At length a universal hubbub wilde
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare
 With loudest vehemence thither he plyes
 Undaunted to meet there what ever power
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside of whom to ask
 Which way the neereast coast of darkness lyes
 Bordering on light when strait behold the Throne
 Of *Chaos* and his dark Pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful Deep with him Enthron'd
 Sat Sable vested Night eldest of things
 The Consort of his Reign and by them stood
Orcus and *Ades* and the dreaded name
 Of *Demogorgon* Rumor next and Chance
 And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths
 T whom *Satan* turning boldly thus Ye Powers
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss
Chaos and *ancient Night* I come no Spie 970
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your Realm but by constraint
 Wandring this darksome desert as my way
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light
 Alone and without guide half lost I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
 Confine with Heav'n or if som other place
 From your Dominion won th' *Ethereal King*
 Possesses lately thither to arrive
 I travel this profound direct my course 980
 Directed no mean recompence it brings
 To your behoof if I that Region lost
 All usurpation thence expell'd reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more
 Erect the Standard there of *ancient Night*
 Yours be th' advantage all mine the revenge
 Thus *Satan* and him thus the Anarch old
 With faultring speech and visage incompod
 Answer'd I know thee stranger who thou art 990
 That mighty leading Angel who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's King though overthrown
 I saw and heard for such a numerous host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded, and Heav'n Gates
 Poured out by millions her victorious Bands
Pursuing I upon my Frontiers here
 Keep residence, if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend 1000
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles
 Wealing the Scepter of old Night first Hell
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath,
 Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
 Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
 To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell
 If that way be your walk, you have not farr,
 So much the neerer danger, goe and speed,
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain
 He ceas'd, and *Satan* staid not to reply, 1010
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacritie and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
 Into the wilde Expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd wins his way, harder beset
 And more endanger'd, then when *Argo* pass'd
 Through *Bosporus* betwixt the justling Rocks
 Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steard 1020
 So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee,
 But hee once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heaven,
 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
 Timely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
 From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
 Of this frail World, by which the Spirits perverse 1030
 With ease intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
 Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn, here Nature first begins
 Her fardest verge, and *Chaos* to retire
 As from her outmost works a broken foe
 With tumult less and with less hostile din, 1040

PARADISE LOST

BK. II

That *Satan* with less toil and now with ease
 Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
 And like a weather beaten Vessel holds
 Gladly the Port though Shrouds and Tackle torn
 Or in the emptier waste resembling Air
 Weighs his spread wings at leisure to behold
 Farr off th' Empt' real Heav'n extended wide
 In circuit undetermined square or round
 With Opal Towers and Battlements adorned
 Of living Saphire once his native Seat
 And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
 This pendant world in bigness as a Starr
 Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon
 Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge
 Accurst and in a cursed hour he hies

1050

BOOK III

THE ARGUMENT

God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this world, then newly created, bewails him to the Son who sat at his right hand, foretells the success of Satan in perverting mankind, clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan but by him seduc't The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man, but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice, Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergoe his Punishment The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth, commands all the Angels to adore him, they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son Mean while Satan alights upon the bare convex of this Worlds outermost Orb, where wandring he first finds a place since call'd The symbo of Vanity, what persons and things fly up thither, thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun, he finds there Uriel the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed, alights first on Mount Niphates

HAIL holy light, ofspring of Heav'n first-born,
 Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
 May I express thee unblam'd since God is light,
 And never but in unapproach'd light
 Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate
 Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
 Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
 Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
 Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
 The rising world of waters dark and deep,
 Won from the void and formless infinite
 Thence I re-visit now with bolder wing,
 Escap't the Stygian Pool though long detain'd
 In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
 Through utter and through nuddle darkness borne
 With other notes then to th' Orphean Lyre
 I sung of Chaos and Lternal Night,
 Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down

The dark descent and up to reascend 20
 Though hard and rare thee I revisit safe
 And feel thy sovran vital Lamp but thou
 Revisit st not these eyes that rowle in vain
 To find thy piercing ray and find no dawn
 So thuck a drop serene hath quencht thur Orbs
 Or dim suffusion veild Yet not the more
 Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
 Cleer Spring or shadie Grove or Sunnie Hill
 Smut with the love of sacred song but chief
 Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath 30
 That wash thy hallowd feet and warbling flow
 Nightly I visit nor somtimes forget
 Those other two equal d with me in Fate
 So were I equal d with them in renown
 Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Meonides*
 And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old
 Then feed on thoughts that voluntarie move
 Harmonious numbers as the wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling and in shadiest Covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal Note Thus with the Year 40
 Seasons return but not to me returns
 Day or the sweet approach of Ev n or Morn
 Or sight of vernal bloom or Summers Rose
 Or flocks or herds or human face divine
 But cloud in stead and ever during dark
 Surrounds me from the chearful waies of men
 Cut off and for the Book of knowledg fair
 Presented with a Universal blanc
 Of Natures works to mee expung d and ras d
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out 50
 So much the rather thou Celestial light
 Shine inward and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate there plant eyes all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight
 Now had the Almighty Father from above
 From the pure Empy rean where he sits
 High Thron d above all hight bent down his eye
 His own works and their works at once to view
 About him all the Sanctities of Heaven 60
 Stood thick as Starrs and from his sight receiv d
 Beatitude past utterance on his right
 The radiant image of his Glory sat
 His onely Son On Earth he first beheld
 Our two first Parents yet the onely two

Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
 In blissful solitude, he then survey'd
 Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
 Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,
 Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake
 Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage
 Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
 Wide interrupt can hold, so bent he seems
 On desperat revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created World,
 And *Man* there plac't, with purpose to assay
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By som false guile pervert, and shall pervert,
 For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
 And easily transgress the sole Command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience So will fall
 Hee and his faithless Progenie whose fault?
 Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
 All he could have, I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall
 Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers
 And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild,
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell
 Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
 Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,
 Not what they would- what praise could they receive
 What pleasure I from such obedience puid,
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoild,
 Made passive both, had serv'd necessitie,
 Not mee They therefore as to right belongd

So were created nor can justly accuse
 Their maker or their making or their Fate
 As if Predestination overrul'd
 Their will dispos'd by absolute Decree
 Or high foreknowledge they themselves decreed
 Their own revolt not I if I foreknew
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown
 So without least impulse or shadow of Fate
 Or aught by me immutable foreseen

120

They trespass Authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose for so
 I formed them free and free they must remain
 Till they enthrall themselves I else must change
 Their nature and revoke the high Decree
 Unchangeable Eternal which ordain'd
 Their freedom they themselves ordain'd their fall
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell
 Self tempted self deprav'd Man falls deceiv'd
 By the other first Man therefore shall find grace
 The other none in Mercy and Justice both
 Through Heav'n and Earth so shall my glorie excel
 But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine

130

Thus while God spake ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heav'n and in the blessed Spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious in him all his Father shon
 Substantially express'd and in his face
 Divine compassion visibly appeerd
 Love without end and without measure Grace
 Which uttering thus he to his Father spake

140

O Father gracious was that word which clos'd
 Thy sovran sentence that Man should find grace
 For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll
 Thy praises with th' innumerable sound
 Of Hymns and sacred Songs wherewith thy Throne
 Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest
 For should Man finally be lost should Man
 Thy creature late so lov'd thy youngest Son
 Fall circumvented thus by fraud though joynd
 With his own folly^d that be from thee farr
 That farr be from thee Father who art Judge
 Of all things made and judgest onely right
 Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain
 His end and frustrate thine shall he fulfill

150

His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
 Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
 Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell
 Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
 By him corrupted^d or wilt thou thy self
 Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
 For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made^d
 So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
 Be questiond and blasphem'd without defence

160

To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd
 O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
 Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
 My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
 All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all
 As my Eternal purpose hath decreed
 Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
 Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
 Freely voutsaft, once more I will renew
 His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
 By sin to foul exorbitant desires,

170

Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe,
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail
 His fall'n condition is, and to me ow

180

All his deliv'rance, and to none but me
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Elect above the rest, so is my will
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
 Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th' incens'd Deitie while offerd grace
 Invites, for I will cleer thir senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due
 To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endevord with sincere intent,
 Mine eare shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.

190

This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste,
 But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall,
 And none but such from mercy I exclude
 But yet all is not don, Man disobeying,

200

Disloyal breaks his fealtie and sinns
 Against the high Supremacie of Heav'n
 Affecting God head and so loosing all
 To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
 But to destruction sacred and deuote
 He with his whole posteritie must die
 Die hee or Justice must unless for him
 Som other able and as willing pay
 The rigid satisfaction death for death
 Say Heav'nly Powers where shall we find such love
 Which of ve will be mortal to redeem
 Mans mortal crime and just th' unjust to save
 Dwels in all Heav'n charme so deare?

~10

He ask'd but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute
 And silence was in Heav'n on mans behalf
 Patron or Intercessor none appeerd
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture and ransom set
 And now without redemption all mankind
 Must have bin lost adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe had not the Son of God
 In whom the fulness dwels of love divine
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd

---0

Father thy word is past man shall find grace
 And shall grace not find means that finds her way
 The speediest of thy winged messengers
 To visit all thy creatures and to all
 Comes unprevented unimplor'd, unsought
 Happie for man so coming he her aide
 Can never seek once dead in sins and lost
 Attonement for himself or offering meet
 Indebted and undon hath none to bring
 Behold mee then mee for him life for life
 I offer on mee let thine anger fall
 Account mee man I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom and this glorie next to thee
 Freely put off and for him lastly die
 Well pleas'd on me let Death wreck all his rage
 Under his gloomie power I shall not long
 Lie vanquish't thou hast given me to possess
 Life in my self for ever by thee I live
 Though now to Death I yeild and am his due
 All that of me can die yet that debt paid
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
 His prey nor suffer my unspotted Soule
 For ever with corruption there to dwell

~30

240

But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue 250
 My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile,
 Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd
 I through the ample Air in Triumph high
 Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
 Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd 260
 Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
 And reconcilement, wrauth shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire
 His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortall men, above which only shon
 Filial obedience as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will 270
 Of his great Father Admiration seisd
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend
 Wondring, but soon th' Almighty thus reply d
 O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
 Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
 My sole complacence! well thou knowst how dear,
 To me are all my worlds, nor Man the least
 Though last created, that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By loosing thee a while, the whole Race lost 280
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,
 Thine Nature also to thy Nature joyne,
 And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
 By wondrous birth Be thou in Adams room
 The Head of all mankind, though Adams Son
 As in him perish all men, so in thee
 As from a second root shall be restor'd,
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none
 His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit 290
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted and from thee
 Receive new life So Man as is most just,
 Shall satisfy for Man be judg'd and die,

And dying rise and rising with him raise
 His Brethren ransomd with his own dear life
 So Heav'nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate
 Giving to death and dying to redeeme
 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate 300
 So easily destroy'd and still destroyes
 In those who when they may accept not grace
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Mans Nature less'n or degrade thine owne
 Because thou hast though Thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God and equally enjoying
 God like fruition quitted all to save
 A World from utter loss and hast been found
 By Merit more then Birthright Son of God
 Found worthiest to be so by being Good 310
 Farr more then Great or High because in thee
 Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds
 Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate here shalt Reigne
 Both God and Man Son both of God and Man
 Anointed universal King all Power
 I give thee reign for ever and assume
 Thy Merits under thee as Head Supream
 Thrones Princedoms Powers Dominions I reduce 320
 All knees to thee shall bow of them that bide
 In Heaven or Earth or under Earth in Hell
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
 Shalt in the Skie appeer and from thee send
 The summoning Arch Angels to proclaime
 Thy dread Tribunal forthwith from all Windes
 The living and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past Ages to the general Doom
 Shall hast'n such a peal shall rouse thir sleep
 Then all thy Saints assembl'd thou shalt judge 330
 Bad men and Angels they arraignd shall sink
 Beneath thy Sentence Hell her numbers full
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut Mean while
 The World shall burn and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth wherein the just shall dwell
 And after all thir tribulations long
 See golden days fruitful of golden deeds
 With Joy and Love triumphing and fair Truth
 Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by
 For regal Scepter then no more shall need 340
 God shall be All in All But all ye Gods

Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee

No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all
The multitude of Angels with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal Regions lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground 350
With solemn adoration down they cast
Thir Crowns involve with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heav'n
Rowls o're *Elisian* Flours her Amber stream,
With these that never fade the Spirits Elect 360
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose Garlands thick throw'n off, the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet
Of charming symphonie they introduce
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high,
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine 370
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King, thee Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitst
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shadst
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer 380
Yet dazle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes
Thice next they sang of all Creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance without cloud
Made visible th' Almighty Father shines
Whom else no Creature can behold, on thee

Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides
 Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests
 Hee Heav'n of Heav'ns and all the Powers therein 390
 By thee created and by thee threw down
 Th' Aspiring Dominations thou that day
 Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare
 Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels that shool
 Heav'ns everlasting Frame while o're the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarraid
 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime
 Thee only extold Son of thy Fathers might
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes
 Not so on Man him through their malice fall'n 400
 Father of Mercie and Grace thou didst not doome
 So strictly but much more to pitie encline
 No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
 Perceiv' thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly but much more to pitie inclin'd
 He to appease thy wrauth and end the strife
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat
 Second to thee offerd himself to die
 For mans offence O unexempl'd love 410
 Love no where to be found less then Divine!
 Hail Son of God Saviour of Men thy Name
 Shall be the copious matter of my Song
 Henceforth and never shall my Harp thy praise
 Forget nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine
 Thus they in Heav'n above the starry Sphear
 Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
 Of this round World whose first convex divides 420
 The luminous inferior Orbs enclos'd
 From *Chaos* and th' inroad of Darkness old
Satan alighted walks a Globe farr off
 It seem'd now seems a boundless Continent
 Dark waste and wild under the frown of Night
 Starless expos'd and ever threatning storms
 Of *Chaos* blustering round inclement skie
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
 Though distant farr som small reflection gaines
 Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field 430
 As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred
 Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds
 Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey

To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanning Kids
 On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
 Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams,
 But in his way lights on the barren plaines
 Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive
 With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggon light
 So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend 440
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
 Alone, for other Creature in this place
 Living or liveless to be found was none,
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
 Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
 With vanity had filld the works of men
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or th' other life, 450
 All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
 Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds,
 All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
 Dissolv'd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here,
 Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd,
 Those argent Fields more likely habitants, 460
 Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
 Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde
 Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born
 First from the ancient World those Giants came
 With many a vain exploit, though then renownd
 The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain
 Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe
 New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build
 Others came single, hee who to be deemd
 A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames 470
Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
 Embryos, and Idiots, Eremites and Friers
 White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie
 Here Pilgrims roam, thit stray'd so farr to seek
 In *Golgotha* him dead who lives in Heav'n
 And they who to be sure of Paradise
 Dying put on the weeds of *Domnic*,

Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd 480
 They pass the Planets seven and pass the first
 And that Cry stalline Sphear whose ballance weighs
 The Trepidation talkt and that first mov'd
 And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'n's Wicket seems
 To wait them with his Keys and now at foot
 Of Heav'n's ascent they lift thir Feet when loe
 A violent cross wind from either Coast
 Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry
 Into the devious Air then might ye see
 Cowles Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost 490
 And flutter'd into Raggs then Reliques Beads
 Indulgences Dispenses Pardons Bulls
 The sport of Winds all these upwhirld aloft
 Fly o're the backside of the World farr off
 Into a *Limbo* large and broad since call'd
 The Paradise of Fools to few unknown
 Long after now unpeopl'd and untrod
 All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd
 And long he wander'd till at last a gleame
 Of dawning light turn'd thither ward in haste 500
 His travell'd steps farr distant hee descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high
 At top whereof but farr more rich appeerd
 The work as of a kingly Palace Gate
 With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold
 Imbellisht thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
 The Portal shon inimitable on Earth
 By Model or by shading Pencil drawn
 The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw 510
 Angels ascending and descending bands
 Of Guardians bright when he from *Esau* fled
 To *Pidan* *Aram* in the field of *Luz*
 Dreaming by night under the open Skie
 And waking cri'd This is the Gate of Heav'n
 Each Stair mysteriously was meant nor stood
 There alwaies but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
 Of Jasper or of liquid Pearle whereon
 Who after came from Earth sayling arriv'd 520
 Wafted by Angels or flew o're the Lake
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds
 The Stairs were then let down whether to date
 The Fiend by easie ascent or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss

Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
 Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by farr then that of after-times
 Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large, 530
 Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
 From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood
 To *Beersaba*, where the *Holy Land*
 Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* shoare,
 So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set
 To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave
Satan from hence now on the lower stair 540
 That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
 Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
 Of all this World at once As when a Scout
 Through dark and desert wayes with peril gone
 All night, at last by break of chearful dawne
 Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
 Which to his eye discovers unaware
 The goodly prospect of some forein land
 First seen, or some renown'd Metropolis
 With glistening Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd, 550
 Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams
 Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
 The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd
 At sight of all this World beheld so faire
 Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
 So high above the circling Canopic
 Of Nights extended shade, from Eastern Point
 Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears
Andromeda farr off *Atlantick* Seas
 Beyond th' *Horizon*, then from Pole to Pole 560
 He views in bredth, and without longer pause
 Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
 His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
 Through the pure mirble Air his oblique way
 Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon
 Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,
 Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles
 Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fain'd of old,
 Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,
 Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there 570
 He stay'd not to enquire above them all

The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven
 Allur'd his eye Thither his course he bends
 Through the calm Firmament but up or downe
 By center or eccentric hard to tell
 Or Longitude where the great Luminarie
 Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick
 That from his Lordly eye keep distance due
 Dispenses Light from farr they as they move
 Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute 580
 Days months and years towards his all chearing Lamp
 Turn swift their various motions or are turn'd
 By his Magnetic beam that gently warms
 The Unvers and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration though unseen
 Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep
 So wondrously was set his Station bright
 There lands the Fiend a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orbe
 Through his glaz'd Optic Tube yet never saw 590
 The place he found beyond expression bright
 Compar'd with aught on Earth Medal or Stone
 Nor all parts like but all alike inform'd
 With radiant light as glowing Iron with fire
 If mettall part seem'd Gold part Silver cleer
 If stone Carbuncle most or Chrysolite
 Rubie or Topaz to the Twelve that shon
 In *Aarons* Brestplate and a stone besides
 Imagin'd rather oft then elsew here seen
 That stone or like to that which here below 600
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought
 In vain though by thir powerful Art they binde
 Volatil *Hermes* and call up unbound
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea
 Drauid through a Lambec to his Native forme
 What wonder then if fields and regions here
 Breathe forth *Elixir* pure and Rivers run
 Potable Gold when with one vertuous touch
 Th Arch-chimic Sun so farr from us remote 610
 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazzl'd farr and wide his eye commands
 For sight no obstacle found here nor shade
 But all Sun shine as when his Beams at Noon
 Culminate from th *Aequator* as they now

Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
 No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray 620
 To objects distant farr, whereby he soon
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun
 His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid,
 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar
 Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind
 Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
 Lay waving round, on som great charge imploy'd
 Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep
 Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope 630
 To find who might direct his wandring flight
 To Paradise the happie seat of Man,
 His journies end and our beginning woe
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay
 And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
 Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd,
 Under a Coronet his flowing haire 640
 In curls on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
 Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,
 His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
 Before his decent steps a Silver wand
 He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
 Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,
 Admonisht by his care, and strait was known
 Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n
 Who in God's presence, neerest to his Throne
 Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes 650
 That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
 Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
 O're Sea and Land, him *Satan* thus accostes
Uriel, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand
 In sight of Gods high Throne, gloriously bright,
 The first art wont his great authentic will
 Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
 Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend,
 And here art likehest by suprem decree 660
 Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye
 To visit oft this new Creation round
 Unspeakable desire to see, and know
 All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,

His chief delight and favour him for whom
 All these his works so wondrous he ordaind
 Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
 Alone thus wandring Brightest Seraph tell
 In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
 His fixed seat or fixed seat hath none
 But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell 670
 That I may find him and with secret gaze
 Or open admiration him behold
 On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
 Worlds and on whom hath all these graces powrd
 That both in him and all things as is meet
 The Universal Maker we may praise
 Who justly hath driv'n out his Rebell Foes
 To deepest Hell and to repair that loss
 Created this new happie Race of Men
 To serve him better wise are all his wayes 680
 So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd
 For neither Man nor Angel can discern
 Hypocrisie the only evil that walks
 Invisible except to God alone
 By his permissive will through Heav'n and Earth
 And oft though wisdom wake suspicion sleeps
 At wisdoms Gate and to simplicitie
 Resigns her charge while goodness thinks no ill
 Where no ill seems Which now for once beguild 690
 Uriel though Regent of the Sun and held
 The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n
 Who to the fraudulent Impostor soule
 In his uprightness answer thus return'd
 Faire Angel thy desire which tends to know
 The works of God thereby to glorifie
 The great Work Maister leads to no excess
 That reaches blame but rather merits praise
 The more it seems excess that led thee hither
 From thy Empyrean Mansion thus alone
 To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps 700
 Contented with report heare onely in heav'n
 For wonderful indeed are all his works
 Pleasant to know and worthiest to be all
 Had in remembrance alwayes with delight
 But what created mind can comprehend
 This number or the wisdom infinite
 That brought them forth but hid thir causes deep
 I saw when at his Word the formless Mass
 This worlds material mould came to a heap

Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar 710
 Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd,
 Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
 Light shon, and order from disorder sprung
 Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
 The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
 And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move,
 Each had his place appointed, each his course, 720
 The rest in circuit walles this Universe
 Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines,
 That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
 His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
 (So call that opposite fair Starr) her ride
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing through mid Heav'n,
 With borrowd light her countenance triform 730
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night
 That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,
Adams abode, those loftie shades his Bowre
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires
 Thus said, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
 Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
 Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
 Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT

Satan now in prospect of Eden and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man falls into many doubts with himself and many passions fear envy and despire but at length confirms himself in evil journeys on to Paradise whose outward prospect and situation is described overleaps the bounds sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life as highest in the Garden to look about him The Garden describ'd Satans first sight of Adam and Eve his wonder at their excellent form and happy state but with resolution to work their fall overhears their discourse thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of under penalty of death and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress when learns them a while to know further of their state by some other means Meant while Uriel descending on a Sun beam warns Gabriel who had in charge the Gate of Paradise that some evil spirit had escap'd the Deep and past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise discover'd after by his furious gestures in the Mount Gabriel promises to find him out ere morning Night coming on Adam and Eve discourse of going to their rest their Bowler describ'd their Evening worship Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bowler lest the evil spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping there they find him at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream and bring him though unwilling to Gabriel by whom question'd he scornfully answers prepares resistance but hinder'd by a Sign from Heaven flies out of Paradise

FOR that warning voice which he who saw
 Th' *Apocalyp's*, heard cry in Heaven aloud
 Then when the Dragon put to second rout
 Came furious down to be reveng'd on men
 Who to the inhabitants on Earth that now
 While time was our first Parents had bin warn'd
 The coming of their secret foe and scap'd
 Haply so scap'd his mortal snare for now
 Satan now first inflam'd with rage came down
 The Tempter ere the Accuser of man kind
 To wreak on innocent frail man his loss
 Of that first Battel and his flight to Hell
 Yet not rejoycing in his speed though bold
 Far off and fearless nor with cause to boast
 Begins his dire attempt which nigh the birth
 Now rowling boiles in his tumultuous brest
 And like a devilish Engine back recoiles
 Upon himself horror and doubt distract
 His troubl'd thoughts and from the bottom stirr
 The Hell within him for within him Hell

10

20

He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
 One step no more then from himself can fly
 By change of place Now conscience wakes despair
 That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
 Of what he was, what is, and what must be
 Worse, of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue
 Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,
 Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,
 Which now sat high in his Meridian Tow're
 Then much revolving, thus in sighs began

30

O thou that with surpassing Glory crown'd,
 Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
 Of this new World, at whose sight all the Starrs
 Hide thir diminisht heads, to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
 O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
 That bring to my remembrance from what state
 I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare,
 Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down
 Warring in Heav'n against Heav'n's matchless King
 Ah wherefore! he deserv'd no such return
 From me, whom he created what I was
 In that bright eminence, and with his good
 Upbraided none, nor was his service hard
 What could be less then to afford him praise,
 The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks
 How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
 And wrought but malice, lifted up so high
 I scorn'd subjection, and thought one step higher
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
 The debt immense of endless gratitude,
 So burthensome, still paying, still to owe,
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,
 And understood not that a grateful mind
 By owing owes not, but still pays it once
 Indebted and discharged, what burden then?
 O had his powerful Destiny ordain'd
 Me some inferiour Angel I had stood
 Then happie, no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition Yet why not? some other Power
 As great might have inspir'd, and me though mean
 Drawn to his part, but other Powers as great
 I ell not but stand unshak'n from within
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd
 Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand

40

50

60

Thou hadst whom hast thou then or what to accuse
 But Heav'ns free Love dealt equally to all?
 Be then his Love accurst since love or hate
 To me alike it deals eternal woe 70
 Nay curs'd be thou since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues
 Me miserable! which way shall I flie
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
 Which way I flie is Hell my self am Hell
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide
 To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav'n.
 O then at last relent is there no place
 Left for Repentance none for Pardon left? 80
 None left but by submission and that word
Disdain forbids me and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath whom I seduc'd
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Then to submit boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent Ay me they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vaine
 Under what torments inwardly I groane
 While they adore me on the Throne of Hell
 With Diadem and Scepter high advanced 90
 The lower still I fall onely Supream
 In miserie such joy Ambition findes
 But say I could repent and could obtaine
 By Act of Grace my former state how soon
 Would highth recal high thoughts how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore ease would recant
 Vows made in pain as violent and void
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc'd so deep
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse 100
 And heavier fall so should I purchase deare
 Short intermission bought with double smart
 This knows my punisher therefore as farr
 From granting hee as I from begging peace
 All hope excluded thus behold in stead
 Of us out cast, evil'd his new delight
 Mankind created and for him this World
 So farwel Hope and with Hope farwel Fear
 Farwel Remorse all Good to me is lost
 Evil be thou my Good by thee at least 110
 Divided Empire with Heav'ns King I hold
 By thee and more then half perhaps will reigne

As Man ere long, and this new World shall know
 Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
 Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,
 Which marr'd his borrow'd visage, and betray'd
 Him counterfet, if any eye beheld
 For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule
 Are ever cleer Whereof hee soon aware,
 Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme, 120
 Artificer of fraud, and was the first
 That practis'd falshood under saintly shew,
 Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge
 Yet not anough had practis'd to deceive
 Uriel once warnd, whose eye pursu'd him down
 The way he went, and on th' Assyrian mount
 Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
 Spirit of happie sort his gestures fierce
 He mark'd and mad demeanour, then alone,
 As he suppos'd all unobserv'd, unseen 130
 So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
 As with a rural mound the champain heid
 Of a steep wilderness, whose haire sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wilde,
 Access deni'd, and over head up grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm
 A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend 140
 Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre
 Of stateliest view Yet higher then thir tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung
 Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
 Into his neether Empire neighbouring round
 And higher then that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
 Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
 Appeerd, with gay enmeld colours mixt
 On which the Sun more glid impress'd his beams 150
 Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
 When God hath shew'd the earth so lovely seem'd
 That Lantskip And of pure now purer aire
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy able to drive
 All sadness but despair now gentle gales
 Fanning thir odoriferous wings disperse
 Native perfumes and whisper whence they stole

Those balmie spoiles As when to them who sail
 Beyond the *Cape of Hope* and now are past 160
Mozambique off at Sea North East windes blow
Sabe in Odours from the spicie shoare
 Of *Arabie* the blest with such delay
 Well pleas'd they slack thir course and many a League
 Cheerd with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles
 So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend
 Who came thir bane though with them better pleas'd
 Then *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume
 That drove him though enamour'd from the Spouse
 Of *Tobis* Son and with a vengeance sent 170
 From *Media* post to *Ægypt* there fast bound
 Now to th' ascent of that steep savage Hill
Satan had journeyed on pensive and slow
 But further way found none so thick entwined
 As one continu'd brake the undergrowth
 Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplex'd
 All path of Man or Beast that past that way
 One Gate there onely was and that look'd East
 On th' other side which when th' arch fellow saw
 Due entrance he disdain'd and in contempt 180
 At one slight bound high overleap'd all bound
 Of Hill or highest Wall and sheer within
 Lights on his feet As when a prowling Wolfe
 Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey
 Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eve
 In hurdled Cotes amid the field secure
 Leaps o're the fence with ease into the Fould
 Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash
 Of some rich Burgher whose substantial dore
 Cross barr'd and bolted fast fear no assault 190
 In at the window climbs or o're the tiles
 So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould
 So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climb
 Thence up he flew and on the Tree of Life
 The middle Tree and highest there that grew
 Sat like a Cormorant yet not true Life
 Theredy regaird but sat devising Death
 To them who liv'd nor on the vertue thought
 Of that life giving Plant but only us'd
 For prospect what well us'd had him the pledge 200
 Of immortallitie So little knows
 Any but God alone to value right
 The good before him but perverts best things
 To worst abuse or to thir meanest use

Beneath him with new wonder now he views
 To all delight of human sense expos'd
 In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
 A Heaven on Earth for blissful Paradise
 Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
 Of *Eden* planted, *Eden* stretch'd her Line 210
 From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towers
 Of Great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
 Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before
 Dwelt in *Telassar* in this pleasant soile
 His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind,
 Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
 All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste,
 And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
 High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
 Of vegetable Gold, and next to Life 220
 Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
 Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill
 Southward through *Eden* went a River large,
 Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
 Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had throw'n
 That Mountain as his Garden mould high rus'd
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
 Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
 Waterd the Garden, thence united fell 230
 Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears
 And now divided into four main Streams,
 Runs divers, wondrous many & famous Realme
 And Country whereof here needs no account,
 But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
 How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
 Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
 With mizic error under pendant shades
 Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed 240
 Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art
 In Beds and curious knots, but Nature boon
 Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
 Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierc'd shade
 Imbround the noontide Bowrs Thus was this place,
 A happy rural seat of various view
 Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumm's and
 Balme,
 Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde

Hung amiable *Hesperian* Fables true 250
 If true here onely and of delicious taste
 Betwixt them Lawns or level Downs and Flocks
 Grasing the tender herb were interpos'd
 Or palmie hillock or the flourie hye
 Of som irriguous Valley spread her store
 Flours of all hue and without Thorn the Rose
 Another side umbrageous Grots and Caves
 Of coole recess ore which the mantling Vine
 Layes forth her purple Grape and gently creeps
 Luxuriant mean while murmuring waters fall 260
 Down the slope hills disperst or in a Lake
 That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crown'd
 Her chrystall mirror holds unite thir streams
 The Birds thir quire apply aires vernal aires
 Breathing the smell of field and grove attune
 The trembling leaves while Universal Pan
 Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
 Led on th *Eternal Spring* Not that faire field
 Of *Enna* where *Proserpin* gathering flours
 Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis* 270
 Was gatherd which cost *Ceres* all that pain
 To seel her through the world nor that sweet Grove
 Of *Daphne* by *Orontes* and th inspir'd
Castalian Spring might with this Paradise
 Of *Eden* strive nor that *Nysei* Ile
 Girt with the River *Triton* where old *Cham*
 Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan Jove*
 Hid *Amulthea* and her Florid Son
 Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea* s eye
 Nor where *Abassin* Kings thir issue Guard 280
 Mount *Amara* though this by som suppos'd
 True Paradise under the *Etiop* Line
 By *Nilus* head enclos'd with shining Rock
 A whole dayes journey high but wide remote
 From this *Assyrian* Garden where the Fiend
 Saw undelighted all delight all kind
 Of living Creatures new to sight and strange
 Two of far nobler shape erect and tall
 Godlike erect with native Honour clad
 In naked Majestie seem'd Lords of all 290
 And worthie seem'd for in thir looks Divine
 The image of thir glorious Maker shon
 Truth Wisdome Sanctitude severe and pure
 Severe but in true filial freedom plac'd
 Whence true autoritie in men though both

Not equal, as their sex not equal seemd,
 For contemplation hee and valour formd,
 For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace
 Hee for God only, shee for God in him
 His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd 300
 Absolute rule, and Hyacinthin Locks
 Round from his parted forelock manly hung
 Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad
 Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
 Her unadorned golden tresses wore
 Dissheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
 As the Vine curls her tendrils, which impli'd
 Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
 And by her yeilded, by him best receiv'd,
 Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride, 310
 And sweet reluctant amorous delay
 Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,
 Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
 Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
 Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
 With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
 And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
 Simplicitie and spotless innocence
 So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
 Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill 320
 So hand in hand they passd, the loveliest pair
 That ever since in loves embraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
 His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*
 Under a tuft of shide that on a green
 Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side
 They sat them down, and after no more toil
 Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd
 To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and milder ease
 More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite 330
 More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
 Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
 Yeilded them, side-long as they sit recline
 On the soft downie Bank dimaskt with flours
 The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
 Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream,
 Nor gentle purpose nor endearing smiles
 Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as becoms
 Iur couple, linkt in happie nuptial league,
 Alone as they About them frisking play'd 340
 All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chise

In Wood or Wilderness Forrest or Den
 Sporting the Lion ramp'd and in his paw
 Dandl'd the Kid Bears Tygers Ounces Pards
 Gambold before them th' unwieldy Elephant
 To make them murther us d' all his might and w'reath'd
 His Lute Proboscis close the Serpent slv
 Insinuating wove with Gordian twine
 His breaded train and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded others on the grass 350
 Coucht and now fill'd with pasture gazing sat
 Or Bedward ruminating for the Sun
 Declin'd was hasting now with prone career
 To th' Ocean Iles and in th' ascending Scale
 Ot Heav'n the Starts that usher Evening rose
 When *Satan* still in gaze as first he stood
 Scarce thus at length fauld speech recover'd sad
 O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold
 Into our room of bliss thus high advanc't
 Creatures of other mould earth born perhaps 360
 Not Spirits yet to heav'nly Spirits bright
 Little inferior whom my thoughts pursue
 With wonder and could love so lively shines
 In them Divine resemblance and such grace
 The hand th't form'd them on thir shape hath pour'd
 Ah gentle pair yee little think how nigh
 Your change approaches when all these delights
 Will vanish and deliver yee to woe
 More woe the more your taste is now of joy
 Happie but for so happie ill secur'd 370
 Long to continue and this high seat your Heav'n
 Ill fenc't for Heav'n to keep out such a foe
 As now is enter'd yet no purpos'd foe
 To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne
 Though I unpittied League with you I seek
 And mutual amitie so streight so close
 That I with you must dwell or you with me
 Henceforth my dwelling haply may not please
 Like this fair Paradise your sense yet such
 Accept your Makers work he gave it me 380
 Which I is freely give Hell shall unfold
 To entertain you two her widest Gates
 And send forth all her Kings there will be room
 Not lil'e these narrow limits to receive
 Your numerous offspring if no better place
 Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
 On you who wrong me not for him who wrong'd

And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new World, compels me now
To do what else though damnd I should abhorre

390

So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds
Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree
Down he alights among the sportful Herd
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as thir shape serv'd best his end
Neerer to view his prey, and unespri'd
To mark what of thir state he more might learn
By word or action markt about them round
A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
Whence rushing he might surest seise them both
Grip't in each paw when *Adam* first of men
To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,
Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow

400

410

Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
Dearer thy self then all, needs must the Pow' er
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitely good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
From us no other service then to keep
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradise that beare delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that onely Tree
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
Som dreadful thing no doubt, for well thou knowst
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signes of power and rule
Conferd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
Over all other Creatures that possesse
Earth, Aire, and Sea Then let us not think hard
One easie prohibition, who enjoy

420

430

Free leave so large to all things else and choice
 Unlimited of manifold delights
 But let us ever praise him and extoll
 His bountie following our delightful task
 To prune these growing Plants & tend these Flours
 Which were it toilsom yet with thee were sweet

To whom thus *Eve* repli'd O thou for whom 440
 And from whom I was form'd flesh of thy flesh
 And without whom am to no end my Guide
 And Head what thou hast said is just and right
 For wee to him indeed all praises owe
 And daily thanks I chiefly who enjoy
 So farr the happier Lot enjoying thee
 Preeminent by so much odds while thou
 Like consort to thy self canst no where find
 That day I oft remember when from sleep
 I first awak't and found my self repos'd 450
 Under a shade on flours much wondring where
 And what I was whence thither brought and how
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issu'd from a Cave and spread
 Into a liquid Plain then stood unmov'd
 Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n I thither went
 With unexperienc't thought and laid me downe
 On the green bank to look into the cleer
 Smooth Lake that to me seem'd another Skie
 As I bent down to look just opposite 460
 A Shape within the watry gleam appeerd
 Bending to look on me I started back
 It started back but pleas'd I soon return'd
 Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
 Of sympathie and love there I had fixt
 Mine eyes till now and pin'd with vain desire
 Had not a voice thus warn'd me What thou seest,
 What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self
 With thee it came and goes but follow me
 And I will bring thee where no shadow staes 470
 Thy coming and thy soft embraces hee
 Whose image thou art him thou shalt enjoy
 Inseparable thine to him shalt beare
 Multitudes like thy self and thence be call'd
 Mother of human Race what could I doe
 But follow strait invisibly thus led^d
 Till I espied thee fair indeed and tall
 Under a Platan yet methought less faire
 Less winning soft less amiable milde

Then that smooth watry image, back I turn'd, 480
 Thou following cry'd'st aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
 Whom first thou' whom thou first, of him thou art,
 His flesh, his bone, to give thee being I lent
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart
 Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
 Henceforth an individual solace dear,
 Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
 My other half with that thy gentle hand
 Seis'd mine, I yielded, and from that time see
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace 490
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair

So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
 Of conjugal attraction unprov'd,
 And meek surrender, half embracing leand
 On our first Father, half her swelling Breast
 Naked met his under the flowing Gold
 Of her loose tresses hid he in delight
 Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
 Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*
 On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds 500
 That shed *May* Flowers, and press'd her Matron lip
 With kisses pure aside the Devil turn'd
 For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
 Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plund

Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
 Impradis't in one anothers arms
 The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir fill
 Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
 Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
 Among our other torments not the least, 510
 Still unfill'd with pain of longing pines,
 Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
 From thir own mouths, all is not theirs it seems
 One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
 Forbidden them to taste Knowledge forbidden
 Suspicious, reasonless Why should thir Lord
 Envie them that can it be sin to know,
 Can it be death? and do they onely stand
 By Ignorance, is that thir happy state,
 The proof of thir obedience and thir faith 520
 O fair foundation laid whereon to build
 Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
 With more desire to know, and to reject
 Invious commands, invented with designe
 To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt

Equal with Gods aspiring to be such
 They taste and die what liker can ensue?
 But first with narrow search I must walk round
 This Garden and no corner leave unsold
 A chance but chance may lead where I may meet 530
 Some wandring Spirit of Heav'n by Fountain side
 Or in thick shade retir'd from hum to draw
 What further would be learnt Live while ye may
 Yet happie pair enjoy till I return
 Short pleasures for long woes are to succeed
 So saying his proud step he scornful turn'd
 But with sly circumspection and began
 Through wood through waste o're hill o're dale his
 roam

Mean while in utmost Longitude where Heav'n
 With Earth and Ocean meets the setting Sun 540
 Slowly descended and with right aspect
 Against the eastern Gate of Paradise
 Leveld his evening Rayes it was a Rock
 Of Alabaster pil'd up to the Clouds
 Conspicuous farr winding with one ascent
 Accessible from Earth one entrance high
 The rest was craggie cliff that overhung
 Scill as it rose impossible to climbe
 Betwixt these rockie Pillars Gabriel sat
 Chief of th' Angelic Guards awaiting night 550
 About him evereas'd Heroic Games
 Th' unarmed Youth of Heav'n but nigh at hand
 Celestial Armourie Shields Helmes and Spears
 Hung high with Diamond flaming and with Gold
 Thither came Uriel gliding through the Eeven
 On a Sun beam swift as a shooting Starr
 In Autumn thwarts the night when vapors fir'd
 Impress the Air and shews the Mariner
 From what point of his Compass to beware
 Impetuous winds he thus began in haste 560

Gabriel to thee thy cours by Lot hath giv'n
 Charge and strict watch that to this happie place
 No evil thing approach or enter in
 This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare
 A Spirit zealous as he seem'd to know
 More of th' Almightyes works and chiefly Man
 Gods latest Image I describ'd his way
 Bent all on speed and markt his Aerie Gate
 But in the Mount that lies from Eden North
 Where he first lighted soon discern'd his looks 570

Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd
 Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
 Lost sight of him, one of the banisht crew
 I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
 New troubles, him thy care must be to find

To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfet sight,
 Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
 See farr and wide in at this Gate none pass
 The vigilance here plac't, but such as come 580
 Well known from Heav'n, and since Meridian hour
 No Creature thence if Spirit of other sort,
 So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
 On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
 Spiritual substance with corporeal barr
 But if within the circuit of these walks
 In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
 Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know

So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge
 Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now raisd 590
 Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
 Beneath th' *Azores*, whither the prime Orb,
 Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
 Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
 By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
 Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
 The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend
 Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober Livery all things clad, 600
 Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
 They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale,
 She all night long her amorous descant sung,
 Silence was pleas'd now glow'd the Firmament
 With living Saphirs *Hesperus* that led
 The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
 Rising in clouded Majestic, at length
 Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
 And ore the dark her Silver Mantle threw

When *Adam* thus to *Eve* his Consort, th' hour 610
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men
 Successive and the timely dew of sleep
 Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
 Our eye-lids, other Creatures all day long

Ro'e idle unimploid and less need rest
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed which declares his Dignitie
 And the regard of Heaven on all his waies 620
 While other Animals unctive range
 And of thir doings God takes no account.
 To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
 With first approach of light we must be ris'n
 And at our pleasant labour to reform
 Yon flourie Arbors yonder Allies green
 Our walks at noon with branches overgrown
 That mock our scant manuring and require
 More hands than ours to lop thir wanton growth
 Those Blossoms also and those dropping Gums 630
 That he bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth
 Ask riddance if we mean to tread with ease
 Mean while as Nature wills Night bids us rest
 To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorn'd
 My Author and Disposer what thou bidst
 Unargu'd I obey so God ordains
 God is thy Law thou mine to know no more
 Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise
 With thee conversing I forget all time
 All seasons and thir change all please alike 640
 Sweet is the breath of morn her rising sweet
 With charm of earliest Birds pleasant the Sun
 When first on this delightful Land he spreads
 His orient Beams on herb tree fruit and flour
 Glstring with dew fragrant the fertill earth
 After soft showers and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening milde then silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon
 And these the Gemms of Heaven her starrie train
 But neither breath of Morn when she ascends 650
 With charm of earliest Birds nor rising Sun
 On this delightful land nor herb fruit flour
 Glstring with dew nor fragrance after showers
 Nor grateful Evening mild nor silent Night
 With this her solemn Bird nor walk by Moon
 Or glittering Starr light without thee is sweet.
 But wherfore all night long shine these for whom
 This glorious sight when sleep hath shut all eyes?
 To whom our general Ancestor repl'd
 Daughter of God and Man accomplisht Eve 660
 Those have thir course to finish round the Earth
 By morrow Evening and from Land to Land

In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
 Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise,
 Least total darkness should by Night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
 Of various influence foment and warme,
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down 670
 Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
 On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
 That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise,
 Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold 680
 Both day and night how often from the steep
 Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to others note
 Singing thir great Creator oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
 With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic number joind, thir songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven
 Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd 690
 On to thir blissful Bower, it was a place
 Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to mans delightful use, the rooffe
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushie shrub
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall, each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, *Roses*, and *Gessamin*
 Rear'd high thir flourish't heads between, and wrought 700
 Mosaic, underfoot the Violet,
Crocus, and *Hyacinth* with rich inlay
 Brodder the ground, more colour'd then with stone
 Of costliest Limblem other Creature here
 Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none,
 Such was thir waye of man In shadier Bower
 More sacred and sequesterd, though but feign'd,
Pan or *Silvanus* never slept, nor *Nymph*,
 Nor *Faunus* hunted Here in close recess

With Flowers Garlands and sweet smelling Herbs
 Espoused *Eve* deckt first her Nuptial Bed 710
 And heav'nly Quires the Hymenæan sung
 What day the genial Angel to our Sire
 Brought her in naked beauty more adorn'd
 More lovely then *Pandora* whom the Gods
 Endow'd with all thir gifts and O too like
 In sad event when to the unwiser Son
 Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes* she ensnar'd
 Mankind with her faire looks to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole *Joves* authentic fire

Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv'd both stood 720
 Both turn'd and under op'n Skie ador'd
 The God that made both Skie Air Earth & Heav'n
 Which they beheld the Moons resplendent Globe
 And starrie Pole Thou also mad'st the Night
 Maker Omnipotent and thou the Day
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd
 Have finish't happie in our mutual help
 And mutual love the Crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee and this delicious place
 For us too large where thy abundance wants 730
 Partakers and uncropt falls to the ground
 But thou hast promis'd from us two a Race
 To fill the Earth who shall with us extoll
 Thy goodness infinite both when we wake
 And when we seek as now thy gift of sleep

This said unanimous and other Rites
 Observing none but adoration pure
 Which God likes best into thir inmost bower
 Handed they went and eas'd the putting off
 These troublesom disguises which wee wear 740
 Strait side by side were laid nor turn'd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse nor *Eve* the Rites
 Mysterious of connubial Love refus'd
 Whatever Hypocrites austerehly talk
 Of puritie and place and innocence
 Defaming as impure what God declare
 Pure and commands to som leaves free to all
 Our Maker bids increase who bids abstain
 But our Destroyer foe to God and Man?
 Haile wedded Love mysterious Law true source 750
 Of human offspring sole proprietie
 In Paradise of all things common else
 By thee adulterous lust was driv'n from men
 Among the bestial herds to range by thee

Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,
 Relations dear, and all the Charities
 Of Father, Son, and Brother first were I now n
 Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
 Or think thee unbecom'g holiest place,
 Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets, 760
 Whose Bed is undefil'd and ch'ist pronounc't,
 Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us d
 Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
 His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
 Reigns here and revels, not in the bought smile
 Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, undeard,
 Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
 Mixt Dance, or w'nton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
 Or Serenate, which the star'd Lover sings 770
 To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain
 These lulld by Nightingales embracing slept,
 And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
 Show'd Roses, which the Morn repair'd Sleep on,
 Blest pair, and O yet happiest if ye seek
 No happier state, and know to know no more

Now had night measur'd with her shaddow'd Cone
 Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,
 And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
 Forth issuing at th' accustomed hour stood armd
 To thir night watches in warlike Parade, 780
 When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake

Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South
 With strictest watch, these other wheel the North,
 Our circuit meets full West As flame they part
 Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear
 From these, two strong and subtle Spirits he call'd
 That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge
Ithuriel and *Zephon*, with wingd speed
 Search through this Garden, leav' unsearcht no nook,
 But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge, 790
 Now had perhaps asleep secure of harme

This Evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd
 Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen
 Hitherward bent (who could have thought) escap'd
 The bars of Hell, on errand bad no doubt
 Such where ye find, seize fast and hither bring

So saying, on he led his radiant Files
 Dawling the Moon, these to the Bow'rs direct
 In search of whom they sought him there they found
 Squat like a Toad, close at the e're of I 800

Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
 The Organs of her Fancie and with them forge
 Illusions as he list Phantasms and Dreams
 Or if inspiring venom he might taint
 The animal Spirits that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure thence raise
 At least distemperd discontented thoughts
 Vain hopes vain aims inordinate desires
 Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride
 Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear 810
 Touch'd lightly for no falshood can endure
 Touch of Celestial temper but returns
 Of force to its own likeness up he start
 Discoverd and surpriz'd As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder laid
 Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store
 Against a rumord Warr the Smuttie graine
 With sudden blaze diffus'd inflames the Aire
 So started up in his own shape the Fiend
 Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz'd 820
 So sudden to behold the grieslie King
 Yet thus unmovd with fear accost him soon
 Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg'd to Hell
 Com'st thou escap'd thy prison and transform'd
 Why sat'st thou like an enemy in waite
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
 Know yet not then said *Satan* fill'd with scorn
 Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
 For you there sitting where ye durst not soare 830
 Not to know mee argues your selves unknown
 The lowest of your throng or if ye know
 Why ask ye and superfluous begin
 Your message like to end as much in vain?
 To whom thus *Zephon* answering scorn with scorn
 Think not revolted Spirit thy shape the same
 Or undiminish'd brightness to be known
 As when thou stoodst in Heav'n upright and pure
 That Glorie then when thou no more wast good
 Departed from thee and thou resembl'st now
 Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule 840
 But come for thou besure shalt give account
 To him who sent us whose charge is to keep
 This place inviolable and these from harm
 So spake the Cherube and his grave rebuke
 Severe in youthful beautie added grace
 Invincible abasht the Devil stood

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
 Vertue in her shape how lovely, saw, and pin'd
 His loss, but chiefly to find here observ'd
 His lustre visibly impar'd, yet seem'd 850
 Undaunted If I must contend, said he,
 Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
 Or ill at once, more glorie will be wonn,
 Or less be lost Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,
 Will save us trial what the least can doe
 Single against thee wicked, and thence weak

The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage,
 But like a proud Steed reind, went haucie on,
 Champing his iron curb to strive or flie
 He held it vain, awe from above had quell'd 860
 His heart, not else dismay'd Now drew they nigh
 The western point, where those half-rounding guards
 Just met, & closing stood in squadron joind
 Awaiting next command To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus call'd aloud

O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
 Hasting this way, and now by glimpses discern
Ithuriel and *Zephon* through the shade,
 And with them comes a third of Regal port, 870
 But faded splendor wan, who by his gate
 And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
 Not likely to part hence without contest,
 Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours

He scarce had ended, when those two approach'd
 And brief related whom they brought, wher found,
 How busied, in what form and posture coucht

To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake
 Why hast thou, *Satan*, brok e the bounds prescrib'd
 To thy transgressions, and disturb'd the charge 880
 Of others, who approve not to transgress
 By thy example, but have power and right
 To question thy bold entrance on this place,
 Implor'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
 Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss

To whom thus *Satan* with contemptuous brow
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heaven th' esteem of wise
 And such I held thee, but this question askt
 Puts me in doubt If e'st thou who lovest his pun
 Who would not finding way, break loose from Hell
 Though thither doom'd Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,
 And boldly venture to whatever place 891
 Farthest from pun, where thou mightst hope to change

Torment with ease & soonest recompence
 Dole with delight which in this place I sought
 To thee no reason who knowst only good
 But evil hast not tri'd and wilt object
 His will who bound us? let him surer barr
 His Iron Gates if he intends our stay
 In that dark durance thus much what was asl t
 The rest is true they found me where tney say 900
 But that implies not violence or harme

Thus hee in scorn The warlike Angel mov d
 Disdainfully half smiling thus repli d
 O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise
 Since *Satan* fell whom follie overthrew
 And now returns him from his prison scap t
 Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
 Or not who ask what boldness brought him hither
 Unlicenc t from his bounds in Hell prescrib d
 So wise he judges it to fly from pain 910
 However and to scape his punishment
 So judge thou still presumptuous till the wrauth
 Which thou incurr'st by flying meet thy flight
 Seavenfold and scourge that wisdom brack to Hell
 Which taught thee yet no better that no pain
 Can equal anger infinite provok t
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
 Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
 Less pain less to be fled or thou then they
 Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief 920
 The first in flight from pain hadst thou alleg d
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive

To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern
 Not that I less endure or shrink from pain
 Insulting Angel well thou knowst I stood
 Thy fiercest when in Battel to thy aide
 The blasting volied Thunder made all speed
 And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear
 But still thy words at random as before 930
 Argue thy inexperience what behooves
 From hard assaies and ill successes past
 A faithful Leader not to hazard all
 Through wayes of danger by himself untri d
 I therefore I alone first undertook
 To wing the desolate Abyss and spie
 This new created World whereof in Hell
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find

Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
 To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire, 940
 Though for possession put to try once more
 What thou and thy gay Legions dare against,
 Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord
 High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,
 And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight

To whom the warriour Angel soon repli'd
 To say and strut unsay, pretending first
 Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,
 Argues no Leader, but a lyar true't,
 Satan, and couldst thou faithful add' O name, 950
 O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
 Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head,
 Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,
 Your military obedience, to dissolve
 Allegiance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?
 And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
 Patron of liberty, who more then thou
 Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd
 Heav'n's awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope 960
 To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne
 But mark what I arreede thee now, avant,
 Thither whence thou fledst if from this houre
 Within these hollow'd limits thou appeer,
 Bred to th' infernal pit I drag thee churnd,
 And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne
 The scil gates of hell too slightly barr'd
 So threatn'd hee, but Satan to no threats
 Gave heed, but waving more in rage repli'd

Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines, 970
 Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
 Far heavier load thy self expect to feel
 From my prevailing arme though Heavens King
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
 Us'd to the world, drawst his triumphant wheels
 In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd

While thus he spake, th' Angelic Squadron bright
 Turn'd fierie red, sharpening in mooned hornes
 Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
 With ported Spears, as thick as when a field 980
 Of Ceres ripe for harvest waving bends
 Her bearded Grove of ears which was the wind
 Swept them, the careful Plowman doubting stands
 Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves

Prove chaff On th' other side *Satan* allarm'd
 Collecting all his might dilated stood
 Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov'd
 His stature reacht the Skie and on his Crest
 Sat horror Plum'd nor wanted in his graspe
 What seem'd both Spear and Shield now dreadful deeds
 Might have ensu'd nor onely *Paradise* 991
 In this commotion but the *Starrie Cope*
 Of Heav'n perhaps or all the *Elements*
 At least had gon to rack disturb'd and torne
 With violence of this conflict had not soon
 Th' Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
 Hung forth in Heav'n his golden Scales yet seen
 Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe
 Wherein all things created first he weigh'd
 The pendulous round Earth with ballanc't *Aire* 1000
 In counterpoise now ponders all events
 Battels and Realms in these he put two weights
 The sequel each of parting and of fight
 The latter quick up flew and kickt the beam
 Which *Gabriel* spying thus bespake the Fiend
Satan I know thy strength and thou knowst mine
 Neither our own but giv'n what folleie then
 To boast what Arms can doe since thine no more
 Then Heav'n permits nor mine though doubl'd now
 To trample thee as mire for proof look up 1010
 And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign
 Where thou art weigh'd & shown how light how weak
 If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew
 His mounted scale aloft nor more but fled
 Murmuring and with him fled the shades of night

BOOK V

THE ARGUMENT

Morning approach't, Eve relates to Adam her troublesome dream, he likes it not, yet comforts her They come forth to thir day labours Their Morning Hymn at the Door of their Bower God to render Man mexcusable sends Raphael to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail Adam to know Raphael comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by Adam afar off sitting at the door of his Bower, he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choicest fruits of Paradise got together by Eve their discourse at Table Raphael performs his message, mnds Adam of his state and of his enemy relates at Adams request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof, how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only Abdiel a Seraph, who in Argument dissuades and opposes him, then forsakes him

NOW morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime
 Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Orient Pearle,
 When Adam wak't, so customd, for his sleep
 Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,
 And temperit vapors bland, which th' only sound
 Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,
 Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill *Matin* Song
 Of Birds on every bough, so much the more
 His wonder was to find unwaknd *Eve*
 With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek, 10
 As through unquiet rest he on his side
 Leaning half-ris'd, with looks of cordial Love
 Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
 Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,
 Shot forth peculiar Graces, then with voice
 Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
 Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus Awake
 My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found
 Heav'n's best gift, my ever new delight,
 Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field 20
 Calls us we lose the prime, to mark how spring
 Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
 What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed
 How Nature paints her colours how the Bee
 Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet
 Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
 On Adam, whom imbracing, thus she spake

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose
 My Glorie my Perfection glad I see
 Thy face and Morn return d for I this Night 30
 Such night till this I never pass d have dream d
 If dream d not as I oft am wont of thee
 Works of day pass t or morrows next designe
 But of offence and trouble which my mind
 Knew never till this irksom night methought
 Close at mine ear one call d me forth to walk
 With gentle voice I thought it thine it said
 Why sleepest thou E e? now is the pleasant time
 The cool the silent save where silence yields
 To the night warbling Bird that now awake 40
 Tunes sweetest his love labor d song now reignes
 Full Orb d the Moon and with more pleasing light
 Shadowie sets off the face of things in vain
 If none regard Heav n wakes with all his eyes
 Whom to behold but thee Natures desire
 In whose sight all things joy with rishment
 Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze
 I rose as at thy call but found thee not
 To find thee I directed then my walk
 And on methought alone I pass d through ways 50
 That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
 Of interdicted Knowledge fair it seem d
 Much fairer to my Fancie then by day
 And as I wondring lookt beside it stood
 One shap d and wing d like one of those from Heav n
 By us oft seen his dewie lock s distill d
 Ambrosia on that Tree he also gaz d
 And O fair Plant said he with fruit surcharg d
 Designs none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet
 Nor God nor Man is knowledge so despis d? 60
 Or envie or what reserve forbids to taste?
 Forbid who will none shall from me withhold
 Longer thy offerd good why else set here?
 This said he paus d nor but with ventrous Arme
 He pluckt he tasted mee damp horror chul d
 At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold
 But he thus overjoy d O Fruit Divine
 Sweet of thy self but much more sweet thus crop't
 Forbidd n here it seems as onely fit
 For Gods yet able to make Gods of Men 70
 And why not Gods of Men since good the more
 Communicated more abundant grows
 The Author not impair d but honourd more?

Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,
 Partake thou also, happie though thou art,
 Happier thou may'st be, worthier canst not be
 Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
 Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confin'd,
 But sometimes in the Air, as wee, sometimes
 Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
 What life the Gods live there, and such live thou
 So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
 Which he had pluckt, the pleasant savourie smell
 So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste Forthwith up to the Clouds
 With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
 And various wondring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation, suddenly
 My Guide was gon, and I, me thought, sunk down,
 And fell asleep, but O how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night
 Related, and thus *Adam* answerd sad

80

90

Best Image of my self and dearer half,
 The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
 Affects me equally, nor can I like
 This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear,
 Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
 Created pure But know that in the Soule
 Are many lesser Faculties that serve
 Reason is chief, among these Fancie next
 Her office holds, of all external things,
 Which the five witchful Senses represent,
 She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,
 Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
 All what we affirm or what deny, and call
 Our knowledge or opinion, then retires
 Into her private Cell when Nature rests
 Oft in her absence mimic Fancie wakes
 To imitate her, but misjoyning shapes,
 Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
 Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
 Some such resemblances methinks I find
 Of our last Evenings talk, in this thy dream,
 But with addition strange, yet be not sad
 Evil into the mind of God or Man
 May come and go, so unapprov'd and leave
 No spot or blame behind Which gives me hope

100

110

That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream 120
 Waking thou never wilt consent to do
 Be not disheart'nd then nor cloud those looks
 That wont to be more chearful and serene
 Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World
 And let us to our fresh employments rise
 Among the Groves the Fountains and the Flours
 That open now thir choicest bosom'd smells
 Reserv'd from night and kept for thee in store
 So cheard he his fair Spouse and she was cheard
 But silently a gentle tear let fall 130
 From either eye and wip'd them with her haire
 Two other precious drops that ready stood
 Each in thir chrystal sluice hee ere they fell
 Kiss'd as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
 And pious awe that feard to have offended
 So all was clear'd and to the Field they haste
 But first from under shadie arborous roof
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day spring and the Sun who scarce up risen
 With wheels yet hotting o're the Ocean brum 140
 Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray
 Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East
 Of Paradise and *Edem* happie Plains
 Lowly they bow'd adoring and began
 Thir Orisons each Morning duly paid
 In various style for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
 Thir Maker in fit strains pronounc't or sung
 Unmeditated such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from thir lips in Prose or numerous Verse 150
 More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
 To add more sweetness and they thus began
 These are thy glorious works Parent of good
 Almighty thine this universal Frame
 Thus wondrous fair thy self how wondrous then!
 Unspeakable who sitst above these Heavens
 To us invisible or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought and Power Divine
 Speak yee who best can tell ye Sons of light, 160
 Angels for yee behold him and with songs
 And choral symphomes Day without Night,
 Circle his Throne rejoicing yee in Heav'n,
 On Earth joy'n all yee Creatures to extoll
 Him first him last him midst and without end.

Fairest of Stars, list in the train of Night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn
 Sure pledge of day that crownst the smiling Morn
 With thy bright Circlet praise him in thy Sphere
 While day arises that sweet hour of Prime 170
 Thou Sun, of this great World both I ve and Soule,
 Acknowledge him thy Greater sound his praise
 In thy eternal course both when thou climbst
 And when high Noon hast ground, & when thou fallest
 Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun now fliest
 With the fixt Stars fixt in thir Orb that shies
 And wee five other wandring Fires that move
 In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
 His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light
 Aire, and ve Elements the eldest birth 180
 Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual Circle, multiform and mix
 And nourish all things let your ceaseless change
 Varye to our great Woe'er still new praise
 Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
 From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,
 Till the Sun print your fleecie shirts with Gold,
 In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with Clouds the uncoloured skie,
 Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers, 190
 Rising or falling still advance his praise
 His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud, and waite your tops, ye Pines,
 With every Plant in sign of Worship waite
 Fountains and wee, that warble, as wee flow,
 Melodious murmurs warbling tune his praise
 Joy n voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds
 That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise,
 Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk 200
 The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent, Morn or Even,
 To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade
 Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise
 Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
 To give us onely good, and if the night
 Have gathered tught of evil or conceald,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark
 So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts
 Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm 210
 On to thir mornings rural work they haste

Among sweet dewes and flours where any row
 Of Fruit trees overwoodie reachd too far
 Thir pamp'rd boughes and needed hands to check
 Fruitless imbraces or they led the Vine
 To wed her Elm she spous'd about him twines
 Her marriageable arms and with her brings
 Her down' th' adopted Clusters to adorn
 His barren leaves Them thus impleid beheld
 With pittie Heav'n's high King and to him call'd 20
Raphael the sociable Spirit that deign'd
 To travel with *Tobias* and secur'd
 His marriage with the seaventimes wedded Maid
Raphael said hee thou hear'st what stir on Earth
 Satan from Hell scap't through the darksome Gulf
 Hath rais'd in Paradise and how disturb'd
 This night the human pair how he designs
 In them at once to ruin all mankind
 Go therefore half this day as friend with friend
 Converse with *Adam* in what Bow're or shade 230
 Thou find'st him from the heat of Noon retir'd
 To respite his day labour with repast
 Or with repose and such discourse bring on
 As may advise him of his happie state
 Happiness in his power left free to will
 Left to his own free Will his Will though free
 Yet mutable whence warne him to beware
 He swerve not too secure tell him withall
 His danger and from whom what enemy
 Late fall'n himself from Heaven is plotting now 40
 The fall of others from like state of bliss
 By violence no for that shall be withstood
 But by deceit and lies this let him know
 Least wilfully transgressing he pretend
 Surprisal unadmonisht unforeward
 So spake th' Eternal Father and fulfill'd
 All Justice nor delay'd the winged Saint
 After his charge receiv'd but from among
 Thousand Celestial Ardors where he stood
 Vail'd with his gorgeous wings up springing light 250
 Flew through the midst of Heav'n th' angelic Quires
 On each hand parting to his speed gave way
 Through all th' Emptie real road till at the Gate
 Of Heav'n arriv'd the gate self open'd wide
 On golden Hinges turning as by work
 Divint the sovran Architect had fram'd
 From hence no cloud or to obstruct his sight

Starr interpos'd how ever small he sees,
 Not unconform to other shining Globes
 Earth and the Garden of God, with Cedars crown'd 260
 Above all Hills As when by night the Glass
 Of *Galileo*, less assur'd observes
 Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon
 Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*
Delos or *Samos* first appeering kenns
 A cloudy spot Down thither prone in flight
 He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie
 Soles between worlds & worlds with steddie wing
 Now on the polar windes, then with quick Inn
 Winnows the buxom Air till within soire 270
 Of Towering Eagles to all the Fowles he seems
 A *Phoenix*, gr'd by all, as that sole Bird
 When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
 Bright Temple to *Egyptus* *Thebes* he flies
 At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise
 He lights, and to his proper shipe returns
 A Seraph wingd, six wings he wore, to shade
 His liniments Divine, the pair that clad
 Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest 280
 With regal Ornament, the middle pair
 Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round
 Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold
 And colours dyt in Heav'n, the third his feet
 Shaddow'd from either heele with featherd maile
 Shie tinctur'd grun Like *Mans* son he stood,
 And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld
 The circuit wide Strait knew him all the Binds
 Of Angels under watch, and to his state,
 And to his message high in honour rise,
 For on som message high they guessd him bound 290
 Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come
 Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
 And flourishing Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme,
 A Wilderness of sweets, for Nature here
 Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
 Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
 Wilde above rule or art, enormous bliss
 Him through the spicie Forrest onward com
Adam discern'd, as in the dore he sat
 Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun 300
 Shot down direct his fervid Raies, to warme
 Earths inmost womb, more warmth then *Adam* needs
 And *Eve* withim, due at her hour prepar'd

For dinner savourie fruits of taste to please
 True appetite and not disrelish thirst
 Of nectarous draughts between from milkie stream
 Berrie or Grape to whom thus *Adam* call'd
 Haste hither *Eve* and worth thy sight behold
 Eastward among those Trees what glorious shape
 Comes this way moving seems another Morn
 Risen on mid noon som great behest from Heav'n
 To us perhaps he brings and will voutsafe
 This day to be our Guest But goe with speed
 And what thy stores contain bring forth and poure
 Abundance fit to honour and receive
 Our Heav'nly stranger well we may afford
 Our givers thir own gifts and large bestow
 From large bestow'd where Nature multiplies
 Her fertile growth and by disburdening grows
 More fruitful which instructs us not to spare
 To whom thus *Eve* *Adam* earths hallow'd mould
 Of God inspir'd small store will serve where store
 All seasons ripe for use hangs on the stalk
 Say what by frugal storing firmness gains
 To nourish and superfluous moist consumes
 But I will haste and from each bough and brek
 Each Plant & juiciest Gourd will pluck such choice
 To entertain our Angel guest as hee
 Beholding shall confess that here on Earth
 God hath dispens't his bounties as in Heav'n
 So saying with dispatchful looks in haste
 She turns on hospitable thoughts intent
 What choice to chuse for delicacie best
 What order so contriv'd as not to mix
 Tastes not well joyn'd inelegant but bring
 Taste after taste upheld with kindest change
 Bestirs her then and from each tender stalk
 Whatever Earth all bearing Mother yields
 In *Indus* East or West or middle shoare
 In *Pontus* or the *Punick* Coast or where
Alcinous reign'd fruit of all kindes in coate
 Rough or smooth rind or bearded husk or shell
 She gathers Tribute large and on the board
 Heaps with unsparing hand for drink the Grape
 She crushes inoffensive moist and meathes
 From many a berrie and from sweet kernels prest
 She tempers dulcet creams nor these to hold
 Wants her fit vessels pure then strews the ground
 With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum'd

Me in while our Primitive great Sire, to meet 350
 His god like Guest, walks forth, without more train
 Accompani'd then with his own compleat
 Perfections, in himself was all his state,
 More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
 On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
 Of Horses led and Grooms besmeard with Gold
 Dizzes the croud and sets them all agape
 Nearer his presence *Adam* though not awd,
 Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
 As to a superior Nature, bowing low, 360

Thus said Native of Heav'n, for other place
 None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain,
 Since by descending from the Thrones above,
 Those happy places thou hast deign'd a while
 To want and honour these, voutsafe with us
 Two onely, who yet by sov'rain gift possess
 This spacious ground, in vnder shade Bowre
 To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
 To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
 Be over, and the Sun more coole decline 370

Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answered mild
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
 Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
 As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n
 To visit thee, lead on then where thy Bowre
 Oreshades, for these mid hours, till Evening rise
 I have at will So to the Silv'n Lodge
 They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd
 With flourets deck't and fragrant smells, but *Eve*
 Undeck't, save with her self more lovely fair 380
 Then Wood Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
 Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,
 Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n, no vail
 Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme
 Alterd her cheek On whom the Angel *Haile*
 Bestow'd, the holy salutation us'd
 Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*

Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb
 Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
 Then with these various fruits the Trees of God 390
 Have heap'd this Table Ruis'd of grassie turf
 Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,
 And on her ample Square from side to side
 All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here
 Danc'd hand in hand A while discourse they hold,

No fear lest Dinner coole when thus began
 Our Authour Heavenly stranger please to taste
 These bounties which our Nourisher from whom
 All perfect good unmeasur'd out descends
 To us for food and for delight hath caus'd
 The Earth to yield unsavourie food perhaps
 To spiritual Natures only thus I know
 That one Celestial Father gives to all

400

To whom the Angel Therefore what he gives
 (Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
 Spiritual may of purest Spirits be found
 No ingrateful food and food alike those pure
 Intelligent substances require
 As doth your Rational and both contain
 Within them every lower facultie
 Of sense whereby they hear see smell touch taste
 Tasting concoct digest assimilate
 And corporeal to incorporeal turn
 For know whatever was created needs
 To be sustain'd and fed of Elements
 The grosser feeds the purer earth the sea
 Earth and the Sea feed Air the Air those Fires
 Ethereal and as lowest first the Moon
 Whence in her visage round those spots unpurg'd
 Vapours not yet into her substance turn'd
 Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
 From her moist Continent to higher Orbes
 The Sun that light imparts to all receives
 From all his alimential recompence
 In humid exhalations and at Even
 Sips with the Ocean though in Heaven the Trees
 Of life ambrosial frutage bear and vines
 Yield Nectar though from off the boughs each Morn
 We brush mellifluous Dewes and find the ground
 Cover'd with pearly grain yet God hath here
 Varied his bounty so with new delights
 As may compare with Heaven and to taste
 Think not I shall be nice So down they sat
 And to their vands fell nor seemingly
 The Angel nor in must the common gloss
 Of Theologians but with keen dispatch
 Of real hunger and concoctive heat
 To transubstantiate what redounds transpires
 Through Spirits with ease nor wonder if by fire
 Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchemist
 Can turn or holds it possible to turn

410

420

430

440

Metals of drowiest Ore to perfect Gold
 As from the Mine Main while it Tible /
 Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
 With pleasant liquors crown'd O Innocence
 Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,

Then had the Sons of God excuse to hate him
 I namour'd at that sight, but in those hearts
 Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousie
 Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell

450

Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd
 Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose
 In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass
 Given him by this great Conference to know
 Of things above his World, and of thir being
 Who dwell in Heaven, whose excellence he saw
 Transcend his own so far, whose radiant forms
 Divine effulgence, whose high Power so far
 Lceeded human, and his wary speech
 Thus to th' Lmpy real Minister he fram'd

460

Inhabitant with God, now know I well
 Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
 Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't
 To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
 Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
 As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
 At Heav'n's high feasts to have fed yet what compare^d

To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd

O *Adam*, one Almighty is, from whom

All things proceed, and up to him return,

470

If not deprav'd from good, created all

Such to perfection, one first matter all,

Indu'd with various forms, various degrees

Of substance, and in things that live, of life,

But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,

As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending

Each in thir severall active Sphears assign'd,

Till body up to spirit work, in bounds

Proportion'd to each kind So from the root

Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves 480

More aerie, last the bright consummate floure

Spirits odorous breathes flours and thir fruit

Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd

To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,

To intellectual, give both life and sense,

Fansie and understanding, whence the soule

Reason receives, and reason is her being,

Discursive or Intuitive discourse
 Is ofttest yours the latter most is ours
 Differing but in degree of kind the same 490
 Wonder not then what God for you saw good
 If I refuse not but convert as you
 To proper substance time may come when men
 With Angels may participate and find
 No inconvenient Diet nor too light Fare
 And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
 Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit
 Improv'd by tract of time and wing'd ascend
 Ethereal as wee or may at choice
 Here or in Heav'nly Paradises dwell 500
 If ye be found obedient and retain
 Unalterably firm his love entire
 Whose progenie you are Mean while enjoy
 Your fill what happiness this happie state
 Can comprehend incapable of more
 To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli'd
 O favourable spirit propitious guest
 Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
 Our knowledge and the scale of Nature set
 From center to circumference whereon 510
 In contemplation of created things
 By steps we may ascend to God But say
 What meant that caution joind if ye be found
 Obedient? can wee want obedience then
 To him or possibly his love desert
 Who form'd us from the dust and plac'd us here
 Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
 Human desires can seek or apprehend?
 To whom the Angel Son of Heav'n and Earth
 Attend That thou art happie owe to God 520
 That thou continu'st such owe to thy self
 That is to thy obedience therein stand
 This was that caution giv'n thee be advis'd
 God made thee perfect not immutable
 And good he made thee but to persevere
 He left it in thy power ordain'd thy will
 By nature free not overrul'd by Fate
 Inextricable or strict necessary
 Our voluntarie service he requires
 Not our necessitated such with him 530
 Findes no acceptance nor can find for how
 Can hearts not free be tri'd whether they serve
 Willing or no who will but what they must

By Destinie, and can no other choose
 My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand
 In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state
 I hold, as you yours while our obedience holds,
 On other surety none, freely we serve
 Because wee freely love as in our will
 To love or not, in this we stand or fall
 And some are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
 And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell, O fall
 From what high state of bliss into what woe!

540

To whom our great Progenitor Thy words
 Attentive, and with more delighted eare
 Divine instructor I have heard, then when
 Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
 Aerial Music send nor knew I not
 To be both will and deed created free,
 Yet that we never shall forget to love
 Our maker, and obey him whose command
 Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
 Assur'd me and still assure though what thou tellst
 Hath past in Heav'n, some doubt within me move,
 But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
 The full relation, which must needs be strange,
 Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard
 And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
 Hath finish't half his journey, and scarce begins
 His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n

550

560

Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*
 After short pause assenting, thus began
 High matter thou injoinst me O prime of men,
 Sd task and hard, for how shall I relate
 To human sense th' invisible exploits
 Of warring Spirits, how without remorse
 The ruin of so many glorious once
 And perfect while they stood, how last unfould
 The secrets of another world, perhaps
 Not lawfull to reveal- yet for thy good
 This is dispens't, and what surmounts the reach
 Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
 By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
 As may express them best, though what if Earth
 Be but the shadow of Heav'n, and things therein
 Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?

570

As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wilde
 Reign'd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth
 now rests

Upon her Center pos'd when on a day
 (For Time though in Eternitie appli'd 580
 To motion measures all things datable
 By present past and future) on such day
 As Heav'n's great Year brings forth th' Emphyreal Host
 Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd
 Innumerable before th' Almighty's Throne
 Forthwith from all the ends of Heav'n appear'd
 Under thir Hierarchies in orders bright
 Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd
 Standards and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
 Streame in the Aire and for distinction serv'd 590
 Of Hierarchies of Orders and Degrees
 Or in thir glittering Tissues bear emblaz'd
 Holy Memorials acts of Zeale and Love
 Recorded eminent Thus when in Orbes
 Of circuit inexpressible they stood
 Orb within Orb the Father infinite
 By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son
 A midst as from a flaming Mount whose top
 Brightness had made invisible thus spake
 Hear all ye Angels Progenie of Light 600
 Thrones Dominations Princedoms Vertues Powers
 Hear my Decree which unrevok't shall stand
 This day I have begot whom I declare
 My onely Son and on this holy Hill
 Him have anointed whom ye now behold
 At my right hand y^e our Head I him appoint
 And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
 All knees in Heav'n and shall confess him Lord
 Under his great Vicegerent Reign abide
 United as one individual Soule 610
 For ever happie him who disobeies
 Me disobeies breaks union and that day
 Cast out from God and blessed vision falls
 Into utter darkness deep ingulft his place
 Ordain'd without redemption without end
 So spake th' Omnipotent and with his words
 All seem'd well pleas'd all seem'd but were not all
 That day as other solem dayes they spent
 In song and dance about the sacred Hill
 Mystical dance which yonder starrie Spheare 620
 Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheelles
 Resembles nearest mazes intricate
 Eccentric intervolv'd y^et regular
 Then most when most irregular they seem

And in thir motions harmonie Divine
 So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
 Listens delighted I evening approach'd
 (For we have also our Evening and our Morn
 We ours for change delectable, not need)
 Worthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn 630
 Desirous, all in Circles as they stood
 Tables are set and on a sudden fill'd
 With Angels Food and rubied Nectar flows
 In Pearl in Diamond and massie Gold
 I run of delicious Vines the growth of Heaven
 They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
 Are fill'd before th' all bounteous King, who shew'd
 With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy
 Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhil'd
 From that high mount of God, whence light & shade 640
 Spring both the face of brightest Heaven had chang'd
 To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
 In dirl or veile) and roset Dew's dispos'd
 All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
 Wide over all the Plain and wider farr
 Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspread
 (Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng
 Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend
 By living Streams among the Trees of Life
 Pavilions numberless, and sudden reird, 650
 Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept
 Fann'd with coole Winds, save those who in thir course
 Melodious Hymns about the sov'reign Throne
 Alternate all night long but not so wald
 Satan, so call him now, his former name
 Is heard no more in Heaven, he of the first,
 If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,
 In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
 With envie against the Son of God, that day
 Honour'd by his great Father, and proclaim'd 660
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
 Through pride that sight, and thought himself impair'd
 Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain,
 Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre
 Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
 With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
 Unworshipt, unbey'd the Throne supream
 Contemptuous and his next subordinate
 Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake
 Sleepst thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close 670

Thy eye lids and remembreſt what Decree
 Of yeſterday ſo late hath paſt the lips
 Of Heav'ns Almightye Thou to me thy thoughts
 Waſt wont I mine to thee waſt wont to impart
 Both waking we were one how then can now
 Thy ſleep diſſent? new Laws thou ſeeſt impoſ'd
 New Laws from him who reigns new minds may riſe
 In us who ſerve new Counſels to debate
 What doubtful may enſue more in this place
 To utter is not ſafe Aſſemble thou 680
 Of all thoſe Myriads which we lead the chief
 Tell them that by command ere yet dim Night
 Her ſhadowie Cloud withdraws I am to haſte
 And all who under me thir Banners wave
 Homeward with ſwif ing march where we poſſeſſ
 The Quarters of the North there to prepare
 Fit entertainment to receive our King
 The great Meſſiah and his new commands
 Who ſpeedily through all the Hierarchies
 Intends to paſſ triumphant and give Laws 690
 So ſpall e the false Arch Angel and infuſ'd
 Bad influence into th unwarie breaſt
 Of his Associate hee together calls
 Or ſeveral one by one the Regent Powers
 Under him Regent tells as he was taught
 That the moſt High commanding now ere Night
 Now ere dim Night had diſincumberd Heav'n
 The great Hierarchal Standard waſt to move
 Tells the ſuggeſted cauſe and caſts between
 Ambiguous words and jealousies to ſound 700
 Or taint integritie but all obey'd
 The wonted ſignal and ſuperior voice
 Of thir great Potentate for great indeed
 His name and high waſt his degree in Heav'n
 His count'nance as the Morning Starr that guides
 The ſtarrie flock allur'd them and with ly'es
 Drew after him the third part of Heav'ns Hoſt
 Mean while th Eternal eye whoſe ſight diſcernes
 Abſtruſeſt thoughts from forth his holy Mount
 And from within the golden Lamps that burne 710
 Nightly before him ſaw without thir light
 Rebellion riſing ſaw in whom how ſpred
 Among the ſons of Morn what multitudes
 Were banded to oppoſe his high Decree
 And ſmiling to his onely Son thus ſaid
 Son thou in whom my glory I behold

In full resplendence, I heir of all my might,
 Neerly it now concernes us to be sure
 Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
 We mean to hold what inciently we clum 720
 Of Deitie or Lmpire, such a foe

Is rising who intends to erect his Throne
 Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North,
 Nor so content, hath in his thought to trie
 In battel, what our Power is, or our right
 I let us advise and to this hazard draw
 With speed what force is left, and all implov
 In our defence lest unawares we lose
 This our high place our Sanctuarie, our Hill

To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer 730
 Light ning Divine, ineffable, serene,
 Made answer Mightie Father, thou thy foes
 Justly hast in derision, and secure
 Laugh st at thir van designs and tumults van,
 Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate
 Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power
 Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event
 Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
 Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n

So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers 740
 Farr was advanc't on winged speed, in I lost
 Innumerable is the Stirrs of Night,
 Or Stirrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
 Impearls on every leif and every flouer
 Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies
 Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
 In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which
 All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more
 Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
 And all the Ser, from one entire globose 750
 Stretcht into Longitude, which having pass'd
 At length into the limits of the North

They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat
 High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
 Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs
 From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,
 The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call
 That Structure in the Dialect of men
 Interpreted) which not long after, hee
 Affecting all equality with God, 760
 In imitation of that Mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,

Thy making while the Maker gave thee being?
 We know no time when we were not as now
 Know none before us self begot self rais'd
 By our own quickning power when fatal course
 Had circl'd his full Orbe the birth mature
 Of this our native Heav'n Exhereal Sons 860
 Our puissance is our own our own right hand
 Shall teach us highest deeds by proof to try
 Who is our equal then thou shalt behold
 Whether by supplication we intend
 Address and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
 Beseeching or besieging This report
 These tidings carrie to th' anointed King
 And fly ere evil intercept thy flight

He said and as the sound of waters deep
 Hoarse murmur echo'd to his words applause 870
 Through the infinite Host nor less for that
 The flaming Seraph fearless though alone
 Encompass'd round with foes thus answer'd bold

O alienate from God O spirit accurs'd
 Forsak'n of all good I see thy fall
 Determin'd and thy hapless crew involv'd
 In this p'f'dious fraud contagion spread
 Both of thy crime and punishment henceforth
 No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
 Of Gods *Messiah* those indulgent Laws 880
 Will not now be voutsaf't other Decrees
 Against thee are gon forth without recall
 That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
 Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake
 Thy disobedience Well thou didst advise
 Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly
 These wicked Tents devoted least the wrath
 Impendent raging into sudden flame
 Distinguish not for soon expect to feel
 His Thunder on thy head devouring fire 890
 Then who created thee lamenting learne
 When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know

So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful sound
 Among the faithless faithful only hee
 Among innumerable false unmov'd
 Unshak'n unshook unshak'n unshak'n
 His Loyaltie he kept, his Love his Zeale
 Nor number nor example with him wrought
 To swerve from truth or change his constant mind
 Though single From amidst them forth he press'd 900

Long way through hostile scorn, which he susteind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught,
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Towers to swift destruction doom'd

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael continues to relate how Michael and Gabriel were sent forth to Battle against Satan and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd Satan and his Powers retire under Night. He calls a Council invents devilish Engines which in the second day's Fight put Michael and his Angels to some disorder. But they at length pulling up Mountains overhelmd both the force and Machins of Satan. Yet the Turn is not so ending God on the third day sends Messiah's Son for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that Victory. Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven which opening they leap down with horror and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep. Messiah returns with triumph to his Father.

ALl NIGHT the dreadful Angel unpursu'd
Through Heav'n's wide Champain held his way till
Morn

Wak'd by the circling Hours with rosie hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave
Within the Mount of God fast by his Throne
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns which makes through
Heav'n

Grateful vicissitude like Day and Night
Light issues forth and at the other dore
Obsequious darkness enters till her hour 10
To veil the Heav'n though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heav'n array'd in Gold
Empyreal from before her vanisht Night
Shot through with orient Beams when all the Plain
Cover'd with thick embattel'd Squadrons bright
Chariots and flaming Armes and fierie Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze first met his view
Warr he perceav'd warr in prospect and found
Already known what he for news had thought 15
To have reported gladly then he mixt
Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd
With joy and acclamations loud that one
That of so many Myriads fall'n yet one
Return'd not lost On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded and present

Before the seat supreme from whence a voice
 From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard
 Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
 The better fight, who single hast maintain'd 30
 Against revolted multitudes the Cause
 Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes,
 And for the testimonie of Truth hast born
 Universal reproach, far worse to beere
 Then violence for this was all thy care
 To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds
 Judg'd thee perverse the easier conquest now
 Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
 Bred on thy foes more glorious to return
 Then scorn'd thou didst depart, and to subdue 40
 By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
 Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King
Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns
 Goe *Michael* of Celestial Armes Prince,
 And thou in Military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to Battell these my Sons
 Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
 By Thousands and by Millions ring'd for fight,
 Equal in number to that Godless crew
 Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms 50
 Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
 Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
 Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf
 Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide
 His fiery *Chaos* to receive thir fall
 So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
 To dirl en all the Hill, and smok to rowl
 In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
 Of wrath awak't nor with less dreid the loud
 Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow 60
 At which command the Powers Militant,
 That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
 Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
 In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound
 Of instrumentall Harmonie that breath'd
 Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds
 Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause
 Of God and his *Messiah* On they move
 Indissolubly firm, nor obvious Hill,
 Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides 70
 Thir perfet ranks, for high above the ground
 Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore

To heav'nly Soules had bin all one but now
 I see that most through sloth had rather serve
 Ministring Spirits trained up in Feast and Song
 Such hast thou arm'd the Minstrelsie of Heav'n
 Servilitie with freedom to contend
 As both thir deeds compar'd this day shall prove 170

To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli'd
 Apostat still thou errst nor end wilt find
 Of erring from the path of truth remote
 Unjustly thou deprav'st it with the name
 Of *Servitude* to serve whom God ordains
 Or Nature God and Nature bid the same
 When he who rules is worthiest and excels
 Them whom he governs This is servitude
 To serve th' unwise or him who hath rebelld
 Against his worthier as thine now serve thee 180
 Thy self not free but to thy self enthralld
 Yet loudly dar'st our ministring upbraid
 Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom let mee serve
 In Heav'n God ever blest and his Divine
 Behests obey worthiest to be obey'd
 Yet Chains in Hell not Realms expect mean while
 From mee return'd as erst thou saidst from flight
 This greeting on thy impious Crest receive

So saying a noble stroke he lifted high
 Which hung not but so swift with tempest fell 190
 On the proud Crest of *Satan* that no sight
 Nor motion of swift thought less could his Shield
 Such ruin intercept ten pices huge
 He back recoild the tenth on bended knee
 His massie Spear upstaid as if on Earth
 Winds under ground or waters forcing way
 Sidelong had push't a Mountain from his seat
 Half sunk with all his Pines Amazement seisd
 The Rebel Thrones but greater rage to see
 Thus foil'd thir mightiest ours joy filld and shout 200
 Presage of Victorie and fierce desire
 Of Battel whereat *Michael* bid sound
 Th' Arch angel trumpet through the vast of Heav'n
 It sounded and the faithful Armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest nor stood at gaze
 The adverse Legions nor less hideous joynd
 The horrid shock now storming furie rose
 And clamour such as heard in Heav'n till now
 Was never Arms on Armour clashing bray'd
 Horrible discord and the madding Wheels 210

Of brizen Chariots rig'd, dire was the noise
 Of conflict over head the dismal hiss
 Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
 And flying vaulted either Host with fire
 So under fierce Cope together rush'd
 Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault
 And inextinguishable rage, all Heaven
 Resounded, and loud Earth bin then all Earth
 Had to her Center shook. What wonder when
 Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought 220
 On either side the least of whom could wield
 These Elements, and arm him with the force
 Of all thir Regions how much more of Power
 Armie against Armie numberless to ruse
 Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
 Though not destroy, thir happy Native seat,
 Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
 From his strong hold of Heaven high over-ruled
 And limited thir might, though numberd such 230
 As each divided Legion might have seem'd
 A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
 A Legion, led in fight, yet Leader seem'd
 Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
 When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
 Of Battel, open when, and when to close
 The ridges of grim Warr, no thought of flight,
 None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
 That argu'd fear, each on himself reli'd,
 As onely in his arm the moment lay
 Of victorie, deeds of eternal fame 240
 Were don, but infinite for wide was spread
 That Warr and various, sometimes on firm ground
 A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
 Tormented all the Air, all Air seem'd then
 Conflicting Fire long time in even scale
 The Battel hung, till *Satan*, who that day
 Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
 No equal, ruing through the dire attack
 Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
 Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd 250
 Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
 Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
 Wide wasting, such destruction to withstand
 He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb
 Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
 A vast circumference At his approach

The great Arch Angel from his warlike toile
 Surceas d and glad as hoping here to end
 Intestine War in Heav'n the arch foe subdu d
 Or Captive drag d in Chains with hostile frown 60
 And visage all enflam d first thus began

Author of evil unknown till thy revolt
 Unnam d in Heav'n now plenteous as thou scest
 These Acts of hateful strife hateful to all
 Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
 And thy adherents how hast thou disturb d
 Heav'n's blessed peace and into Nature brought
 Miserie uncreated till the crime

Of thy Rebellion^s how hast thou instill d
 Thy malice into thousands once upright
 And faithful now prov d false But think not here
 To trouble Holy Rest Heav'n casts thee out
 From all her Confines Heav'n the seat of bliss
 Brooks not the works of violence and Warr
 Hence then and evil go with thee along

Thy offspring to the place of evil Hell
 Thou and thy wicked crew there mingle broiles
 Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome
 Or som more sudden vengeance wing d from God
 Precipitate thee with augmented paine 80

So spake the Prince of Angels to whom thus
 The Adversarie Nor think thou with wind
 Of airtie threats to aw' whom yet with deeds
 Thou canst not Hast thou turn d the least of these
 To flight or if to fall but that they rise
 Unvanquisht easier to transact with mee
 That thou shouldst hope imperious & with threats
 To chase me hence^d erre not that so shall end
 The strife which thou call st evil but wee style
 The strife of Glorie which we mean to win 290
 Or turn this Heav'n it self into the Hell
 Thou fablest here how ever to dwell free
 If not to reign mean while thy utmost force
 And join him nam d *Almightie* to thy aid
 I fie not but have sought thee farr and nigh

They ended parle and both address for fight
 Unspeakable for who though with the tongue
 Of Angels can relate or to what things
 Liken on Earth conspicuous that may lift
 Human imagination to such highth
 Of Godlike Power for likest Gods they seemd
 Stood they or mov d in stature motion arms 300

Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n
 Now wou'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
 Made horrid Circles, two broad Suns thir Shields
 Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
 In horror, from each hand with speed retir'd
 Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
 And left large field, unsafe within the wind
 Of such commotion, such as to set forth 310
 Great things by small if Natures concord broke,
 Among the Constellations war were sprung,
 Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
 Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
 Should combat, and thir jarring Spheres confound
 Together both with next to Almighty Arme,
 Uplifted imminent one stroke they run'd
 That might determine, and not need repeat,
 As not of power, at once, nor odds appeerd
 In might or swift prevention, but the sword 320
 Of Michael from the Armorie of God
 Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
 Nor solid might resist that edge it met
 The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
 Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
 But with swift wheele reverse, deep entering shar'd
 All his right side, then Satan first knew pain,
 And wirth'd him to and fro convolv'd, so sore
 The griding sword with discontinuous wound
 Pass'd through him, but th' Ethernall substance clos'd 330
 Not long divisible, and from the gash
 A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
 Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
 And all his Armour stund ere while so bright
 Forthwith on all sides to his side was run
 By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
 Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
 Back to his Chariot, where it stood retir'd
 From off the files of war there they him laid
 Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame 340
 To find himself not matchless, and his pride
 Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath
 His confidence to equal God in power
 Yet soon he heal'd, for Spirits that live throughout
 Vital in every part, not as frail man
 In Entrailles, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,
 Cannot but by annihilating die,
 Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound

Receive no more then can the fluid Aire
 All Heart they live all Head all Eye all Eare 350
 All Intellect all Sense and as they please
 They Limb themselves and colour shape or size
 Assume as likes them best condense or rare

Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
 Memorial where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
 And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array
 Of *Moloc* furious King who him desl'd
 And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound
 Threatn'd nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
 Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous but anon 360
 Down clov'n to the waste with shatterd Armes
 And uncouth paine fled bellowing On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe
 Though huge and in a Rock of Diamond Arm'd
 Vanquish'd *Adramelec* and *Asmadai*
 Two potent Thrones that to be less then Gods
 Disdain'd but meaner thoughts learn'd in thir flight
 Mangl'd with gastly wounds through Plate and Maile
 Nor stood unmundful *Abdiel* to annoy
 The Atheist crew but with redoubl'd blow 370

Ariel and *Arioc* and the violence
 Of *Ramuel* scorcht and blasted o'erthrow
 I might relate of thousands and thir names
 Eternize here on Earth but those elect
 Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
 Seek not the praise of men the other sort
 In might though wondrous and in Acts of Warr
 Nor of Renown less eager yet by doome
 Canceld from Heav'n and sacred memorie
 Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell 380
 For strength from Truth divided and from Just
 Illaudable naught merits but dispraise
 And ignominie yet to glorie aspires
 Vain glorious and through infamie seeks fame
 Therefore Eternal silence be thir doome

And now thir mightiest quell'd the battel swerv'd
 With many an inroad gor'd deformed rout
 Enter'd and foul disorder all the ground
 With shiverd armour strow'n and on a heap
 Chariot and Charioter lay o'erturn'd 390
 And fierie foaming Steeds what stood recoyl'd
 Orewearied through the faint Satanic Host
 Defensive scarce or with pale fear surpris'd
 Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine

Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
 By sinne of disobedience till that hour
 Not liable to feir or flight or paine
 Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
 In Cubic Phalanx firm and entire,
 Invulnerable impenetrably arm'd 400
 Such high advantages thir innocence
 Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
 Not to have disobey'd, in fight they stood
 Unweiried, unobnoxious to be pain'd
 By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd

Now Night her course began, and over Heaven
 Inducing darkness, griteful truce impos'd,
 And silence on the odious din of Warre
 Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,
 Victor and Vanquisht on the foughten field 410
 Michael and his Angels prevalent
 Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,
 Cherubic waving fires on th' other part
 Satan with his rebellious disappoord,
 Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
 His Potentates to Councel call'd by night,
 And in the midst thus undismur'd began

O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
 Not to be overpowerd, Companions deire,
 Found worthy not of Libertie alone, 420
 Too meane pretense, but what we more affect,
 Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
 Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,
 (And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
 What Heavens Lord had powerfuller to send
 Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd
 Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
 But proves not so then fallible, it seems,
 Of future we may deem him, though till now
 Omniscient thought True is, less firmly arm'd, 430
 Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,
 Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
 Since now we find this our Emphyreal forme
 Incapable of mortal injurie
 Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,
 Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd
 Of evil then so small as easie think
 The remedie, perhaps more valid Armes,
 Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
 May serve to better us, and worse our foes, 440

Or equal what between us made the odds
 In Nature none if other hidden cause
 Left them Superiour while we can preserve
 Unhurt our munes and understanding sound
 Due search and consultation will disclose

He sat and in th assembly next upstood
Nisroc of Principalities the prime
 As one he stood escap t from cruel fight
 Sore toild his riv n Armes to hav oc hewn
 And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake 450
 Deliverer from new Lords leader to free
 Enjoyment of our right as Gods yet hard
 For Gods and too unequal work we find
 Against unequal armes to fight in paine
 Against unpaid impassive from which evil
 Ruin must needs ensue for what availes
 Valour or strength though matchless quelld with pain
 Which all subdues and makes remiss the hands
 Of Mightiest Sense of pleasure we may well
 Spare out of life perhaps and not repine 460
 But have content which is the calmest life
 But pain is perfer miserie the worst
 Of evils and excessive overturnes
 All patience He who therefore can invent
 With what more forcible we may offend
 Our yet unwounded Enemies or arme
 Our selves with like defence to mee deserves
 No less then for deliverance what we owe

Whereto with look compos d *Satan* repl d
 Not unvented that which thou aright 470
 Belevst so main to our success I bring
 Which of us who beholds the bright surface
 Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand
 This continent of spacious Heav n adorn'd
 With Plant Fruit Flour Ambrosial Gemms & Gold
 Whose Eye so superficially surveyes
 These things as not to mune from whence they grow
 Deep under ground materials dark and crude
 Of spiritous and fierie spume till toucht
 With Heav ns ray and temperd they shoot forth 480
 So beauteous op'ning to the ambient light
 These in thir dark Natisie the Deep
 Shall yeld us pregnant with infernal flame
 Which into hollow Engins long and round
 Thick rammd at th other bore with touch of fire
 Dilated and infuriate shall send forth

From far with thundring noise among our foes
 Such implements of mischief as shall dish
 To pieces, and overwhelm whatever stands
 Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarm'd 490
 The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt
 Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere draw ne
 Effect shall end our wish Mean while revive,
 Abandon fear, to strength and counsel join'd
 Think nothing hard, much less to be despair'd
 He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
 Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd
 Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee
 To be th' inventer miss'd, so easie it seem'd
 Once found, which yet unsound most would have 500
 thought

Impossible yet haply of thy Race
 In future dayes, if Malice should abound,
 Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
 With dev'lish machination might devise
 Like instrument to plague the Sons of men
 For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent
 Forthwith from Council to the work they flew,
 None arguing stood, innumerable hands
 Were ready, in a moment up they turn'd 510
 Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath
 Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
 Conception, Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
 They found, they mingl'd, and with subtle Art,
 Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
 To blackest grain, and into store convey'd
 Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
 Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
 Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls
 Of missive ruin, part incentive reed 520
 Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire
 So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night
 Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
 With silent circumspection unespied
 Now when fur Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd
 Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms
 The matin Trumpet Sung in Arms they stood
 Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,
 Soon banded, others from the dawning Hills
 Lookd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scoure,
 Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe, 530
 Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,

In motion or in alt him soon they met
 Under spread Ensignes moving nigh in slow
 But firm Battalion back with speediest Sail
 Zophiel of Cherubim the swiftest wing
 Came flying and in mid Aire aloud thus cri d

Arme Warriours Arme for fight the foe at hand
 Whom fled we thought will save us long pursuit
 This day fear not his flight so thick a Cloud
 He comes and settl d in his face I see

540

Sad resolution and secure let each
 His Adamantine coat gird well and each
 Fit well his Helme gripe fast his orb'd Shield
 Born eev'n or high for this day will pour down
 If I conjecture aught no drizzling shower
 But rattling storm of Arrows barbd with fire
 So warn'd he them aware themselves and soon
 In order quit of all impediment
 Instant without disturb they took Alarm
 And onward move Embattel'd when behold
 Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe
 Approaching gross and huge in hollow Cube
 Training his devilish Enginie impal d
 On every side with shadding Squadrons Deep
 To hide the fraud At interview both stood
 A while but suddenly at head appeerd
 Satan And thus was heard Commanding loud

550

Vanguard to Right and Left the Front unfould
 That all may see who hate us how we seek
 Peace and composure and with open brest
 Stand readie to receive them if they like
 Our overture and turn not back perverse
 But that I doubt howe'er witness Heav'n
 Heav'n witness thou anon while we discharge
 Freely our part yee who appointed stand
 Do as you have in charge and briefly touch
 What we propound and loud that all may hear

560

So scoffing in ambiguous words he scarce
 Had ended when to Right and Left the Front
 Divided and to either flank retir d
 Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange
 A triple mounted row of Pillars laid
 On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem'd
 Or hollow d bodies made of Oak or Firr
 With branches lopt in Wood or Mountain fell'd)
 Brass Iron Stone mould had not thir mouthes
 With hideous orifice gap't on us wide

570

Portending hollow truce, at each behind
 A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed
 Stood waving tipst with fire, while we suspense, 580
 Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
 Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds
 Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
 With nicest touch Immediate in a flame,
 But soon obscur'd with smoul, all Heaven appeerd,
 From those deep-throated Engins belcht, whose roar
 Emboweld with outrageous noise the Air,
 And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
 Thir devillish glut, chain'd Thunderbolts and Hail
 Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor I lost 590
 Level'd, with such imperuous furie smote,
 That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand
 Though standing else as Roel's but down they fell
 By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowld,
 The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might
 Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
 By quick contraction or remove, but now
 Foule disarption follow'd and forc't rout,
 Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files
 What should they do if on they rush'd, repulse 600
 Repeated, and indecent overthrow
 Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
 And to thir foes a hughter, for in view
 Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
 In posture to displode thir second tire
 Of Thunder back defeated to return
 They worse abhorr'd Satan beheld thir plight,
 And to his Mates thus in derision call'd

O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
 Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee, 610
 To entertain them fair with open Front
 And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms
 Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
 As they would dance, yet for a dance they seem'd
 Somewhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
 For joy of offer'd peace but I suppose
 If our proposals once again were heard
 We should compel them to a quick result

To whom thus Belial in like gamesom mood 620
 Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
 Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
 Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,

And stumbl'd many who receives them right
 Had need from head to foot well understand
 Not understood this gift they have besides
 They shew us when our foes will not upright.

So they among themselves in pleasant veine
 Stood scoffing highth'n'd in thir thoughts bey ond
 All doubt of Victorie eternal might

630

To match with thir inventions they presum'd
 So easie and of his Thunder made a scorn
 And all his Host derided while they stood
 A while in trouble but they stood not long
 Rage prompted them at length & found them arms
 Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose
 Forthwith (behold the excellence the power
 Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac'd)
 Thir Arms away they threw and to the Hills
 (For Earth hath this variety from Heav'n
 Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)

640

Light as the Lightning glumps they ran they flew
 From thir foundations loosning to and fro
 They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load
 Rocks Waters Woods and by the shaggie tops
 Up lifting bore them in thir hands Amaze
 Be sure and terrour seiz'd the rebel Host
 When coming towards them so dread they saw
 The bottom of the Mountains upward turn'd
 Till on those cursed Engines triple row
 They saw them whelmd and all thir confidence
 Under the weight of Mountains buried deep
 Themselves invaded next and on thir heads
 Main Promontories flung which in the Air
 Came shadowing and oppress whole Legions arm'd
 Thir armor help'd their harm crush't in and brus'd
 Into thir substance pent which wrought them pain
 Implacable and many a dolorous groan
 Long struggling underneath ere they could wind
 Out of such prison though Spirits of purest light
 Purest at first now gross by sinning grown
 The rest in imitation to like Armes

650

Betook them and the neighbouring Hills up tore
 So Hills amid the Air encountered Hills
 Hurl'd to and fro with jaculation dire
 That under ground they fought in dismal shade
 Infernal noise Warr seem'd a civil Game
 To this uproar horrid confusion heapt
 Upon confusion rose and now all Heav'n

660

Had gone to wrick, with ruin overspred, 670
 Had not th' Almighty Father where he sits
 Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
 Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
 This tumult, and permitted all, and is'd
 That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
 To honour his Anointed Son weng'd
 Upon his enemies, and to declare
 All power on him transferr'd whence to his Son
 Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began
 Effulgence of my Glorie, Son below'd, 680
 Son in whose face invisible is beheld
 Visibly, what by Deitie I am
 And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
 Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
 Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
 Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame
 These disobedient, sore hath been thir fight,
 As likeliest was, when two such Goe's met arm'd,
 For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
 Equal in their Creation they were form'd, 690
 Save what sin hath impair'd, which yet hath wrought
 Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom,
 Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
 Endless, and no solution will be found
 Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,
 And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,
 With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which mor'es
 Wild worl' in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine
 Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine,
 For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus far 700
 Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
 Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou
 Can end it Into thee such Vertue and Grace
 Immense I have transfus'd, that all may I now
 In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
 And this perverse Commotion governd thus,
 To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
 Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
 By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right
 Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might, 710
 Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheelles
 That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr
 My Bow and Thunder, my Almighty Arms
 Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh,
 Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out

From all Heav'ns bounds into the utter Deep
There let them learn as likes them to despise
God and *Messiah* his anointed King

He said and on his Son with Rayes direct
Shon full he all his Father full exprest
Ineffably into his face receiv'd 720

And thus the filial Godhead answering spoli

O Father O Supream of heav'nly Thrones
First Highest Holiest Best thou alwayes seekst
To glorifie thy Son I alwayes thee
As is most just thus I my Glorie account
My exaltation and my whole delight
That thou in me well pleas'd declarst thy will
Fulfill'd which to fulfil is all my bliss

Scepter and Power thy giving I assume 730
And gladder shall resign when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All and I in thee

For ever and in mee all whom thou lov'st
But whom thou hat'st I hate and can put on
Thy terrors as I put thy mildness on
Image of thee in all things and shall soon
Arm'd with thy might rid heav'n of these rebell'd
To thir prepar'd ill Mansion driven down
To chains of Darkness and th' undying Worm
That from thy just obedience could revolt 740

Whom to obey is happiness entire
Then shall thy Saints unmixt and from th' impure
Farr separate circling thy holy Mount
Unfain'd *Halleluahs* to thee sing
Hymns of high praise and I among them chief
So said he o're his Scepter bowing rose
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate
And the third sacred Morn began to shine
Dawning through Heav'n forth rush'd with whirl wind
sound

The Chariot of Paternal Deitie 750

Flashing thick flames Wheele within Wheele undrawn
It self instinct with Spirit but convey'd
By four Cherubic shapes four Faces each
Had wondrous as with Stars thir bodies all
And Wings were set with Eyes with Faces the Wheels
Of Beril and careering Fires between
O'er thir heads a chrysal Firmament
Whereon a Saphir Throne inlaid with pure
Amber and colours of the show'rie Arch
Hec in Celestial Panoplie all arm'd 760

Of radiant *Urm* world divinely wrought,
 Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
 Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
 And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
 And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
 Of smoke and bickering flame, and sparkles dire,
 Attended with ten thousand thousand Suints,
 He onward came, farr off his coming shon,
 And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)
 Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen 770
 Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
 On the Cry stallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd
 Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own
 First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
 When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd
 Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n
 Under whose Conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd
 His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
 Under thir Head embodied all in one
 Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd, 780
 At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
 Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
 Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renew'd,
 And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd
 This saw his hapless Goe, but stood obdur'd,
 And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
 Insensate, hope conceiving from despair
 In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
 But to convince the proud what Signs waile,
 Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent? 790
 They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,
 Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
 Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
 Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
 Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
 Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall
 In universal ruin last, and now
 To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,
 Or faint retreat, when the great Son of God
 To all his Host on either hand thus spake 800
 Stand still in bright array ye Suints, here stand
 Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest,
 Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God
 Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
 And as ye have receiv'd, so have ye don
 Invincibly but of this cursed crew

The punishment to other hand belongs
 Vengeance is his or whose he sole appoints
 Number to this dayes work is not ordain'd
 Nor multitude stand onely and behold 810
 Gods indignation on these Godless pourd
 By mee not you but mee they have despis'd
 Yet enuied against mee is all thir rage
 Because the Father t whom in Heav'n supreme
 Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains
 Hath honourd me according to his will
 Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assign'd
 That they may have thir wish to trie with mee
 In Battel which the stronger proves they all
 Or I alone against them since by strength 820
 They measure all of other excellence
 Not emulous nor care who them excells
 Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe
 So spake the Son and into terrour chang'd
 His countenance too severe to be beheld
 And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies
 At once the Four spread out thir Starrie wings
 With dreadful shade contiguous and the Orbes
 Of his fierce Chariot rowld as with the sound
 Of torrent Floods or of a numerous Host 830
 Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove
 Gloomie as Night under his burning Wheels
 The steadfast Emphyrean shook throughout
 All but the Throne it self of God Full soon
 Among them he arriv'd in his right hand
 Grasping ten thousand Thunders which he sent
 Before him such as in thir Soules infix'd
 Plagues they astonisht all resistance lost
 All courage down thir idle weapons drop'd
 O're Shields and Helmes and helmed heads he rode 840
 Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate
 That wish'd the Mountains now might be again
 Thrown on them as a shelter from his ire
 Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
 His arrows, from the fourfold visag'd Foure
 Distinct with eyes and from the living Wheels
 Distinct alike with multitude of eyes
 One Spirit in them rul'd and every eye
 Glar'd lightning and shot forth pernicious fire
 Among th' accurst that witherd all thir strength 850
 And of thir wonted vigour left them drain'd
 Exhausted spiritless, afflicted fall'n

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
 His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meint
 Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n
 The overthrow he rus'd, and as I heard
 Of Goats or timorous flock together throng'd
 Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
 With terrors and with furies to the bounds
 And Chry stall wall of Heav'n, which opening wide, 860
 Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd
 Into the wastful Deep, the monstrous sight
 Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
 Urg'd them behind, headlong themselves they threw
 Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth
 Burnt after them to the bottomless pit

Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
 Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
 Affrighted, but strict Fate had cast too deep
 Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound 870
 Nine dayes they fell, confounded *Chaos* roard,
 And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
 Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
 Incumberd him with ruin Hell at last
 Yawning receav'd them whole, and on them clos'd,
 Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
 Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine
 Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repair'd
 Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld 880
 Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes
Messiah his triumphal Chariot turn'd
 To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
 Eye witnesses of his Almighty Acts,
 With Jubilee advanc'd, and as they went,
 Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
 Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
 Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
 Worthiest to Reign he celebrated rode
 Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
 And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd 890
 On high, who into Glorie him receav'd,
 Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss

Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
 At thy request, and that thou maist beware
 By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
 What might have else to human Race bin hid
 The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n
 Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall

PARADISE LOST

900

Of those too high aspiring who rebelld
 With *Satan* hee who envies now thy state
 Who now is plotting how he may seduce
 Thee also from obedience that with him
 Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake
 His punishment Eternal miserie
 Which would be all his solace and revenge
 As a despite don against the most High
 Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe
 But list n not to his Temptations warne
 Thy weaker let it profit thee to have heard
 By terrible Example the reward
 Of disobedience firm they might have stood
 Yet fell remember and fear to transgress

910

BOOK VII

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael at the request of Adam relates how and wherefore this world was first created that God, after the expelling of Satan and his Angels out of Heaven declared his pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein, sends his Son with Glory and a train of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six days the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his ascension into Heaven

DESCEND from Heaven *Urania*, by that name
 If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
 Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I soar,
 Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing
 The meaning, not the Name I call for thou
 Nor of the *Muses* nine nor on the top
 Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heaven's lie borne,
 Before the Hills appear'd, or Fountain flow'd,
 Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse
 Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play
 In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
 With thy Celestial Song Up led by thee
 Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presum'd,
 An Earthly Guest, and drawn Empyrean Aire,
 Thy tempering, with like safety guided down
 Return me to my Native Element
 Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
 Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall
 Erroneous, there to wander and forlorn
 Half yet remains unsung, but narrower bound
 Within the visible Diurnal Sphere,
 Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
 More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
 On evil days though fall'n, and evil tongues,
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude, yet not alone, while thou
 Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
 Purples the East still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few
 But drive far off the barbarous dissonance
 Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race

Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
 In *Rhodope* where Woods and Rocks had Eares
 To rapture till the savage clamor dround
 Both Harp and Voice nor could the Muse defend
 Her Son So fail not thou who thee implores
 For thou art Heav'nlie shee an empty dreame

Say Goddess what ensu'd when *Raphael*

40

The affable Arch angel had forewarn'd

Adam by dire example to beware

Apostacie by what befell in Heaven

To those Apostates least the like befall

In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race

Charg'd not to touch the interdicted Tree

If they transgress and slight that sole command

So easily obey'd amid the choice

Of all tastes else to please thir appetite

Though wandring He with his consorted *Eve*

50

The storie heard attentive and was fill'd

With admiration and deep Muse to heare

Of things so high and strange things to thir thought

So unimaginable as hate in Heav'n

And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss

With such confusion but the evil soon

Driv'n back redounded as a flood on those

From whom it sprung impossible to mix

With Blessedness Whence *Adam* soon repeal'd

The doubts that in his heart arose and now

60

Led on yet sinless with desire to know

What neerer might concern him how this World

Of Heav'n and Earth conspicuous first began

When and whereof created for what cause

What within *Eden* or without was done

Before his memorie as one whose drouth

Yet scarce allay'd still eyes the current streame

Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites

Proceeded thus to ask his Heav'nly Guest

Great things and full of wonder in our eares

70

Farr differing from this World thou hast reveal'd

Divine Interpreter by favour sent

Down from the Emptie rean to forewarn

Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,

Unknown which human knowledg could not reach

For which to the infinitely Good we owe

Immortal thanks and his admonishment

Receave with solennine purpose to observe

Immutably his sovran will the end

Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsif t
 Gently for our instruction to impart 80
 Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd
 Our knowing, is to highest wisdom seemd,
 Deign to descend now lower, and relate
 What may no less perhaps vule us know n,
 How first began this Heav'n which we behold
 Distant so high, with moving Fires adorn'd
 Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
 All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd
 Imbricing round this florid Earth, what cruse 90
 Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
 Through all Eternitie so late to build
 In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon
 Absolvd, if unforbid thou maist unfould
 What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
 Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
 To magnifie his works, the more we know
 And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
 Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n
 Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares, 100
 And longer will delay to heare thee tell
 His Generation, and the rising Birth
 Of Nature from the unapparent Deep
 Or if the Starr of Evening and the Moon
 Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
 Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
 Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
 End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine
 Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought
 And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde 110
 This also thy request with caution aske
 Obtaine though to recount Almightye works
 What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
 Or heart of man suffice to comprehend
 Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
 To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
 Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
 Thy hearing, such Commission from above
 I have receav'd, to answer thy desire
 Of knowledge within bounds, beyond abstain 120
 To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
 Things not reveal'd which th' invisible King,
 Onely Omniscient hath suppress in Night,
 To none communicable in Earth or Heaven
 Enough is left besides to search and know

But Knowledge is as food and needs no less
 Her Temperance over Appetite to know
 In measure what the mind may well contain
 Oppresses else with Surfet and soon turns
 Wisdom to Folly as Nourishment to Winde

130

Know then that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n
 (So call him brighter once amidst the Host
 Of Angels then that Starr the Starrs among)
 Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
 Into his place and the great Son return'd
 Victorious with his Saints th' Omnipotent
 Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
 Thir multitude and to his Son thus spake

At least our envious Foe hath fail'd who thought
 All like himself rebellious by whose aid
 Thus inaccessible high strength the seat
 Of Deitie supream us dispossess

140

He trusted to have seiz'd and into fraud
 Drew many whom thir place knows here no more
 Yet farr the greater part have kept I see
 Thir station Heav'n yet populous retains
 Number sufficient to possess her Realmes
 Though wide and this high Temple to frequent
 With Ministeries due and solemn Rites

But least his heart exalt him in the harme
 Already done to have dispeopl'd Heav'n
 My damage fondly deem'd I can repaire
 That detriment if such it be to lose

150

Self lost and in a moment will create
 Another World out of one man a Race
 Of men innumerable there to dwell

Not here till by degrees of merit rais'd
 They open to themselves at length the way
 Up hither under long obedience tri'd

And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n & Heav'n to Earth

160

One Kingdom Joy and Union without end
 Mean while inhabit late ye Powers of Heav'n

And thou my Word begotten Son by thee
 Thus I perform speak thou and be it don
 My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
 I send along ride forth and bid the Deep
 Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth
 Boundless the Deep because I am who fill
 Infinitude nor vacuous the space

Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire
 And put not forth my goodness which is free

170

To act or not, Necessitie and Chance
 Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate
 So spake th' Almightye and to what he spake
 His Word, the Ilish Godhead, gave effect
 Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
 Then time or motion, but to humin eers
 Cannot without process of speech be told,
 So told as earthly notion can receive
 Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n 180
 When such was heard declar'd the Almightyes will,
 Glorie they sung to the most High, good will
 To future men, and in thir dwellings peace
 Glorie to him whose just revenging ire
 Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
 And th' habitations of the just, to him
 Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
 Good out of evil to create, in steed
 Of Spirits *maligne* a better Race to bring
 Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse 190
 His good to Worlds and Ages infinite
 So sang the Hierarchies Meane while the Son
 On his great Expedition now appeer'd,
 Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
 Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love
 Immense, and all his Father in him shon
 About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
 Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
 And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
 From the Armoury of God, where stand of old 200
 Myrads betwene two brazen Mountains lodg'd
 Against a solemn day, harness at hand,
 Celestial Equipage, and now came forth
 Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
 Attendant on thir Lord Heav'n op'nd wide
 Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound
 On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
 The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
 And Spirit coming to create new Worlds
 On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore 210
 They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
 Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,
 Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
 And surging waves, as Mountains to assault
 Heav'ns high, and with the Center mix the Pole
 Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,
 Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end

Nor staid but on the Wings of Cherubim
 Uplifted in Paternal Glorie rode
 Farr into *Chaos* and the World unborn ~20
 For *Chaos* heard his voice him all his Traine
 Follow'd in bright procession to behold
 Creation and the wonders of his might.
 Then staid the fervid Wheelles and in his hand
 He took the golden Compasses prepar'd
 In Gods Eternal store to circumscribe
 This Universe and all created things
 One foot he center'd and the other turn'd
 Round through the vast profunditie obscure
 And said thus farr extend thus farr thy bounds 230
 This be thy just Circumference O World
 Thus God the Heav'n created thus the Earth
 Matter unform'd and void Darkness profound
 Cover'd th' Abyss but on the wat'rie calme
 His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread
 And vital vertue infus'd and vital warmth
 Throughout the fluid Mass but downward purg'd
 The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
 Adverse to life then founded then conglob'd
 Like things to like the rest to severall place ~40
 Disparted and between spun out the Air
 And Earth self ballanc'd on her Center hung
 Let ther be Light said God and forthwith Light
 Ethereal first of things quintessence pure
 Sprung from the Deep and from her Native East
 To journey through the aerie gloom began
 Spheer'd in a radiant Cloud for yet the Sun
 Was not shew'd in a cloudie Tabernacle
 Sojourn'd the while God saw the Light was good
 And light from darkness by the Hemisphere 250
 Divided Light the Day and Darkness Night
 He nam'd Thus was the first Day Eeven and Morn
 Nor past uncelebrated nor unsung
 By the Celestial Quires when Orient Light
 Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld
 Birth day of Heav'n and Earth with joy and shout
 The hollow Universal Orb they fill'd
 And touch'd their Golden Harps & hymning prais'd
 God and his works Creatour him they sung
 Both when first Evening was and when first Morn 260
 Again God said let ther be Firmament
 Amid the Waters and let it divide
 The Waters from the Waters and God made

The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
 Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
 In circuit to the uttermost convex
 Of this great Round partition firm and sure,
 The Waters underneath from those above
 Dividing for as Earth, so hee the World
 Built on circumfluous Waters calme in wide
 Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
 Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, leist fierce extremes
 Contiguous might distemper the whole frame
 And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament So Lev'n
 And Morning *Chorus* sung the second Day

The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
 Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
 Appeer'd not over all the face of Earth
 Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
 Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,
 Fermented the great Mother to conceive,
 Sitate with genial moisture, when God said
 Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
 Into one place, and let dry Land appeer
 Immediately the Mountains huge appeer
 Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
 Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie
 So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
 Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
 Capacious bed of Waters thither they
 Hasted with glid precipitance, uproll'd
 As drops on dust conglobing from the drier,
 Part rise in crystal Will, or ridge direct,
 For haste, such slight the great command impress'd
 On the swift flouds as Armies at the call
 Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
 Troop to thir Standard, so the wat'rie throng,
 Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
 If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
 Soft-ebbing, nor withstood them Rock or Hill,
 But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
 With Serpent error wandring, found thir way,
 And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore,
 Easie, ere God had bid the ground be drie,
 All but within those banks, where Rivers now
 Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid trame
 The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
 Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas
 And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth

Put forth the verdant Grass Herb yielding Seed 310
 And Fruit Tree yielding Fruit after her kind
 Whose Seed in her self upon the Earth
 He scarce had said when the bare Earth till then
 Desert and bare unsightly unadorn'd
 Brought forth the tender Grass whose verdure clad
 Her Universal Face with pleasant green
 Then Herbs of every leaf that sudden flour'd
 Opening their various colours and made gay
 Her bosom smelling sweet and these scarce blown
 Forth flourish'd thick the clustering Vine forth crept 320
 The smelling Gourd up stood the cornie Reed
 Embattel'd in her field add the humble Shrub
 And Bush with friz'd hair implicit last
 Rose as in Dance the stately Trees and spread
 Their branches hung with copious Fruit or gemm'd
 Their Blossoms with high Woods the Hills were crown'd
 With tufts the vallies & each fountain side
 With borders long the Rivers That Earth now
 Seem'd like to Heaven a seat where Gods might dwell
 Or wander with delight and love to haunt 330
 Her sacred shades though God had yet not rain'd
 Upon the Earth and man to till the ground
 None was but from the Earth a dewie Mist
 Went up and water'd all the ground and each
 Plant of the field which ere it was in the Earth
 God made and every Herb before it grew
 On the green stemm God saw that it was good
 So Evening and Morn recorded the Third Day
 Again the Almighty spake Let there be Lights 340
 High in the expanse of Heaven to divide
 The Day from Night and let them be for Signes
 For Seasons and for Dayes and circling Years
 And let them be for Lights as I ordaine
 Their Office in the Firmament of Heaven
 To give Light on the Earth and it was so
 And God made two great Lights great for their use
 To Man the greater to have rule by Day
 The less by Night alterne and made the Starrs
 And set them in the Firmament of Heaven
 To illuminate the Earth and rule the Day 350
 In their vicissitude and rule the Night
 And Light from Darkness to divide God saw
 Surveying his great Work that it was good
 For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun
 A mightie Spheare he fram'd unlightsome first

Though of Ethereal Mould then form'd the Moon
 Globose, and ev'ry magnitude of Starrs,
 And sow'd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field
 Of Light by farr the greater part he took,
 Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd 360
 In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive
 And drink the liquid Light, firm to receive
 Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light
 Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs
 Repuring, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,
 And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns,
 By tincture or reflection they augment
 Thir small peculiar, though from human sight
 So farr remote, with diminution seen
 First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen, 370
 Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
 Invested with bright Rayes, jocond to run
 His Longitude through Heav'n's high rode the gray
 Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him dinc'd
 Shedding sweet influence less bright the Moon,
 But opposite in level West was set
 His mirror with full face borrowing her Light
 From him, for other light she needed none
 In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
 Till night, then in the East her turn she shines, 380
 Revolv'd on Heav'n's great Axle, and her Reign
 With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
 With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd
 Spangling the Hemisphere then first adorn'd
 With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,
 Glad Evening & glad Morn crown'd the fourth day
 And God said, let the Waters generate
 Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule
 And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
 Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n 390
 And God created the great Whales, and each
 Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
 The waters generated by thir kindes,
 And every Bird of wing after his kinde,
 And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
 Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
 And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill,
 And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth
 Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay
 With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales 400
 Of Fish that with thir Finns & shining Scales

Glide under the green Wave in Sculles that oft
 Bank the mid Sea part single or with mate
 Graze the Sea weed thir pasture & through Groves
 Of Coral stray or sporting with quick glance
 Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold
 Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease attend
 Moist nutriment or under Rocks thir food
 In jointed Armour watch on smooth the Scale
 And bended Dolphins play part huge of bulk 410
 Wallowing unweildie enormous in thir Gate
 Tempest the Ocean there Leviathan
 Hugest of living Creatures on the Deep
 Stretche like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes
 And seems a moving Land and at his Gilles
 Draws in and at his Trunck spours out a Sea
 Mean while the tepid Caves and Fens and shoares
 Thir Brood as numerous hatch from the Egg that soon
 Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos'd
 Thir callow young but featherd soon and fledge 420
 They summ'd thir Penns and soaring th' air sublime
 With clang despis'd the ground under a cloud
 In prospect there the Eagle and the Stork
 On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyrtes build
 Part loosly wing the Region part more wise
 In common rang'd in figure wedge thir way
 Intelligent of seasons and set forth
 Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea s
 Flying and over Lands with mutual wing
 Easing thir flight so steers the prudent Crane 430
 Her annual Voiage born on Windes the Aire
 Floats as they pass fann'd with unnumber'd plumes
 From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
 Solac'd the Woods and spread thir painted wings
 Till Ev'n nor then the solemn Nightingal
 Ceas'd warbling but all night tun'd her soft layes
 Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath'd
 Thir downie Brest the Swan with Arched neck
 Between her white wings mantling proudly Rowes
 Her state with Oarfeet yet oft they quit 440
 The Dank and rising on stiff Pennons tow're
 The mid Aereal Skie Others on ground
 Walk'd firm the crested Cock whose chiron sounds
 The silent hours and th' other whose gay Traine
 Adorns him colour'd with the Florid hue
 Of Rainbows and Starrie Lyes The Waters thus
 With Fish replenisht and the Aire with Owle

Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fifth day

The Sixth, and of Creation last rose
 With Evening Harps and Mattin, when God said, 450
 Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her l inde,
 Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
 Each in thir l inde The Earth obey'd, and strut
 Op'ning her fertil Womb teem'd it a Birth
 Innumerable living Creatures, perfect formes,
 Limb'd and full grown out of the ground up rose
 As from his Lure the wilde Beast where he wons
 In Forrest wilde in Thicket, Brile, or Den,
 Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, thiev wlk'd
 The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green 460
 Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
 Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung
 The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd
 The Fawne Lion, pawing to get free
 His hinder parts, then springs is broke from Bonds,
 And Rimpant shakes his Brinded main, the Ounce,
 The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
 Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
 In Hillocks, the swift Stag from under ground
 Bore up his branching head scarce from his mould 470
Behemoth biggest born of Earth upheav'd
 His vastness I leec't the Flocks and bleating rose,
 As Plants ambiguous between Sea and Land
 The River Horse and scale Crocodile
 At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
 Insect or Worme, those wav'd thir limbei fans
 For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
 In all the Liveries deckt of Summers pride
 With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green
 These as a line thir long dimension drew, 480
 Streaking the ground with sinuous trace, not all
 Minims of Nature, some of Serpent kinde
 Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
 Thir Snake foulds, and added wings First crept
 The Parsimonious Emmet, provident
 Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
 Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
 Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
 Of Commonaltie swarming next appeer'd
 The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone 490
 Deliciously, and builds her waven Cells
 With Honey stor'd the rest are numberless,
 And thou thir Natures know'st, and giv'st them Names,

Needless to thee repeated nor unknown
 The Serpent subtil st Beast of all the field
 Of huge extent sometimes with brazen Eyes
 And haire Main terrific though to thee
 Not noxious but obedient at thy call
 Now Heav'n in all her Glorie shon and rowld
 Her motions as the great first Movers hand 500
 First wheel'd thir course Earth in her rich attire
 Consummate lovly smil'd Aire Water Earth
 By Fowl Fish Beast was flown was swum was walkt
 Frequent and of the Sixt day yet remain'd
 There wanted yet the Master work the end
 Of all yet don a Creature who not prone
 And Brute as other Creatures but endu'd
 With Sanctitie of Reason might erect
 His Stature and upright with Front serene
 Govern the rest self knowing and from thence 510
 Magnanimous to correspond with Heav'n
 But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
 Descends thither with heart and voice and eyes
 Directed in Devotion to adore
 And worship God Supream who made him chief
 Of all his works therefore the Omnipotent
 Eternal Father (For where is not hee
 Present) thus to his Son audibly spake

I et us make now Man in our image Man
 In our similitude and let them rule 520
 Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire
 Beast of the Field and over all the Earth
 And every creeping thing that creeps the ground
 Thus said he form'd thee Adam thee O Man
 Dust of the ground and in thy nostrils breath'd
 The breath of Life in his own Image hee
 Created thee in the Image of God
 Express and thou becam'st a living Soul
 Male he created thee but thy consort
 Femal for Race then bless'd Mankinde and said 530
 Be fruitful multiple and fill the Earth
 Subdue it and throughout Dominion hold
 Over Fish of the Sea and Fowle of the Aire
 And every living thing that moves on the Earth
 Wherever thus created for no place
 Is yet distinct by name thence as thou know'st
 He brought thee into this delicious Grove
 This Garden planted with the Trees of God
 Delectable both to behold and taste

And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food
 Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yeelds, 540
 Varietie without end, but of the Tree
 Which tasted woul's knowledge of Good and Evil,
 Thou mai'st not, in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st,
 Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
 And govern well thy appetite, lea'st sin
 Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death
 Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made
 View'd, and behold all was entirely good,
 So Ev'n and Morn accomplish'd the Six day 550
 Yet not till the Creator from his work
 Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd
 Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
 Thence to behold this new created World
 Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
 In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
 Answering his great Idea Up he rode
 Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
 Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd
 Angelic harmonies the Earth, the Aire 560
 Resounded, (thou remember'st for thou heardst)
 The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
 The Planets in thir stations list'ning stood,
 While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant
 Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
 Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores, let in
 The great Creator from his work return'd
 Magnificent, his Six days work, a World,
 Open, and henceforth oft, for God will deigne
 To visit oft the dwellings of just Men 570
 Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
 Thither will send his winged Messengers
 On errands of supernal Grace So sung
 The glorious Train ascending He through Heav'n,
 That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led
 To Gods Eternal house direct the way,
 A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold
 And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appear,
 Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
 Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest 580
 Pouderd with Starrs And now on Earth the Seaventh
 Ev'ning arose in Eden, for the Sun
 Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
 Forerunning Night, when at the holy mount
 Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne

Of Godhead fixt for ever firm and sure
 The Filial Power arm'd and sat him down
 With his great Father for he also went
 Invisible yet staid (such priviledge
 Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain'd 590
 Author and end of all things and from work
 Now resting bless'd and hallow'd the Seav'nth day
 As resting on that day from all his work
 But not in silence holy kept the Harp
 Had work and rested not the solemn Pipe
 And Dulcimer all Organs of sweet stop
 All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
 Temper'd soft Tunings intermixt with Voice
 Choral or Unison of incense Clouds
 Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount 600
 Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung
 Great are thy works *Jehovah* infinite
 Thy power what thought can measure thee or tongue
 Relate thee greater now in thy return
 Then from the Giant Angels thee that day
 Thy Thunders magnifi'd but to create
 Is greater then created to destroy
 Who can impair thee mighty King or bound
 Thy Empire easily the proud attempt
 Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine 610
 Thou hast repeld while impiously they thought
 Thee to diminish and from thee withdraw
 The number of thy worshippers Who seekes
 To lessen thee against his purpose serves
 To manifest the more thy might his evil
 Thou usest and from thence creat'st more good
 Witness this new made World another Heav'n
 From Heaven Gate not farre founded in view
 On the cleer *Hyaline* the Glassie Sea
 Of amplitude almost immense with Starrs 620
 Numerous and every Starr perhaps a World
 Of destin'd habitation but thou know'st
 Thir seasons among these the seat of men
 Larth with her nether Ocean circumfus'd
 Thir pleasant dwellin' place Thrice happy men
 And sons of men whom God hath thus advanc'd
 Created in his Image there to dwell
 And worship him and in reward to rule
 Over his Works on Earth in Sea or Air
 And multiply a Race of Worshippers 630
 Holy and just thrice happy if they know

Thir happiness, and persevere upright
So sung they, and the Empe rein rung,
With *Halleluabs* Thus was Sabbath kept
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was don
From the beginning, that posteritie
Informd by thee might know, if else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say

BOOK VIII

THE ARGUMENT

Adam inquires concerning celestial Motions is doubtfully answer'd and exhort'd to search rather things more worthy of knowledge Adam assents and still desirous to detain Raphael relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation & is placing in Paradise his talk with God concerning solitude and his society his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve his discourse with the Angel thereupon who after admonitions repeated departs

THE ANGEL ended and in Adams Eare
 So Charming left his voice that he a while
 Thought him still speaking still stood fixt to hear
 Then as new wak't thus gratefully repli'd |¹
 What thanks sufficient or what recompence
 Equal have I to render thee Divine
 Historian who thus largely hast assaid
 The thirst I had of knowledge and voutsaf't
 This friendly condescension to relate
 Things else by me unsearchable now heard 10
 With wonder but delight and as is due
 With glorie attributed to the high
 Creator some thing yet of doubt remaines
 Which onely thy solution can resolve
 When I behold this goodly Frame this World
 Of Heav'n and Earth consisting and compute
 Their magnitudes this Earth a spot a graine
 An Atom with the Firmament compar'd
 And all her number'd Stars that seem to rowle
 Spaces incomprehensible (for such 0
 Their distance argues and their swift return
 Diurnal) meere to officiate light
 Round this opacous Earth this punctual spot
 One day and night in all their vast survey
 Useless besides reasoning I oft admire
 How Nature wise and frugal could commit
 Such disproportions with superfluous hand
 So many nobler Bodies to create
 Greater so manifold to this one use
 For aught appeers and on their Orbs impose 10

The four bracketed lines were added in the second edition (1647) when Book VIII was divided into 140 at line 640. Line 641 had read "To whom thus Adam gratefully repli'd

Such restless revolution day by day
 Repeated, while the sedentary Earth,
 That better might with far less compass move,
 Serv'd by more noble than her self, attunes
 Her end without least motion, and receives,
 As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
 Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light,
 Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number fails
 So spake our Sire, and by his countenance seem'd
 Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve* 40
 Perceiving where she sat retir'd in sight,
 With lowliness Majestic from her seat,
 And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
 To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
 Her Nurserie, they at her coming sprung
 And toucht by her fair tendance gladder grew
 Yet went she not, is not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her care
 Of what was high such pleasure she reserv'd, 50
Adam relating, she sole Auditress,
 Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
 Before the Angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather hence, she knew would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
 Not Words alone pleas'd her O when meet now
 Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joynd
 With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
 Not unattended, for on her as Queen 60
 A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
 And from about her shot Darts of desire
 Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight
 And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd
 Benevolent and facil thus repli'd

To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
 Is as the Book of God before thee set,
 Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
 His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares,
 This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth, 70
 Imports not, if thou reckon right, the rest
 From Man or Angel the great Architect
 Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
 His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
 Rather admire, or if they list to try
 Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns

Hath left to thir disputes perhaps to move
 His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
 Hereafter when they come to model Heav'n
 And calculate the Starrs how they will weild 80
 The mightie frame how build unbuild contrive
 To save appeerances how gird the Sphear
 With Centric and Eccentric scrib'd o're
 Cycle and Epicycle Orb in Orb
 Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess
 Who art to lead thy offspring and supposest
 That Bodies bright and greater should not serve
 The less not bright nor Heav'n such journeys run
 Earth siting still when she alone receaves
 The benefit consider first that Great 90
 Or Bright inferrs not Excellence the Earth
 Though in comparison of Heav'n so small
 Nor glistering *may of solid good contrine*
 More plenty then the Sun that barren shines
 Whose vertue on it self worles no effect
 But in the fruitful Earth there first receav'd
 His beams unactive else thir vigor find
 Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
 Officious but to thee Earths habitant
 And for the Heav'ns wide Circuit let it speak 100
 The Makers high magnificence who built
 So spacious and his Line stretcht out so farr
 That Man may know he dwells not in his own
 An Edifice too large for him to fill
 Lodg'd in a small partition and the rest
 Ordain'd for uses to his Lord best known
 The swiftness of those Circles attribute
 Though numberless to his Omnipotence
 That to corporeal substances could adde
 Speed almost Spiritual mee thou thinkst not slow 110
 Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav'n
 Where God resides and ere mid day arriv'd
 In Eden distance inexpressible
 By Numbers that have name But this I urge
 Admitting Motion in the Heav'ns to shew
 Invalid that which thee to doubt mov'd
 Not that I so affirm though so it seem
 To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth
 God to remove his wayes from human sense
 Plac'd Heav'n from Earth so farr that earthly sight 120
 If it presume might erre in things too high
 And no advantage game What if the Sun

Be Center to the World, and other Starrs
 By his attractive vertue and thur own
 Incited, dance about him various rounds;
 Thur wandering course now high, now low, then hid,
 Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
 In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
 The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
 Insensibly three different Motions move 130
 Which else to severel Sphæars thou must ascribe,
 Mov'd contrarie with thw art obliquities,
 Or see the Sun his labour, and that swift
 Nocturnal and Diurnal rhomb suppos'd,
 Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele
 Of Day and Night, which needs not thy beleefe,
 If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
 Travelling East, and with her part verse
 From the Suns beame meet Night, her other part 140
 Still luminous by his ray What if that light
 Sent from her through the wide transpicious ure,
 To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr
 Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night
 This Earth reciprocally, if Land be there,
 Fields and Inhabitants Her spots thou seest
 As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
 Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate
 Allotted there, and other Suns perhaps
 With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie 150
 Communicating Male and Female Light,
 Which two great Sexes animate the World,
 Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live
 For such vast room in Nature unpossess
 By living Soule, desert and desolate,
 Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute
 Each Orb a glimpse of Light, conveyd so farr
 Down to this habitable, which returns
 Light back to them, is obvious to dispute
 But whether thus these things, or whether not,
 Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n 160
 Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
 Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,
 Or Shee from West her silent course advance
 With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
 On her soft Axle, while she paces Lev'n,
 And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,
 Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
 Leave them to God above, him serve and feare,

Of other Creatures as him pleases best
 Wherever plac t let him dispose joy thou
 In what he gives to thee this Paradise
 And thy fur Eye Heav n is for thee too high
 To l now what passes there be lowlie wise
 Thin! onely what concerns thee and thy being
 Dream not of other Worlds what Creatures there
 Live in what state condition or degree
 Contented that thus farr hath been reveal d
 Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav n

170

To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt repli d
 How fully hast thou satisfi d mee pure
 Intelligence of Heav n Angel serene
 And freed from intricacies taught to live
 The easiest way nor with perplexing thoughts
 To interrupt the sweet of Life from which
 God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares
 And not molest us unless we our selves
 Seek them with wandring thoughts and notions vaine
 But apte the Mind or Fancie is to roave
 Uncheckt and of her roaving is no end
 Till warn d or by experience taught she learn
 That not to know at large of things remote
 From use obscure and subtle but to know
 That which before us lies in daily life
 Is the prime Wisdom what is more is fume
 Or emptiness or fond impertinence
 And renders us in things that most concerne
 Unpractis d unprepar d and still to seek
 Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
 A lower slight and speak of things at hand
 Useful whence haply mention may arise
 Of something not unseasonable to ask

180

190

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By sufferance and thy wonted favour deign d
 Thee I have heard relating what was don
 Ere my remembrance now hear mee relate
 My *Storie* which perhaps thou hast not heard
 And Day is yet not spent till then thou seest
 How suitly to detain thee I devise
 Inviting thee to hear while I relate
 Fond were it not in hope of thy reply
 For while I sit with thee I seem in Heav n
 And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare
 Then Fruits of Palm tree pleasantest to thirst
 And hunger both from labour in the houre
 Of sweet repast they satiate and soon fill

210

Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no stitutive

To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent, for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd 220

Inward and outward both, his image faire
Speaking or mute all comeliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man
For God who see hath honour'd thee, and set
On Man his equal Love say therefore on,
For I that Day was absent, as befell,

Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure, 230
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell,
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)

To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest hee incens'd at such eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mixt
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure

Our prompt obedience Fast we found, fast shut 240
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong,
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage

Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning so we had in charge
But thy relation now, for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with mine

So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire
For Man to tell how human Life began 250
Is hard for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induc'd me As new wak't from soundest sleep
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
Soon drid, and on the reaking moisture fed
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright 260

Stood on my feet about me round I saw
 Hill Dale and shady Woods and sunny Plains
 And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams by these
 Creatures that liv'd and mov'd and walk'd or flew
 Birds on the branches warbling all things smil'd
 With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd
 My self I then perceiv'd and Limb by Limb
 Survey'd and sometimes went and sometimes ran
 With supple joints as lively vigour led
 But who I was or where or from what cause
 Knew not to speak I tri'd and forthwith spake
 My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
 What e'er I saw Thou Sun said I sure Light
 And thou enlighten'd Earth so fresh and gay
 Ye Hills and Dales ye Rivers Woods and Plains
 And ye that live and move fair Creatures tell
 Tell if ye saw how came I thus how here?
 Not of my self by some great Maker then
 In goodness and in power preëminent
 Tell me how may I know him how adore
 From whom I have that thus I move and live
 And feel that I am happier then I know
 While thus I call'd and stray'd I knew not whither
 From where I first drew Aire and first beheld
 This happy Light when answer none return'd
 On a green shady Bank profuse of Flours
 Pensive I sat me down there gentle sleep
 First found me and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My droused sense untroubled though I thought
 I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible and forthwith to dissolve
 When suddenly stood at my Head a dream
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My Fancy to believe I yet had being
 And liv'd One came methought of shape Divine
 And said thy Mansion wants thee Adam rise
 First Man of Men innumerable ordain'd
 First Father call'd by thee I come thy Guide
 To the Garden of bliss thy seat prepar'd
 So saying by the hand he took me rais'd
 And over Fields and Waters as in Aire
 Smooth sliding without step last led me up
 A woodie Mountain whose high top was plaine
 A Circuit wide enclosed with goodliest Trees
 Planted with Walks and Bowers that what I saw
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd Each Tree

-70

-80

290

300

Lord'n with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Lye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eate, whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream 310
 Had lively shadow'd Here had new begun
 My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
 Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,
 Presence Divine Rejoycing, but with aw
 In adoration at his feet I fell
 Submiss he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,
 Snd mildely, Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee or beneath
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate 320
 Of every Tree that in the Garden grows
 Eate freely with gl'd heart, fear here no dearth
 But of the Tree whose operation brings
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
 Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
 Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence for know,
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye, 330
 From that day mortal, and this happy State
 Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World
 Of woe and sorrow Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice
 Not to incur, but soon his cleer aspect
 Return'd and gritious purpose thus renew'd
 Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth
 To thee and to thy Race I give, as Lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live, 340
 On live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle
 In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold
 After thir kindes, I bring them to receive
 From thee thir Names, and pry thee fealtie
 With low subjection, understand the same
 Of Fish within thir watry residence,
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire
 As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
 Approching two and two, These cowering low 350
 With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood

Thir Nature with such knowledg God endu d
 My sudden apprehension but in these
 I found not what me thought I wanted still
 And to the Heav'nly vision thus presum'd

O by what Name for thou above all these
 Above mankind or aught then mankind higher
 Surpassest farr my naming how may I
 Adore thee Author of this Universe

360

And all this good to man for whose well being
 So amply and with hands so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things but with mee
 I see not who partakes In solitude

What happiness who can enjoy alone
 Or all enjoying what contentment find?
 Thus I presumptuous and the vision bright
 As with a smile more bright nd thus repli d

What call'st thou solitude is not the Earth
 With various living creatures and the Aire
 Replenish'd and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee know'st thou not

370

Thir language and thir wayes they also I now
 And reason not contemptibly with these
 Find pastime and beare rule thy Realm is large
 So spake the Universal Lord and seem'd
 So ordeting I with leave of speech implor'd
 And humble deprecation thus repli d

Let not my words offend thee Heav'nly Power
 My Maker be propitious while I speak
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute
 And these inferiour farr beneath me set?

380

Among unequals what societie
 Can sort what harmonie or true delight
 Which must be mutual in proportion due
 Given and receiv'd but in disparitie

The one intense the other still remiss
 Cannot well suite with either but soon prove
 Tedious alike Of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek fit to participate

390

All rational delight wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort they rejoyce
 Each with thir kinde Lion with Lioness
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd
 Much less can Bird with Beast or Fish with Fowle
 So well converse nor with the Ox the Ape
 Wors then can Man with Beast and least of all

Whereto th' Almighty answer'd not displeas'd

A mee and suttie happiness I see
 Thou to thy self propos'est, in the choice 400
 Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie
 What thinkest thou then of mee, and thus my State,
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess
 Of happiness, or not- who am alone
 From all Eternitie, for none I know
 Second to mee or like, equal much less
 How have I then with whom to hold converse
 Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferiour, infinite descents 410
 Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?

He cens'd, I lowly answer'd To attaine
 The high and depth of thy Eternal wayes
 All human thoughts come short, Supream of things,
 Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee
 Is no deficiency found, not so *Man*,
 But in degree, the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like to help,
 Or solace his defects No need that thou
 Shouldst propagat, already infinite, 420
 And through all numbers absolute, though One,
 But *Man* by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like, this Image multipli'd,
 In untie defective, which requires
 Collateral love, and dearest amitie
 Thou in thy secrecie although alone,
 Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not
 Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
 Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt 430
 Of Union or Communion, devis'd,
 I by conversing cannot these erect

From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find
 Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious voice Divine

Thus farr to try thee *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
 And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free, 440
 My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
 And be so minded still, I, ere thou spak'st,

Knew it not good for Man to be alone
 And no such companie as then thou saw st
 Intended thee for trial onely brought
 To see how thou could st judge of fit and meet
 What next I bring shall please thee be assur d
 Thy likeness thy fit help thy other self
 Thy wish exactly to thy hearts desire

450

Hee ended or I heard no more for now
 My earthly by his Heav nly overpowerd
 Which it had long stood under streind to the highth
 In that celestial Colloquie sublime

As with an object that excels the sense
 Dazl d and spent, sunk down and sought repair
 Of sleep which instantly fell on me call d
 Illy Nature as in aide and clos d mine eyes
 Mine eyes he clos d but op n left the Cell
 Of Fancie my internal sight by which
 Abstract as in a transe methought I saw

460

Though sleeping where I lay and saw the shiape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood
 Who stooping op nd my left side and took
 From thence a Rib with cordial spirits warine
 And Life blood streaming fresh wide was the wound
 But suddenly with flesh fill d up & heal d
 The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands
 Under his forming hands a Creature grew

470

Manlike but different sex so lovly faire
 That what seemd fair in all the World seemd now
 Mean or in her summd up in her containd
 And in her looks which from that time infus d
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before
 And into all things from her Aire inspir d
 The spirit of love and amorous delight
 She disappeerd and left me dark I wik d
 To find her or for ever to deplore

480

Her loss and other pleasures all abjure
 When out of hope behold her not farr off
 Such as I saw her in my dream adorn d
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable On she came
 Led by her Heav nly Maker though unseen
 And guided by his voice nor uninform d
 Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav n in her Lye
 In every gesture dignitie and love
 I overjoy d could not forbear aloud

490

This turn hath made amends, thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
 Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest I now see
 Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
 Before me, Woman is her Name, of Man
 Extracted, for this cause he shall forgoe
 Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere,
 And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule

She heard me thus, and though divinely brought, 500

Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,
 Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable, or to say all,

Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd,
 I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,
 And with obsequious Majestie approv'd

My pleaded reason To the Nuptial Bowre 510

I led her blushing like the Morn all Heaven,
 And happie Constellations on that houre
 Shed thir selectest influence, the Earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill,
 Joyous the Birds, fresh Gales and gentle Aires
 Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings
 Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
 Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Evening Starr
 On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp

Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought 520

My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss
 Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such
 As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
 Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
 I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits & Flours,
 Walks, and the melodie of Birds, but here
 Farr otherwise, transported I behold,

Transported touch, here passion first I felt, 530

Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
 Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weak
 Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance
 Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part
 Not proof enough such Object to sustain,
 Or from my side subducting, took perhaps

More then enough at least on her bestow'd
 Too much of Ornament in outward shew
 Elaborate, of inward less exact
 For well I understand in the prime end 540
 Of Nature her th' inferiour in the mind
 And inward Faculties which most excell
 In outward also her resembling less
 His Image who made both and less expressing
 The character of that Dominion giv'n
 O're other Creatures yet when I approach
 Her loveliness so absolute she seems
 And in her self compleat so well to know
 Her own that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest vertuosest discreetest best 550
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded Wisdom in discourse with her
 Looses discountenance and like folly shewes
 Authoritie and Reason on her waite
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally and to consummate all
 Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat
 Build in her loveliest and create an awe
 About her as a guard Angelic place
 To whom the Angel with contracted brow 560
 Accuse not Nature she hath don her part
 Do thou but thine and be not diffident
 Of Wisdom she deserts thee not if thou
 Dismiss not her when most thou needst her nigh,
 By attributing overmuch to things
 Less excellent as thou thy self perceav'st
 For what admir'st thou what transports thee so
 An outside? fair no doubt and worthy well
 Thy cherishing thy honouring and thy love
 Not thy subjection weigh with her thy self 570
 Then value Oft times nothing profits more
 Then self esteem grounded on just and right
 Well manag'd of that skill the more thou know'st
 The more she will acknowledge thee her Head
 And to realities yeld all her shows
 Made so adorn for thy delight the more
 So awfull that with honour thou must love
 Thy mate who sees when thou art seen least wise
 But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
 Is propagated seem such dear delight 580
 Beyond all other think the same voutsaf't
 To Cattel and each Beast which would not be

To them made common & divulg'd, if ought
 Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
 The Soule of Man, or passion in him move
 What higher in her societie thou findest
 Attractive, human, rational, love still,
 In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
 Wherein true Love consists not, love refines
 The thoughts, and heart enlarges, with his set
 In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
 By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,
 Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
 Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found

590

To whom thus half abash't *Adam* repli'd
 Neither her out-side form'd so fair, nor aught
 In procreation common to all kinds
 (Though higher of the genial Bed by fir,
 And with mysterious reverence I deem)
 So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
 Those thousand decencies that daily flow
 From all her words and actions, mixt with Love
 And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
 Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule
 Harmonie to behold in wedded pair
 More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare
 Yet these subject not, I to thee disclose
 What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,
 Who meet with various objects, from the sense
 Variously representing, yet still free
 Approve the best, and follow what I approve
 To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist
 Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide,
 Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask,
 Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love
 Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix
 Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?

600

610

To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
 Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,
 Answer'd Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
 Us happie, and without Love no happiness
 Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
 (And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
 In eminence, and obstacle find none
 Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs
 Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
 Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
 Desiring, nor restrain'd conveyance need

620

As Flesh to mix with Flesh or Soul with Soul
 But I can now no more the parting Sun
 Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles
Hesperian sets my Signal to depart
 Be strong live happie and love but first of all
 Him whom to love is to obey and keep
 His great command take heed lest Passion sway
 Thy Judgement to do aught which else free Will
 Would not admit thine and of all thy Sons
 The weal or woe in thee is plac'd beware
 I in thy persevering shall rejoyce
 And all the Blest stand fast to stand or fall
 Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies
 Perfect within no outward aid require
 And all temptation to transgress repel
 So saying he arose whom *Adam* thus
 Follow'd with benediction Since to part
 Go heavenly Guest Ethereal Messenger
 Sent from whose sovran goodness I adore
 Gentle to me and affable hath been
 Thy condescension and shall be honour'd ever
 With grateful Memorie thou to mankind
 Be good and friendly still and oft return
 So parted they the Angel up to Heav'n
 From the thick shade and *Adam* to his Bow're

630

640

650

BOOK IX

THE ARGUMENT

Satan having compassed the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping Adam and Eve in the Morning go forth to their labours, which Eve proposes to divide in several places each labouring apart Adam consents not, alledging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone Eve loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength, Adam at last yields The Serpent finds her alone, his subile approach, first gazing then speaking, with much flattery extolling Eve above all other Creatures Eve wondering to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now the Serpent answers that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, till then void of both Eve requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat, she pleas'd with the taste deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to Adam or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what perswaded her to eat thereof Adam at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the Fruit The effects thereof in them both they seek to cover their nakedness, then fall to variance and accusation of one another

NO MORE of talk where God or Angel Guest
 With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
 To sit indulgent, and with him partake
 Rural repast, permitting him the while
 Venial discourse unblam'd I now must chunge
 Those Notes to Tragic, foul distrust, and breach
 Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
 And disobedience On the part of Heav'n
 Now alienated, distance and distrust,
 Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n, 10
 That brought into this World a world of woe,
 Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie
 Deaths Harbinger Sad task, yet argument
 Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth
 Of stern Achilles on his Foe pursu'd
 Thrice Fugitive about Troy Wall, or rage
 Of Turnus for Lavinia disespous'd,
 Or Neptun's ire or Juno's, that so long
 Perplex'd the Greeke and Cytherea's Son,
 If answerable style I can obtaine 20
 Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
 Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
 And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires

Easie my unpremeditated Verse
 Since first this Subject for Heroic Song
 Pleas'd me long choosing and beginning late
 Not sedulous by Nature to indite
 Warrs hitherto the onely Argument
 Heroic deem'd chief maistrise to dissect
 With long and tedious havoc fabl'd Knights
 In Battels feign'd the better fortitude
 Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
 Unsung or to describe Races and Games
 Or tilting Furniture emblazon'd Shields
 Impreses quaint Caparisons and Steeds
 Bases and tinsel Trappings gorgious Knights
 At Joust and Torneament then marshal'd Feast
 Serv'd up in Hall with Sewers and Seneshals
 The skill of Artifice or Office mean
 Not that which justly gives Heroic name
 To Person or to Poem Mee of these
 Nor skild nor studious higher Argument
 Remaines sufficient of it self to raise
 That name unless an age too late or cold
 Climat or Years damp may intended wing
 Deprest and much they may if all be mine
 Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear

20

40

50

The Sun was sunk and after him the Starr
 Of *Hesperus* whose Office is to bring
 Twilight upon the Earth short Arbitrer
 Twixt Day and Night and now from end to end
 Night's Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round
 When *Satan* who late fled before the threats
 Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden* now improv'd
 In meditated fraud and malice bent
 On mans destruction maugre what might hap
 Of heavier on himself fearless return'd
 By Night he fled and at Midnight return'd
 From compassing the Earth cautious of day
 Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descri'd
 His entrance and forewarn'd the Cherubim
 That kept thir watch thence full of anguish driv'n
 The space of seven continu'd Nights he rode
 With darkness thrice the Equinoctial Line
 He circl'd four times cross'd the Carr of Night
 From Pole to Pole traversing each Colure
 On the eighth return'd and on the Coast averse
 From entrance or Cherubic Watch by stealth
 Found unsuspected way There was a place

60

Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wrought the
change,

70

Where *Tigris* at the foot of *Paradise*
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life,
In with the River sunl, and with it rose
Satan invol'd in rising Mist, then sought
Where to lie hid, Sea he had searcht and Land
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River *Ob*,
Downward as farr *Antartic*, and in length
West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd
At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and *Indus* thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow search, and with inspection deep
Consider'd every Creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent subtlest Beast of all the Field
Him after long debate, irresolute

80

Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight for in the wile Snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native subtletie
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the sense of brute
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward griefe
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd

90

O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old'
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns
That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentring all thir precious beams
Of sacred influence As God in Heav'n
Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receav'st from all those Orbs, in thee,
Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
Of Creatures animate with gradual life
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man
With what delight could I have walk't thee round

100

110

If I could joy in aught sweet interchange
 Of Hill and Vallie Rivers Woods and Plaines
 Now Land now Sea & Shores with Forrest crownd
 Rocks Dens and Caves but I in none of these
 Find place or refuge and the more I see
 Pleasures about me so much more I feel 120
 Torment within me as from the hateful siege
 Of contraries all good to me becomes
 Bane and in Heav'n much worse would be my state
 But neither here seek I no nor in Heav'n
 To dwell unless by maistring Heav'n's Supream
 Nor hope to be my self less miserable
 By what I seek but others to make such
 As I though thereby worse to me redound
 For onely in destroy'ing I finde ease
 To my relentless thoughts and him destroy'd 130
 Or won to what may work his utter loss
 For whom all this was made all this will soon
 Follow as to him linkt in weal or woe
 In woe then that destruction wide may range
 To mee shall be the glorie sole among
 The infernal Powers in one day to have marr'd
 What he *Almightie* styl'd six Nights and Days
 Continu'd making and who knows how long
 Before had bin contriving though perhaps
 Not longer then since I in one Night freed 140
 From servitude inglorious welnigh half
 Th' Angelic Name and thinner left the throng
 Of his adorers hee to be aveng'd
 And to repara his numbers thus impair'd
 Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
 More Angels to Create if they at least
 Are his Created or to spite us more
 Determin'd to advance into our room
 A Creature form'd of Earth and him endow
 Exalted from so base original 150
 With Heav'nly spoils our spoils What he decreed
 He effected Man he made and for him built
 Magnificent this World and Earth his seat
 Him Lord pronounc'd and O indignitie!
 Subjected to his service Angel wings
 And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
 Thir earthie Charge Of these the vigilance
 I dread and to elude thus wrapt in mist
 Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie
 In every Bush and Brake where hap may finde 160

The Serpent sleeping, in whose mizic foulds
 To hide me, and the dark intent I bring
 O foul descent! that I who erst contended
 With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind
 Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
 This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
 That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd,
 But what will not Ambition and Revenge
 Descend to? who aspires must down as low
 As high he soard, obnoxious first or last
 To basest things Revenge, at first though sweet,
 Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles,
 Let it, I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
 Since higher I fall short, on him who next
 Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
 Of Heaven, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
 Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
 From dust spite then with spite is best repaid

So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
 Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
 His midnight search, where soonest he might finde
 The Serpent him fast sleeping soon he found
 In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,
 His head the midst, well stor'd with suttile wiles
 Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
 Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe
 Fearless unfeard he slept in at his Mouth
 The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,
 In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
 With act intelligential, but his sleep
 Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn
 Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne
 In Eden on the humid Flours, that breathd
 Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,
 From th' Earths great Altar send up silent pruse
 To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
 With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair
 And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire
 Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
 The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires
 Then commune how that day they best may ply
 Thir growing work for much thir work outgrew
 The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide
 And Eve first to her Husband thus began
 Adam, well may we labour still to dress
 This Garden, still to tend Plant, Heib and Flour

Our pleasant task enjoy'd but till more hands
 Aid us the world under our labour grows
 Luxurious by restraint what we by day
 Lop overgrown or prune or prop or bind -10
 One night or two with wanton growth derides
 Tending to wilde Thou therefore now advise
 Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present
 Let us divide our labours thou where choice
 Leads thee or where most needs whether to wind
 The Woodbine round this Arbour or direct
 The clasping Ivie where to climb while I
 In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
 With Myrtle find what to redress till Noon
 For while so near each other thus all day - 0
 Our task we choose what wonder if so near
 Looks intervene and smiles or object new
 Casual discourse draw on which intermits
 Our dayes work brought to little though begun
 Early and th' hour of Supper comes unearn'd
 To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return'd
 Sole *Eve* Associate sole to me beyond
 Compare above all living Creatures deare
 Well hast thou motion'd wel thy thoughts implor'd
 How we might best fulfill the work which here -20
 God hath assign'd us nor of me shalt pass
 Unprais'd for nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman then to studie household good
 And good workes in her Husband to promote
 Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos'd
 Labour as to debar us when we need
 Refreshment whether food or talk between
 Food of the mind or this sweet intercourse
 Of looks and smiles for smiles from Reason flow
 To brute deny'd and are of Love the food -30
 Love not the lowest end of human life
 For not to irksome toyle but to delight
 He made us and delight to Reason joynd
 These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands
 Will keep from Wilderness with ease as wide
 As we need walk till younger hands ere long
 Assist us But if much converse perhaps
 Thee satiate to short absence I could yield
 For solitude sometimes is best societie
 And short retirement urges sweet returne -40
 But other doubt possesses me least harm
 Befall thee sever'd from me for thou knowst

What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe
 Envy'ng our happiness, and of his own
 Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
 By sly assault, and somewhere nigh at hand
 Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
 His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
 Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each
 To other speedie aide might lend at need, 260
 Whether his first design be to withdraw
 Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
 Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss
 Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more,
 Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
 That gave thee being, stil shades thee and protects
 The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
 Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,
 Who guards her, or with her the worst endures

To whom the Virgin Majestie of *Eve*, 270
 As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
 With sweet austere composure thus reply'd

Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord
 That such an Enemie we have, who seeks
 Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,
 And from the parting Angel over-heard
 As in a shadie nook I stood behind,
 Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours
 But that thou shouldst my firmness therfore doubt
 To God or thee, because we have a foe 280
 May tempt it, I expected not to hear
 His violence thou fearst not, being such,
 As wee, not capable of death or paine,
 Can either not receave, or can repell
 His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs
 Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
 Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't,
 Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy brest,
Adam, misstought of her to thee so dear?

To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd 290
 Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,
 For such thou art, from sin and blame entire
 Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
 Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
 Th attempt it self, intended by our Foe
 For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
 The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
 Not incorruptible of Faith, not proof

Against temptation thou thy self with scorne
 And anger wouldst resent the offer d wrong 300
 Though ineffectual found misdeem not then
 If such affront I labour to avert

From thee alone which on us both at once
 The Enemy though bold will hardly dare
 Or daring first on mee th assault shall light
 Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn
 Suttle he needs must be who could seduce
Angels nor think superfluous others aid
 I from the influence of thy looks receive
 Access in every Vertue in thy sight 310

More wise more watchful stronger if need were
 Of outward strength while shame thou looking on
 Shame to be overcome or over reacht
 Would utmost vigor raise and rais d unite
 Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
 When I am present and thy trial choose
 With me best witness of thy Vertue tri d

So spake domestick *Adam* in his care
 And Matrimonial Love but *Eve* who thought
 Less attributed to her Faith sincere 320
 Thus her reply with accent sweet renewd

If this be our condition thus to dwell
 In narrow circuit strait nd by a Foe
 Suttle or violent we not endu d
 Single with like defence wherever met
 How are we happie still in fear of harm?
 But harm precedes not sin onely our Foe
 Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
 Of our integritie his foul esteeme

Sticks no dishonor on our Front but turns 330
 Foul on himself then wherfore shund or feard
 By us? who rather double honour gaine
 From his surmise prov d false finde peace within,
 Favour from Heav'n our witness from th event
 And what is Faith Love Vertue unassaid

Alone without exterior help sustaind?
 Let us not then suspect our happie State
 Left so imperfet by the Maker wise
 As not secure to single or combin d.
 Fraile is our happiness, if this be so 340
 And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos d.

To whom thus *Adam* fervently repli d
 O Woman best are all things as the will
 Of God ordaind them his creating hand

Nothing imperfet or deficient left
 Of all that he Created, much less Man,
 Or ought that might his happie State secure,
 Secure from outward force, within himself
 The danger lies, yet lies within his power
 Against his will he can receive no harme
 But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
 Reason, is free, and Reason he made right
 But bid her well beware, and still erect,
 Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd
 She dictate false, and misinforme the Will
 To do what God expressly hath forbid
 Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,
 That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me
 Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
 Since Reason not impossibly may meet
 Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
 And fall into deception unware,
 Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warn'd
 Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
 Were better, and most likeli if from mee
 Thou sever not Trial will come unsought
 Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve
 First thy obedience, th' other who can know,
 Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
 But if thou think, trial unsought may finde
 Us both securer then thus warn'd thou seemst,
 Go, for thy stay, not free, absents thee more,
 Go in thy native innocence, relie
 On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
 For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine
 So spake the Patriarch of Mankind, but *Eve*
 Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd
 With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd
 Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
 Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,
 May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,
 The willinger I goe, nor much expect
 A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek,
 So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse
 Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
 Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
 Oread or Dryad, or of *Delia's* Traine,
 Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self
 In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like depoit,
 Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver arm'd,

350

360

370

380

390

But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude
 Guiltless of fire had form'd or Angels brought
 To *Piles* or *Pomona* thus adorn'd
 I likest she seem'd *Pomona* when she fled
 I *erminius* or to *Ceres* in her Prime
 Yet Vargin of *Proserpina* from *Jo e*
 Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd
 Delighted but desiring more her stay
 Oft he to her his charge of quick returne
 Repeated shew to him as oft engag'd
 To be return'd by Noon amid the Bowre,
 And all things in best order to invite
 Noontide repast or Afternoons repose
 O much deceay'd much failing hapless *Eve*
 Of thy presum'd return' event perierse'
 Thou never from that houre in *Paradise*
 Foundst either sweet repast or sound repose
 Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades
 Waited with hellish rancor imminent
 To intercept thy way or send thee back
 Despoild of Innocence of Faith of Bliss
 For now and since first break of dawning the Fiend
 Meer Serpent in appearance forth was come
 And on his Quest where likeliest he might finde
 The onely two of Mankinde but in them
 The whole included Race his purpos'd prey
 In Bowre and Field he sought where any taste
 Of Grove or Garden Plot more pleasant lay
 Thir tendance or Plantation for delight
 By Fountain or by shady Rivulet
 He sought them both but wish'd his hap might find
 E separate he wish'd but not with hope
 Of what so seldom chanc'd when to his wish
 Beyond his hope E separate he spies
 Veild in a Cloud of Fragrance where she stood
 Half spid so thick the Roses bushing round
 About her glow'd oft stooping to support
 Each Flour of slender stalk whose head though gay
 Carnation Purple Azure or spect with Gold
 Hung drooping unsustained them she upstaies
 Cently with Mistle band mindless the while
 Her self though fairest unsupported Flour
 From her best prop so farr and storm so nigh
 Neerer he drew and many a walk travers'd
 Of stately Covert Cedar Pine or Palme
 Then voluble and bold, now hid now seen

Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours
 Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*
 Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd
 Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renown'd 440
Alcinous, host of old *Laertes* Son,
 Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
 Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouse
 Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more
 As one who long in populous City pent,
 Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
 Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
 Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
 Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
 The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine 450
 Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound,
 If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
 What pleasing seem'd, for her now pleases more,
 She most, and in her looks summs all Delight
 Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
 This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*
 Thus earlie, thus alone, her Heav'nly forme
 Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
 Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
 Of gesture or lest action overaw'd 460
 His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
 His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought
 That space the Evil one abstracted stood
 From his own evil, and for the time remain'd
 Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,
 Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge,
 But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
 Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees
 Of pleasure not for him ordain'd then soon 470
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites
 Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
 Compulsion thus transported to forget
 What hither brought us, hate, nor love, nor hope
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
 Save what is in destroying, other joy
 To me is lost Then let me not let pass
 Occasion which now smiles, behold alone 480
 The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
 Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,

Whose higher intellectual more I shun
 And strength of courage hautie and of limb
 Heroic built though o' terrestrial mould
 Foe not formidable exempt from wound
 I not so much hath Hell debas'd and paine
 Infeebld me to what I was in Heav'n
 Shee fair divinely fair fit Love for Gods
 Not terrible though terroure be in Love
 And beautie not approacht by stronger hate
 Hate stronger under shew of Love well feign'd
 The way which to her ruin now I tend

490

So spake the Enemy of Mankind enclos'd
 In Serpent Inmate bad and toward *Ete*
 Address'd his way not with indented wave
 Prone on the ground as *since* but on his reare
 Circular base of rising foulds that tour'd
 Fould above fould a surging Maze his Head
 Crested aloft and Carbuncle his Eyes
 With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold erect
 Amidst his circling Spires that on the grass
 Floted redundant pleasing was his shape
 And lovely never since of Serpent kind
 Lovelier not those that in *Illyria* chang'd
Hermione and *Cadmus* or the God
 In *Epidaurus* nor to which transform'd
Ammonian Jove or *Capitoline* was seen
 Hee with *Olympias* this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of *Rome* With tract oblique
 At first as one who sought access but feard
 To interrupt side long he works his way
 As when a Ship by skilful Steersman wrought
 Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland where the Wind
 Veres oft as oft so steers and shifts her Saile
 So varied hee and of his tortuous Traine
 Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of *Ete*
 To lure her Eye shee busied heard the sound
 Of rusling Leaves but minded not as us'd
 To such disport before her through the Field
 From every Beast more duteous at her call
 Then at *Circean* call the Herd disguis'd
 Hee boulder now uncall'd before her stood
 But as in gaze admiring Oft he bow'd
 His turret Crest, and sleek enmel'd Neck
 Fawning and lick'd the ground whereon she trod.
 His gentle dumb expression turn'd at length
 The Eye of *Ete* to mark his play he glad

500

510

520

Of her attention gaird, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air, 530
His fraudulent temptation thus began

Wonder not, sov'rain Mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have fear'd
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd
Fairest resemb'ance of thy Mal' or cure,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore 540
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd but here
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train

So glaz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd,
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way, 550
Though at the voice much marveling, at length
Not unamiz'd she thus in answer spake
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?
The first at lest of these I thought deni'd
To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day
Created mute to all articulat sound,
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks
Much reason, and in thir actions oft appears
Thee, Serpent, subtlest beast of all the field 560
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd,
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How can'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due

To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd
Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all
What thou commandst and right thou shouldst be
obeyd 570

I was at first as other Beasts that graze
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd

Or Sex and apprehended nothing high
 Till on a day roaving the field I chanc'd
 A goodly Tree farr distant to behold
 Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt
 Ruddle and Gold I nearer drew to gaze
 When from the boughes a savorie odour blow'n
 Grateful to appetite more pleas'd my sense 580
 Then smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats
 Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eeven
 Unsus'd of Lamb or Kid that tend thir play
 To satisfie the sharp desire I had
 Of tasting those fair Apples I resolv'd
 Not to deferr hunger and thirst at once
 Powerful perswaders quick'n'd at the scent
 Of that alluring fruit urg'd me so keene
 About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon
 For high from ground the branches would require 590
 Thy utmost reach or *Adams* Round the Tree
 All other Beasts that saw with like desire
 Longing and envying stood but could not reach
 Amid the Tree now got where plentie hung
 Tempting so nigh to pluck and eat my fill
 I spar'd not for such pleasure till that hour
 At Feed or Fountain never had I found
 Sated at length ere long I might perceave
 Strange alteration in me to degree
 Of Reason in my inward Powers and Speech 600
 Wanted not long though to this shape retain'd
 Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
 I turn'd my thoughts and with capacious mind
 Consider'd all things visible in Heav'n
 Or Earth or Middle all things fair and good
 But all that fair and good in thy Divine
 Semblance and in thy Beauties heav'nly Ray
 United I beheld no fair to thine
 Equivalent or second which compel'd
 Me thus though importune perhaps to come 610
 And gaze and worship thee of right declar'd
 Sovran of Creatures universal Dame
 So talk'd the spirited sly Snake and *Eve*
 Yet more amaz'd unwarie thus reply'd
 Serpent thy overpraising leaves in doubt
 The vertue of that I ru't in thee first prov'd
 But say where grows the Tree from hence how far?
 For many are the Trees of God that grow
 In Paradise and various yet unknown

To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
 As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,
 Still hanging incorruptible, till men
 Grow up to thir provision, and more hands
 Help to disburden Nature of her Beirth

To whom the wile Adder, blithe and glad
 Empress, the way is readie, and not long,
 Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
 Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past
 Of blowing Myrrh and Balme, if thou accept
 My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon

Lead then, said *Eve* Hee leading swiftly rowld
 In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
 To mischief swift Hope elevates, and joy
 Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire
 Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
 Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
 Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
 Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
 Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
 Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way
 To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,
 There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr
 So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
 Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree
 Of prohibition, root of all our woe,

Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake
 Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
 Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,
 The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
 Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects
 But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch,
 God so commanded, and left that Command
 Sole Daughter of his voice, the rest, we live
 Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law

To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd
 Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit
 Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,
 Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?

To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless Of the Fruit
 Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,
 But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
 The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate
 Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die

She scarce had said, though brief, when now more bold
 The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love

To Man and indignation at his wrong
 New part puts on and as to passion mov'd
 Fluctuats disturb'd yet comely and in act
 Rais'd as of som great matter to begin
 As when of old som Orator renound
 In *Athens* or free *Rome* where Eloquence
 Flourish'd since mute to som great cause address
 Stood in himself collected while each part
 Motion each act won audience ere the tongue
 Somtimes in highth began as no delay
 Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right
 So standing moving or to highth upgrow'n
 The Tempter all impassion'd thus began

670

O Sacred Wise and Wisdom giving Plant
 Mother of Science Now I feel thy Power
 Within me cleere not onely to discern
 Things in thir Causes but to trace the wayes
 Of highest Agents deem'd however wise
 Queen of this Universe doe not believe
 Those rigid threats of Death ye shall not Die
 How should ye by the Fruit it gives you Life
 To knowledge By the Threatner look on mee
 Mee who have touch'd and tasted yet both live
 And life more perfect have attain'd then Fate
 Meant mee by ventring higher then my Lot
 Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast
 Is open or will God incense his ire

680

690

For such a petty Trespass and not praise
 Rather your dauntless vertue whom the pain
 Of Death denounc't whatever thing Death be
 Deter'd not from atchieving what might leade
 To happier life knowledge of Good and Evil
 Of good how just of evil if what is evil
 Be real why not known since easier shunn'd
 God therefore cannot hurt ye and be just
 Not just, not God not feard then nor obeyd
 Your feare it self of Death removes the feare
 Why then was this forbid Why but to awe
 Why but to keep ye low and ignorant
 His worshippers he knows that in the day
 Ye Eate thereof your Eyes that seem so cleere
 Yet are but dim shall perfectly be then
 Opn'd and cleerd and ye shall be as Gods
 Knowing both Good and Evil as they know
 That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
 Internal Man is but proportion meet,

700

710

I of brute human, yee of human Gods
 So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
 Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,
 Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring
 And what are Gods that Man may not become
 As they, participating God-like food?
 The Gods are first, and that advantage use
 On our belief, that all from them proceeds,
 I question it, for this fair Earth I see,
 Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
 Them nothing If they all things, who enclos'd
 Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
 That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
 Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
 Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
 What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
 Impart against his will if all be his?

720

Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
 In heav'nly breasts? these, these and many more
 Causes import your need of this fair Fruit
 Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste

730

He ended, and his words replete with guile
 Into her heart too easie entrance won
 First on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold
 Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
 Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd
 With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth,
 Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
 An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell
 So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
 Inclunable now grown to touch or taste,
 Solicited her longing eye, yet first
 Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd

740

Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits,
 Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,
 Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
 Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
 The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise
 Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,
 Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
 Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil,
 Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
 Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
 By thee communicated, and our want
 For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
 And yet unknown, is as not had at all

750

In plain then what forbids he but to I now
 Forbids us good forbids us to be wise?
 Such prohibitions binde not But if Death
 Bind us with after bands what profits then
 Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
 Of this fair Fruit our doom is we shall die
 How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat n and lives
 And knows and speaks and reasons and discernes
 Irrational till then For us alone

760

Was death invented? or to us deny'd
 This intellectual food for beasts reserv'd?
 For Beasts it seems yet that one Beast which first
 Hath tasted envies not but brings with joy
 The good befall'n him Author unsuspect
 Friendly to man farr from deceit or guile
 What fear I then rather what know to feare
 Under this ignorance of Good and Evil
 Of God or Death of Law or Penaltie?
 Here grows the Cure of all this Fruit Divine
 Fair to the Eye inviting to the Taste
 Of vertue to make wise what hinders then
 To reach and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?

770

So saying her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the Fruit she pluck'd she eat
 Earth felt the wound and Nature from her seat
 Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe
 That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
 The guiltie Serpent and well might for *E*e
 Intent now wholly on her taste naught else
 Regarded such delight till then as seem'd
 In Fruit she never tasted whether true
 Or fansied so through expectation high
 Of knowledg nor was God head from her thought
 Greedily she ingorg'd without restraint
 And knew not eating Death Sate at length
 And hight'nd as with Wine jocond and boon
 Thus to her self she pleasingly began

780

O Sovran vertuous precious of all Trees
 In Paradise of operation blest
 To Sapience hitherto obscur'd infam'd
 And thy fair Fruit let hang as to no end
 Created but henceforth my early care
 Not without Song each Morning and due praise
 Shall tend thee and the fertil burden ease
 Of thy full branches offer'd free to all
 Till dicted by thee I grow mature

790

800

In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know,
 Though others envie what they cannot give,
 For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
 Thus grown Experience, next to thee I owe,
 Best guide, not following thee, I had remaind
 In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,
 And giv'st access, though secret she retire 810
 And I perhaps am secret, Heav'n is high,
 High and remote to see from thence distinct
 Each thing on Earth, and other care perhaps
 May have diverted from continual watch
 Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies
 About him But to *Adam* in what sort
 Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known
 As yet my change, and give him to partake
 Full happiness with mee, or rather not,
 But I keep the odds of Knowledge in my power 820
 Without Copartner? so to add what wants
 In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
 And render me more equal, and perhaps,
 A thing not undesirable, sometime
 Superior for inferior who is free?
 This may be well but what if God have seen
 And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
 And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,
 Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct,
 A death to think Confirm'd then I resolve, 830
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe
 So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
 I could endure, without him live no life

So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,
 But first low Reverence don, as to the power
 That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
 Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
 From Nectar, drink of Gods *Adam* the while
 Waiting desirous her return, had wove
 Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne 840
 Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown
 As Reapers oft are wont thur Harvest Queen
 Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
 Solace in her return, so long delay'd,
 Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,
 Misgave him, hee the faultring measure felt,
 And forth to meet her went, the way she took
 That Morn when first they parted, by the Tree
 Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,

Scarse from the Tree returning in her hand
 A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd
 New gather'd and ambrosial smell diffus'd
 To him she hasted in her face excuse
 Came Prologue and Apologie to prompt
 Which with bland words at will she thus addrest

850

Hast thou not wonder'd *Adam* at my stay?
 Thee I have misst and thought it long depriv'd
 Thy presence agonie of love till now
 Not felt nor shall be twice for never more
 Mean I to trie what rash untri'd I sought
 The paine of absence from thy sight But strange
 Hath bin the cause and wonderful to heare
 This Tree is not as we are told a Tree
 Of danger tasted nor to evil unknown
 Opning the way but of Divine effect
 To open Eyes and make them Gods who taste
 And hath bin tasted such the Serpent wise
 Or not restrain'd as wee or not obeying
 Hath eat'n of the fruit and is become
 Not dead as we are threatn'd but thenceforth
 Endu'd with human voice and human sense
 Reasoning to admiration and with mee
 Persuasively hath so prevail'd that I
 Have also tasted and have also found
 Th' effects to correspond opener mine Eyes
 Dimm'rst dilated Spirits ampler Heart
 And growing up to Godhead which for thee
 Chiefly I sought without thee can despise
 For bliss as thou hast part to me is bliss
 Tedious unshar'd with thee and odious soon
 Thou therefore also taste that equal Lot
 May joyne us equal Joy as equal Love
 I least thou not tasting different degree
 Disjoyne us and I then too late renounce
 Deitie for thee when Fate will not permit

860

870

880

Thus *Eve* with Countenance blithe her storie told
 But in her Cheek distemper flushing glow'd
 On th' other side *Adam* soon as he heard
 The fatal Trespass done by *Eve* amaz'd
 Astonied stood and Blank while horror chill
 Ran through his veins and all his joynts relax'd
 From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*
 Down dropp'd and all the faded Roses shed
 Speechless he stood and pale till thus at length
 First to himself he inward silence broke

890

O fairest of Creation, last and best
 Of all Gods Worlds, Creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd,
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
 How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost, 900
 Defac't, deflour'd, and now to Death devote?
 Rather how hast thou yielded to transgress
 The strict forbiddance, how to violate
 The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud
 Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unl nown,
 And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
 Certain my resolution is to Die,
 How can I live without thee, how forgoe
 Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,
 To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn? 910
 Should God create another *Eve*, and I
 Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
 Would never from my heart, no no, I feel
 The Link of Nature draw me Flesh of Flesh,
 Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
 Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe
 So having said, as one from sad dismay
 Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd
 Submitting to what seemd remediless,
 Thus in calme mood his Words to *Eve* he turn'd 920
 Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventurous *Eve*
 And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd
 Had it bin onely coveting to Eye
 That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,
 Much more to taste it under banne to touch
 But past who can recall, or don undoe?
 Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
 Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
 Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,
 Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first 930
 Made common and unhallowd ere our taste,
 Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
 Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man
 Higher degree of Life, inducement strong
 To us, as likely tasting to attaine
 Proportional ascent, which cannot be
 But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods
 Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
 Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy
 Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high, 940
 Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,

For us created needs with us must faile
 Dependent made so God shall uncreate
 Be frustrate do undo and labour loose
 Not well conceav'd of God who though his Power
 Creation could repeate yet would be loath
 Us to abolish least the Adversary
 Triumph and say Fickle their State whom God
 Most Favors who can please him long? Mee first
 He ruind now Mankind whom will he next?
 Matter of scorne not to be given the Foe
 However I with thee have fixt my Lot
 Certain to undergoe like doom if Death
 Consort with thee Death is to mee as Life
 So forcible within my heart I feel
 The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne
 My own in thee for what thou art is mine
 Our State cannot be severd we are one
 One Flesh to loose thee were to loose my self
 So *Adam* and thus *Eve* to him repli'd
 O glorious trial of exceeding Love
 Illustrious evidence example high!
 Ingaging me to emulate, but short
 Of thy perfection how shall I attaine
Adam from whose deare side I boast me sprung
 And gladly of our Union heare thee speak
 One Heart one Soul in both whereof good proof
 This day affords declaring thee resolv'd
 Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
 Shall separate us linkt in Love so deare
 To undergoe with mee one Guilt one Crime
 If any be of tasting this fair Fruit
 Whose vertue for of good still good proceeds
 Direct or by occasion hath presented
 This happie trial of thy Love which else
 So eminently never had bin known
 Were it I thought Death menac't would ensue
 This my attempt I would sustain alone
 The worst and not perswade thee rather die
 Deserted then oblige thee with a fact
 Pernicious to thy Peace chiefly assur'd
 Remarkably so late of thy so true
 So faithful Love unequald but I feel
 Farr otherwise th'event, not Death but life
 Augmented op'nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes
 Taste so Divine that what of sweet before
 Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this and harsh

On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,
 And fear of Death deliver to the Windes
 So saying, she embric'd him, and for joy 990
 Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
 Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incur
 Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death
 In recompence (for such compliance bad
 Such recompence best merits) from the bough
 She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
 With liberal hand he scrupl'd not to eat
 Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,
 But fondly overcome with Femal charm
 Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again 1000
 In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
 Skie low'r'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops
 Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
 Original, while *Adam* took no thought,
 Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate
 Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
 Him with her lov'd societie, that now
 As with new Wine intoxicated both
 They swim in mirth, and fancies that they feel
 Divinitie within them breeding wings 1010
 Wherewith to scorn the Earth but that false Fruit
 Farr other operation first displaid,
 Carnal desire enflaming, hee on *Eve*
 Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him
 As wantonly repaid, in Lust they burne
 Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move
Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
 And elegant, of Sapience no small part,
 Since to each meaning savour we apply,
 And Palate call judicious, I the praise 1020
 Yeld thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd
 Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
 From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
 True relish, tasting, if such pleasure be
 In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
 For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten
 But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,
 As meet is, after such delicious Fare,
 For never did thy Beautie since the day
 I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd 1030
 With all perfections, so enflame my sense
 With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
 Than ever bountie of this vertuous Tree

So said he and forbore not glance or toy
 Of amorous intent well understood
 Of *Eve* whose *Lye* darted contagious Fire
 Her hand he seiz'd and to a shady bank
 Thick overhead with verdant roof unbow'd
 He led her nothing loath Flours were the Couch
 Pansies and Violets and Asphodel 1040
 And Hyacinth Earths freshest softest lap
 There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
 Took largely of thir mutual guilt the Scale
 The solace of thir sin till dewie sleep
 Oppress'd them wearied with thir amorous play
 Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit
 That with exhilarating vapour bland
 About thir spirits had plaid and inmost powers
 Made erre was now exhal'd and grosser sleep
 Bred of unkindly fumes with conscious dreams 1050
 Incumberd now had left them up they rose
 As from unrest and each the other viewing
 Soon found thir Lyes how op'nd and thir minds
 How dark'nd innocence that as a veile
 Had shadow'd them from knowing ill was gon
 Just confidence and native righteousness
 And honour from about them naked left
 To guiltie shame hee cover'd but his Robe
 Uncover'd more So rose the *Danite* strong
Hereulean Samson from the Harlot lap 1060
 Of *Plustean Dalilah* and wak'd
 Shorn of his strength They destitute and bare
 Of all thir vertue silent and in face
 Confounded long they sate as struck n mute
 Till *Adam* though not less then *Eve* abasht
 At length gae utterance to these words constraind
 O *Eve* in evil hour thou didst gae eare
 To that false Worm of whomsoever taught
 To counterfet Mans voice true in our Fall
 False in our promis'd Rising since our Eyes 1070
 Op'nd we find indeed and find we know
 Both Good and Evil Good lost and I vil got
 Bad Fruit of knowledge if this be to know
 Which leas'es us naked thus of Honour void
 Of Innocence of Faith of Puritie
 Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staid
 And in our Faces evident the signes
 Of foul concupiscence whence evil store
 I ven shame the last of evils of the fire

Be sure then How shall I behold the face 1080
 Henceforth of God or Angel, erst with joy
 And rapture so oft beheld^d those heav'nly shapes
 Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
 Insufferably bright O might I here
 In solitude live savage, in some glade
 Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
 To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
 And brown as Evening Cover me ye Pines,
 Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
 Hide me, where I may never see them more 1090
 But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
 What best may for the present serve to hide
 The Parts of each from other, that seem most
 To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
 Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowd,
 And girded on our loyns, may cover round
 Those midde parts, that this new commer, Shame,
 There sit not, and reproach us as unclean
 So counsel'd hee, and both together went
 Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose 1100
 The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
 But such as at this day to *Indians* known
 In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreads her Armes
 Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
 The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
 About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade
 High overarch't, and echoing Walks between
 There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning heate
 Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds
 At Loopholes cut through thickest shade Those
 Leaves 1110
 They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe,
 And with what skill they had, together sowd,
 To gird thir waste, vnn Covering if to hide
 Thir guilt and dreaded shame, O how unlike
 To that first naked Glorie Such of late
Columbus found th' *American* so girt
 With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
 Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores
 Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part
 Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind, 1120
 They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
 Rained at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within
 Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
 Mistrust, Suspicion Discord, and shook sore

Thir inward State of Mind calme Region once
 And full of Peace now tost and turbulent
 For Understanding rul'd not and the Will
 Heard not her lore both in subjection now
 To sensual Appetite who from beneath
 Usurping over sovrain Reason claim'd
 Superior sway From thus distemper'd brest
Adam estrang'd in look and alter'd stile
 Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renew'd 1130

Would thou hadst heark'nd to my words & staid
 With me as I besought thee when that stringe
 Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn
 I know not whence possess'd thee we had then
 Remain'd still happie not as now despoild
 Of all our good sham'd naked miserable
 Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
 The Faith they owe when earnestly they seek
 Such proof conclude they then begin to faile 1140

To whom soon mov'd with touch of blame thus *Eve*
 What words have past thy Lips *Adam* severe
 Imput'st thou that to my default or will
 Of wandring as thou call'st it which who knows
 But might as ill have happ'nd thou being by
 Or to thy self perhaps hadst thou bin there
 Or here th' attempt thou could'st not have discern'd
 Fraud in the Serpent speaking as he spake 1150
 No ground of enmitie betwixt us known
 Why hee should mean me ill or seek to harme
 Was I to have never parted from thy side
 As good have grown there still a lifeless Rib
 Being as I am why didst not thou the Head
 Command me absolutely not to go
 Going into such danger as thou saidst?
 Too facile then thou didst not much gainsay
 Nay didst permit approve and fair dismiss
 Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent 1160
 Neither had I transgress'd nor thou with mee

To whom then first incens'd *Adam* repli'd
 Is this the Love is this the recompence
 Of mine to thee ingrateful *Eve* express
 Immutable when thou wert lost not I
 Who might have liv'd and joy'd immortal bliss
 Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee
 And am I now upbraided as the cause
 Of thy transgressing? not enough severe
 It seems in thy restraint what could I more? 1170

I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking Enemy
That lay in wait, beyond this had bin force,
And force upon free Will hath here no place
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to finde
Matter of glorious trial, and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seemd in thee so perfect, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue
That error now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting
Lets her Will rule, restraint she will not brook,
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse
Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end

1180

BOOK X

THE ARGUMENT

Mans transgression known the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise and return up to Heaven to any one their vigilance and are approv'd God deciding that The entrance of Satan could not be by them prevented He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors who descends and gives Sentence accordingly then in pty cloathes them both and ascends Sin and Death's tunc till then at the Gates of Hell by wond'rous sympathy feeling the success of Satan in this new World and the sin by Man there committed resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell but to follow Satan their Sire up to the place of Man To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over Chaos according to the Trick that Satan first made then preparing for Earth they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell their mutual gratulation Satan arrives at Pandemonium in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience and once transport'd with himself also suddenly into Spermis according to his doom given in Paradise then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them they greedily each takes of the Fruit chew dust and bitter ashes The proceedings of Sin and Death God foretells the final victory of his Son over them and the renewing of all things but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements Adam's name and most perceiving his fallen condition bitterly bewailes regretting the condolement of Eve she perswades and at length appeases him then to evade the Curse likely to fall on his Offspring proposes to Adam's sole ways and will approve not but concerning better hope persuade him and of the late promise made them that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent and exhort her with him to seek peace of the offended Deity by repentance and supplication

MEANWHILE the haughty and despightfull act
Of Satan done in Paradise and how
Hee in the Serpent had perverted Eve
Her Husband shee to taste the fatal fruit
Was known in Heaven for what can scape the Eye
Of God All seeing or deceive his Heart
Omniscient who in all things wise and just
Hinder'd not Satan to attempt the murder
Of Man with strength entire and free Will arm'd
Complete to have discover'd and repuls'd
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming friend
For all they knew and ought to have still remember'd
The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit
Whoever tempted which they not obeying
Incurr'd what could they less the penaltie
And manifest in sin deserv'd to fall
Up into Heaven from Paradise in haste
The Angelic Guards ascended mute and sad

For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
 Much wondring how the suttie Fiend had stoln 20
 Entrance unseen Soon as th' unwelcome new s
 From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd
 All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
 That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
 With pitie, violated not thur bliss
 About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
 Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know
 How all befell they towards the Throne Supream
 Accountable made haste to make appear
 With righteous plea, thur utmost vigilance, 30
 And easily approv'd, when the most High
 Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,
 Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice
 Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
 From unsuccessful charge, be not dismayd,
 Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,
 Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
 Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
 When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell
 I told ye then he should prevail and speed 40
 On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't
 And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
 Against his Maker, no Decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,
 Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
 His free Will, to her own inclining left
 In even scale But fall'n he is, and now
 What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass
 On his transgression, Death denounc't that day,
 Which he presumes already vain and void, 50
 Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
 By some immediate stroak, but soon shall find
 Forbearance no acquittance ere day end
 Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd
 But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
 Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
 All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell
 Easie it may be seen that I intend
 Mercie colleague with Justice, sending thee
 Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd 60
 Both Ransom and Redeemer voluntarie,
 And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n
 So spake the Father, and unfoulding bright
 Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son

Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie he full
 Resplendent all his Father manifest
 Express'd and thus divinely answer'd milde
 Father Eternal thine is to decree
 Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
 Supream that thou in mee thy Son belov'd 70
 Mayst ever rest well pleas'd I go to judge
 On Earth these thy transgressors but thou know'st
 Whoever judg'd the worst on mee must light,
 When time shall be for so I undertook
 Before thee and not repenting thus obtaine
 Of right that I may mitigate thir doom
 On me deriv'd yet I shall temper so
 Justice with Mercie as may illustrate most
 Them fully satisfied and thee appease
 Attendance none shall need nor Train where none 80
 Are to behold the Judgement but the judg'd
 Those two the third best absent is condemn'd
 Convict by flight and Rebel to all Law
 Conviction to the Serpent none belongs
 Thus saying from his radiant Seat he rose
 Of high collateral glorie him Thrones and Powers
 Princedoms and Dominations manvant
 Accompanied to Heaven Gate from whence
 Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay
 Down he descended strait the speed of Gods 90
 Time counts not though with swiftest minutes wing'd
 Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
 From Noon and gentle Aires due at thir hour
 To fan the Earth now wak'd and usher in
 The Evening coole when he from v'rauth more coole
 Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both
 To sentence Man the voice of God they heard
 Now walking in the Garden by soft winds
 Brought to thir Ears while day declin'd they heard
 And from his presence hid themselves among 100
 The thickest Trees both Man and Wife till God
 Approaching thus to Adam call'd aloud
 Where art thou Adam went with joy to meet
 My coming seen far off I miss thee here
 Not pleas'd thus entertain'd with solitude
 Where obvious dutie e'ren hile appear'd unsought
 Or come I less conspicuous or what change
 Absents thee or what chance detains Come forth
 He came and with him Eve more loth though first
 To offend discount'nanc'd both and compos'd 110

Love was not in thir looks, either to God
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
 And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,
 Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile
 Whence *Adam* faultring long, thus answer'd brief

I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
 Affraid, being naked, hid my self To whom
 The gracious Judge without revile repli'd

My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
 But still rejoyc't, how is it now become
 So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
 Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
 Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?

120

To whom thus *Adam* sore beset repli'd
 O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
 Before my Judge, either to undergoe
 My self the total Crime, or to accuse
 My other self, the partner of my life,
 Whose failing, while her Faith to me remaines,
 I should conceal, and not expose to blame

130

By my complaint, but strict necessitie
 Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
 Least on my head both sin and punishment,
 However insupportable, be all
 Devolv'd, though should I hold my peace, yet thou
 Wouldst easily detect what I conceale
 This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
 And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
 So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,
 That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
 And what she did, whatever in it self,
 Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed,
 Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate

140

To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd
 Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey
 Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,
 Superior, or but equal, that to her
 Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place
 Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
 And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd
 Hers in all real dignitie Adorn'd

150

She was indeed, and lovely to attract
 Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
 Were such as under Government well seem'd,
 Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part
 And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.

So having said he thus to *Eve* in few
Say Woman what is this which thou hast done?

To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd
Confessing soon yet not before her Judge 160
Bold or loquacious thus abasht repli'd
The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eat

Which when the Lord God heard without delay
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute unable to transerre
The Guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief and polluted from the end
Of his Creation justly then accurst
As vitiated in Nature more to know
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew) 170

Nor alter'd his offence yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd
Though in mysterious terms judg'd as then best
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall

Because thou hast done this thou art accurst
Above all Cartel each Beast of the Field
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life
Between Thee and the Woman I will put
Enmitie and between thine and her Seed 180
Her Seed shall bruise thy head thou bruise his heel

So spake this Oracle then verifi'd
When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n
Prince of the Aire then rising from his Grave
Spoild Principalities and Powers triumpht
In open shew and with ascension bright
Captivity led captive through the Aire
The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet 190
Eev'n hee who now foretold his fatal bruise
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd

Thy sorrow I will greatly multiple
By thy Conception Childern thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth and to thy Husbands will
Thine shall submit hee over thee shall rule

On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd
Because thou has heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife
And eaten of the Tree concerning which
I charg'd thee saying Thou shalt not eat thereof 200
Curst is the ground for thy sake thou in sorrow
Shalt eat thereof all the days of thy Life

Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
 Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,
 In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eate Bread,
 Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
 Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,
 For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne

So judg'd he Man, both Judge and Saviour sent,
 And th' instant stroke of Death denounc t that day 210
 Remov'd farr off, then pittying how they stood
 Before him naked to the aire, that now

Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
 Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,
 As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now
 As Father of his Familie he clad
 Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,
 Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid,
 And thought not much to cloath his Enemies
 Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins 220
 Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
 Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,
 Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.

To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
 Into his blissful bosom reassum'd
 In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
 All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man
 Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
 Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,
 Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death, 230
 In counterview within the Gates, that now
 Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
 Farr into *Chaos*, since the Fiend pass'd through,
 Sin opening, who thus now to Death began

O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
 Idly, while Satan our great Author thrives
 In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
 For us his offspring deare? It cannot be
 But that success attends him, if mishap,
 Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n 240
 By his Avenger, since no place like this
 Can fit his punishment, or their revenge
 Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
 Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
 Beyond this Deep, whatever drawes me on,
 Or sympathie, or som connatural force
 Powerful at greatest distance to unite
 With secret amity things of like kinde

By secretest conveyance Thou my Shade
 Inseparable must with mee along 250
 For Death from Sin no power can separate
 But least the difficultie of passing back
 Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe
 Impassable impervious let us try
 Adventrous work yet to thy power and mine
 Not unagreeable to found a path
 Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
 Where Satan now prevailes a Monument
 Of merit high to all th' infernal Host
 Easing thir passage hence for intercourse 260
 Or transmigration as thir lot shall lead
 Nor can I miss the way so strongly drawn
 By this new felt attraction and instinct

Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon
 Goe whither Fate and inclination strong
 Leads thee I shall not lag behinde nor erre
 The way thou leading such a sent I draw
 Of carnage prey innumerable and taste
 The swour of Death from all things there that live
 Nor shall I to the work thou enterpriset 270
 Be wanting but afford thee equal aid

So saying with delight he snuff'd the smell
 Of mortal change on Earth As when a flock
 Of ravenous Fowl though many a League remote
 Against the day of Battel to a Field
 Where Armies lie encampt come flying hur'd
 With sent of living Carcasses design'd
 For death the following day in bloodie fight
 So sented the grim Feature and upturn'd
 His Nostril wide into the murkie Air 280
 Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr
 Thence Both from our Hell Gates into the waste
 Wide Anarchie of Chaos damp and dark
 Flew divers & with Power (thir Power was great)
 Hovering upon the Waters what they met
 Solid or slimie as in raging Sea
 Tost up and down together crowd'd drove
 From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
 As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
 Upon the Cronian Sea together drive 290
 Mountains of Ice that stop th' imagin'd way
 Beyond *Ictora* Eastward to the rich
Cathayan Coast The aggregated Soyle
 Death with his Mace petrific cold and dry

As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm
 As *Delos* floating once, the rest his look
 Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,
 And with *Asphaltic* slime, bro'd as the Gate,
 Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
 They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wrought on 300
 Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge
 Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
 Immoveable of this now fenceless world
 Forfeit to Death, from hence a passage broad,
 Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell
 So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Libertie of *Greece* to yoke,
 From *Susa* his *Menmonian* Palace high
 Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*
 Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd, 310
 And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves
 Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
 Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
 Over the vext Abyss, following the track
 Of *Satan*, to the self same place where hee
 First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
 From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare
 Of this round World with Pinns of Adamant
 And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
 And durable, and now in little space 320
 The Confines met of Emphyrean Heav'n
 And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
 With long reach interpos'd, three sev'ral wayes
 In sight, to each of these three places led
 And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,
 To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
 Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* steering
 His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose
 Disguis'd he came, but those his Childern dear 330
 Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise
 Hee, after *Eve* seduc't, unminded slunk
 Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
 To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
 By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded
 Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought
 Vain covertures, but when he saw descend
 The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd
 Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
 The present, fearing guiltie what his wrath 340

Might suddenly inflict that past return d
 By Night and listning where the hapless Paire
 Sate in thir sad discourse and various plaint
 Thence gatherd his own doom which understood
 Not instant but of future time With joy
 And tidings fraught to Hell he now return d
 And at the brink of *Chaos* neer the foot
 Of this new wondrous Pontifice unhop t
 Met who to meet him came his Ofspring dear
 Great joy was at thir meeting and at sight
 Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas d
 Long hee admiring stood till Sin his faire
 Inclianting Daughter thus the silence brok =

O Parent these are thy magnific deeds
 Thy Trophies which thou view st as not thine own
 Thou art thir Author and prime Architect
 For I no sooner in my Heart divin d
 My Heart which by a secret harmonie
 Still moves with thine joyn d in connexion sweet
 That thou on Earth hadst prosper d which thy looks
 Now also evidence but straight I felt
 Though distant from thee Worlds between yet felt
 That I must after thee with this thy Son
 Such fatal consequence unites us three
 Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds
 Nor this unoyageable Gulf obscure
 Detain from following thy illustrious track
 Thou hast atchiev d our libertie confin d
 Within Hell Gates till now thou us impow rd
 To fortifie thus farr and overlay
 With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss
 Thine now in all this World thy vertue hath won
 What thy hands builded not thy Wisdom gain d
 With odds what Warr hath lost and fully aveng d
 Our foile in Heav n here thou shalt Monarch reign
 There didst not there let him still Victor sway
 As Bittel hath adjudg d from this new World
 Retiring by his own doom alienated
 And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide
 Of all things parted by th Emphyreal bounds
 His Quadrature from thy Orbicular World
 Or trie thee now more dang rous to his Throne

Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad
 Fair Daughter and thou Son and Grandchild both
 High proof ye now have giv n to be the Race
 Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name

Antagonist of Heav'n's Almighty King)
 Amply have merited of me, of all
 Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'n's dore
 Triumphal with triumphal act have met, 390
 Mine with this glorious Worl, & made one Realm
 Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
 Of easie thorough-fare Therefore while I
 Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease
 To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
 With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
 You two this way, among those numerous Orbs
 All yours, right down to Paradise descend,
 There dwell & Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth
 Dominion exercise and in the Aire, 400
 Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,
 Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill
 My Substitutes I send ye, and Create
 Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
 Issuing from mee on your joynt vigor now
 My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
 Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit
 If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell
 No detriment need feare, goe and be strong
 So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed 410
 Thir course through thickest Constellations held
 Spreading thir bane, the blasted Starrs lookt wan,
 And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips
 Then sufferd Th' other way *Satan* went down
 The Causey to Hell Gate, on either side
 Disparted *Chaos* over built exclaimd,
 And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,
 That scorn'd his indignation through the Gate,
 Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass'd,
 And all about found desolate, for those 420
 Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,
 Flown to the upper World, the rest were all
 Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls
 Of *Pandæmonium*, Citie and proud seate
 Of *Lucifer*, so by allusion calld,
 Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond
 There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand
 In Council sate, solicitous what chance
 Might intercept thir Emperieur sent, so hee
 Departing gave command, and they observ'd 430
 As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe
 By *Astracan* over the Snowie Plaines

Retires or *Bactrian* *Sophi* from the horns
 Of *Turkish* Crescent leaves all waste beyond
 The Realme of *Aladule* in his retreat
 To *Tauris* or *Casbeen* So these the late
 Heav'n banisht Host left desert utmost Hell
 Many a dark League reduc't in careful Watch
 Round thir Metropolis and now expecting
 Each hour thir great adventurer from the search 440
 Of Forrein Worlds he through the midst unmarkt
 In shew plebeian Angel militant
 Of lowest order past and from the dore
 Of that *Plutonian* Hall invisible
 Ascended his high Throne which under state
 Of richest texture spread at th' upper end
 Was plac't in regal lustre Down a while
 He sate and round about him saw unseen
 At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
 And shape Starr bright appear'd or brighter clad 450
 With what permissive glory since his fall
 Was left him or false glitter All amaz'd
 At that so sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng
 Bent thir aspect and whom they wish'd beheld
 Thir mighty Chief return'd loud was th' acclaime
 Forth rush'd in haste the great consulting Peers
 Rais'd from thir dark *Drean* and with like joy
 Congratulant approach'd him who with hand
 Silence and with these words attention won
 Thrones Dominations Princedoms Vertues Powers
 For in possession such not onely of right 461
 I call ye and declare ye now return'd
 Successful beyond hope to lead ye forth
 Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
 Abominable accurst the house of woe
 And Dungeon of our Tyrant Now possess
 As I ord's a spacious World to our native Heaven
 Little inferiour by my adventure hard
 With peril great atchiev'd Long were to tell
 What I have don what suffer'd with what pain 470
 Voyag'd th' unreal vast, unbounded deep
 Of horrible confusion over which
 By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav'd
 To expedite your glorious march but I
 Toild out my uncouth passage forc't to ride
 Th' untractable Abyss plung'd in the womb
 Of unoriginal Night and *Chaos* wilde
 That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos'd

My journey strange, with clamorous uproare
 Protesting Fate supreme, thence how I found 480
 The new created World, which fame in Heav'n
 Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
 Of absolute perfection, therein Man
 Plac't in a Paradise, by our evile
 Made happie Him by fraud I have seduc'd
 From his Creator, and the more to increase
 Your wonder, with an Apple, he thereat
 Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
 Both his beloved Man and all his World,
 To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us, 490
 Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,
 To range in, and to dwell, and over Man,
 To rule, as over all he should have rul'd
 True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather
 Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
 Man I deceav'd that which to mee belongs,
 Is enmity, which he will put between
 Mee and Mankind, I am to bruise his heel,
 His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head
 A World who would not purchase with a bruise, 500
 Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
 Of my performance What remaines, ye Gods,
 But up and enter now into full bliss

So having said, a while he stood, expecting
 Thir universal shout and high applause
 To fill his eare, when contrary he hears
 On all sides, from innumerable tongues
 A dismal universal hiss, the sound
 Of public scorn, he wonderd, but not long
 Had leasure, wondring at himself now more, 510
 His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
 His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
 Each other, till supplanted down he fell
 A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
 Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
 Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,
 According to his doom he would have spoke,
 But hiss for hiss return'd with forked tongue
 To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
 Alike, to Serpents all as accessories 520
 To his bold Riot dreadful was the din
 Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
 With complicated monsters, head and taile,
 Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,

Cerastes horn'd *Hydrus* and *Ellops* drear
 And *Dipsas* (Not so thick swarm'd once the Soil
 Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon* or the Isle
Ophusa) but still greatest hee the midst
 Now Dragon grown larger then whom the Sun
 Ingender'd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime 530
 Huge *Pytho*n and his Power no less he seem'd
 Above the rest still to retain they all
 Him follow'd issuing forth to th' open Field
 Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
 Heav'n fall'n in station stood or just array
 Sublime with expectation when to see
 In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief
 They saw but other sight instead a crowd
 Of ugly Serpents horror on them fell
 And horrid sympathie for what they saw 540
 They felt themselves now changing down thir arms
 Down fell both Spear and Shield down they as fast
 And the dire hiss renew'd and the dire form
 Catcht by Contagion like in punishment
 As in thir crime Thus was th' applause they meant
 Turn'd to exploding hiss triumph to shame
 Cast on themselves from thir own mouths There stood
 A Grove hard by sprung up with this thir change
 His will who reigns above to aggravate
 Thir penance laden with fair Fruit like that 550
 Which grew in Paradise the bait of *Eve*
 Us'd by the Tempter on that prospect strange
 Thir earnest eyes they fix'd imagining
 For one forbidden Tree a multitude
 Now ris'n to work them furd'r woe or shame
 Yet parcht with scalding thirst and hunger fierce
 Though to delude them sent could not obtain
 But on they rould in heaps and up the Trees
 Climbing sat thicker than the snake locks
 That curl'd *Megara* greedily they pluck'd 560
 The Frutage fair to sight like that which grew
 Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam'd
 This more delusive not the touch but taste
 Deceav'd they fondly thinking to allay
 Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
 Chew'd bitter Ashes, which th' offended taste
 With spattering noise rejected oft they assay'd
 Hunger and thirst constraining drugg'd as oft
 With hatefullest disrelish writh'd thir jaws
 With soot and cinders fill'd so oft they fell 570

Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumph'd once lapst Thus were they
plagu'd

And worn with Famin, long and ceasless hiss,
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't
However some tradition they dispers'd

Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
And fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they call'd

580

Ophion with *Eurynome*, the wide-

Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule

Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n

And *Ops*, ere yet *Dictæan Jove* was born

Mean while in Paradise the hellish pur

Too soon arriv'd, *Sim* there in power before,

Once actual, now in body, and to dwell

Habitual habitant, behind her *Death*

Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet

On his pale Horse to whom *Sim* thus began

590

Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,

What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earnd

With travail difficult, not better farr

Then stil at Hels dark threshold to have sate watch,

Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?

Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon

To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,

Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,

There best, where most with rav in I may meet,

Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems

600

To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps

To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd

Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours

Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,

No homely morsels, and whatever thing

The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,

Till I in Man residing through the Race,

His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,

And season him thy last and sweetest prey

This said, they both betook them several ways,

610

Both to destroy, or unimmortal make

All kinds, and for destruction to mature

Sooner or later, which th' Almighty seeing

From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,

To those bright Orders uttered thus his voice

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
 To waste and havoc yonder World which I
 So fair and good created and had still
 Kept in that state had not the folly of Man
 Let in these wastful Furies who impute 60
 Folly to mee so doth the Prince of Hell
 And his Adherents that with so much ease
 I suffer them to enter and possess
 A place so heav'nly and conniving seem
 To gratifie my scornful Enemies
 That laugh as if transported with some fit
 Of Passion I to them had quitted all
 At random yeilded up to their misrule
 And I now not that I call'd and drew them thither
 My Hell hounds to lick up the draff and filth 630
 Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
 On what was pure till cramm'd and gorg'd nigh burst
 With suckt and glutted offal at one sling
 Of thy victorious Arm well pleasing Son
 Both *Sin* and *Death* and yawning *Grave* at last
 Through *Chaos* hurl'd obstruct the mouth of Hell
 For ever and seal up his ravenous Jawes
 Then Heav'n and Earth renew'd shall be made pure
 To sanctitie that shall receive no staine
 Till then the Curse pronounc'd on both precedes 640
 Hee ended and the heav'nly Audience loud
 Sung *Halleluia* as the sound of Seas
 Through multitude that sung Just are thy ways
 Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works
 Who can extenuate thee? Next to the Son
 Destin'd restorer of Mankind by whom
 New Heav'n and Earth shall to the Ages rise
 Or down from Heav'n descend Such was thir song
 While the Creator calling forth by name
 His mightie Angels gav'e them severall charge 650
 As sorted best with present things The Sun
 Had first his precept so to move so shine
 As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
 Scarce tollerable and from the North to call
 Decrepid Winter from the South to bring
 Solstitial summers heat To the blane Moone
 Her office they prescrib'd to th' other five
 Thir planetarie motions and aspects
 In *Sextile Square* and *Trine* and *Opposite*
 Of noxious efficacie and when to joyn 660
 In *Synod* unbenvigne and taught the first

Thir influence malignant when to showre,
 Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
 Should prove tempestuous To the Winds they set
 Thir corners, when with bluster to confound
 Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
 With terror through the dark Aereal Hall
 Some say he bid his Angels turne ascense
 The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
 From the Suns Axle, they with labour push'd 670
 Oblique the Centric Globe Som say the Sun
 Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
 Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n
Atlantick Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins
 Up to the *Tropic* Crab, thence down amaine
 By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
 As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change
 Of Seasons to each Clime, else had the Spring
 Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
 Equal in Days and Nights, except to those 680
 Beyond the Polar Circles, to them Day
 Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
 To recompence his distance, in thir sight
 Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known
 Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
 From cold *Estotiland*, and South as farr
 Beneath *Magellan* At that tasted Fruit
 The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd
 His course intended, else how had the World
 Inhabited, though sinless, more then now, 690
 Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?
 These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
 Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,
 Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,
 Corrupt and Pestilent Now from the North
 Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar
 Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
 And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,
Boreas and *Cæcias* and *Argestes* loud
 And *Thrascias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn, 700
 With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds
 From *Serrationa*, thwart of these as fierce
 Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* Windes
Eurus and *Zephyr* with thir lateral noise,
Sirocco, and *Libecchio* Thus began
 Outrage from liveless things, but Discord first

Daughter of Sin among th irrational
 Death introduc d through fierce antipathie
 Beast now with Beast gan war & Fowle with Fowle 710
 And Fish with Fish to graze the Herb all leaving
 Devourd each other nor stood much in awe
 Of Man but fled him or with count nance grim
 Glar d on him passing these were from without
 The growing miseries which *Adam* saw
 Alreadie in part though hid in gloomiest shade
 To sorrow abandond but worse felt within
 And in a troubl d Sea of passion tost
 Thus to disburd n sought with sad complaint.

O miserable of happie' is this the end 720
 Of this new glorious World and mee so late
 The Glory of that Glory who now becom
 Accurst of blessed hide me from the face
 Of God whom to behold was then my highth
 Of happiness yet well if here would end
 The miserie I deserv d it and would beare
 My own deservings but this will not serve
 All that I eate or drink or shall beget
 Is propagated curse O voice once heard
 Delightfully *Encrease and multiply* 730
 Now death to heare' for what can I encrease
 Or multiple but curses on my head?
 Who of all Ages to succeed but feeling
 The evil on him brought by me will curse
 My Head Ill fare our Ancestor impure
 For this we may thank *Adam* but his thanks
 Shall be the execration so besides
 Mine own that bid upon me all from mee
 Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound
 On mee as on thir natural center light 740
 Heavie though in thir place O fleeting joyes
 Of Paradise deare bought with lasting woes'
 Did I request thee, Maker from my Clay
 To mould me Man did I sollicite thee
 From darkness to promote me or here place
 In this delicious Garden? as my Will
 Concurd not to my being it were but right
 And equal to reduce me to my dust,
 Desirous to resigne and render back
 All I receav d unable to performe 750
 Thy terms too hard by which I was to hold
 The good I sought nor To the loss of that
 Sufficient penaltie why hast thou added

The sense of endless woes³ inexplicable
 Thy Justice seems, yet to say truth, too late,
 I thus contest, then should have been refus'd
 Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd
 Thou didst accept them, wilt thou enjoy the good,
 Then cavil the conditions³ and though God
 Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son 760
 Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
 Wherefore didst thou beget me³ I sought it not
 Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
 That proud excuse³ yet him not thy election,
 But Natural necessity begot
 God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
 To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
 Thy punishment then justly is at his Will
 Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
 That dust I am, and shall to dust returne 770
 O welcom hour whenever¹ why delays
 His hand to execute what his Decree
 Fix'd on this day³ why do I overlive,
 Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out
 To deathless pain³ how gladly would I meet
 Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth
 Insensible, how glad would lay me down
 As in my Mothers lap³ there I should rest
 And sleep secure, his dreadful voice no more
 Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse 780
 To mee and to my offspring would torment me
 With cruel expectation Yet one doubt
 Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,
 Leist that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
 Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
 With this corporeall Clod, then in the Grave,
 Or in some other dismal place, who knows
 But I shall die a living Death³ O thought
 Horrid, if true¹ yet why³ it was but breath
 Of Life that sinn'd, what dies but what had life 790
 And sin³ the Bodie properly hath neither
 All of me then shall die let this appease
 The doubt, since humane reach no further knows
 For though the Lord of all be infinite,
 Is his wrauth also³ be it, man is not so,
 But mortal doom'd How can he exercise
 Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end³
 Can he make deathless Death³ that were to make
 Strange contradiction, which to God himself

Impossible is held as Argument 800
 Of weakness not of Power Will he draw out,
 For angers sake finite to infinite
 In punisht man to satisfie his rigour
 Satisfi d never that were to extend
 His Sentence bey ond dust and Natures Law
 By which all Causes else according still
 To the reception of thir matter act
 Not to th extent of thir own Spheare But say
 That Death be not one stroak as I suppos d
 Bereaving sense but endless miserie 810
 From this day onward which I feel begun
 Both in me and without me and so last
 To perpetuitie Ay me that fear
 Comes thundring back with dreadful resolution
 On my defenseless head both Death and I
 Am found Eternal and incorporate both
 Nor I on my part single in mee all
 Posteritie stands curst Fair Patrimoine
 That I must leave ye Sons O were I able 820
 To waste it all my self and leave ye none
 So disinherited how would ye bless
 Me now your Curse! Ah why should all mankind
 For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn d
 If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed
 But all corrupt both Mind and Will deprav d
 Not to do onely but to will the same
 With me how can they acquitted stand
 In sight of God? Him after all Di putes
 Forc t I absolve all my evasions vain
 And reasonings though through Mazes leads me still 830
 But to my own consietion first and last
 On mee mee onely as the sourse and spring
 Of all corruption all the blame lights due
 So might the wrath Fond wish! couldst thou support
 That burden heavier then the Earth to bear
 Then all the World much heavier though divided
 With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir st
 And what thou fearest alike destroyes all hope
 Of refuge and concludes thee miserable
 Bey nd all past example and future 840
 To Satan onely like both crime and doom.
 O Conscience into what Abyss of fears
 And horrors hast thou driv n me out of which
 I find no way from deep to deeper plung d
 Thus Adam to himself lamented lou d

Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,
 Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
 Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
 Which to his evil Conscience represented
 All things with double terror On the ground 850
 Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
 Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
 Of tardie execution, since denounc't
 The day of his offence Why comes not Death,
 Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke
 To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
 Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?
 But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine
 Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries
 O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs, 860
 With other echo late I taught your Shades
 To answer, and resound farr other Song
 Whom thus afflicted when sad *Eve* beheld,
 Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,
 Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd
 But her with stern regard he thus repell'd

Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best
 Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false
 And hateful, nothing wants, but that thy shape,
 Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew 870
 Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
 Henceforth, least that too heav'nly form, pretended
 To hellish falshood, spare them But for thee
 I had persisted happie, had not thy pride
 And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,
 Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
 Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
 Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
 To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
 Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee, 880
 To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
 Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
 And understood not all was but a shew
 Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
 Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
 More to the part sinister from me drawn,
 Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
 To my just number found O why did God,
 Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
 With Spirits Masculine, create at last 890
 This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect

Of Nature and not fill the World at once
 With Men as Angels without Feminine
 Or find some other way to generate
 Mankind this mischief had not then befall n
 And more that shall befall innumerable
 Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares
 And straight conjunction with this Sex for either
 He never shall find out fit Mate but such
 As some misfortune brings him or mustal e 900
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness but shall see her gaine
 By a farr worse or if she love withheld
 By Parents or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet alreadie linkt and Wedlock bound
 To a fell Adversarie his hate or shame
 Which infinite calamitie shall cause
 To Humane life and houshold peace confound
 He added not and from her turn d but *Eve*
 Not so repulst with Tears that ceas d not flowing 910
 And tresses all disorderd at his feet
 Fell humble and embracing them besaught
 His peace and thus proceeded in her plaint
 Forsake me not thus *Adam* witness Heav n
 What lov e sincere and reverence in my heart
 I beare thee and unwitting have offended
 Unhappilie deceav d thy suppliant
 I beg and clasp thy knees bereave me not
 Whereon I live thy gentle looks thy aid
 Thy counsel in this uttermost distress 920
 My onely strength and stay forlorn of thee
 Whither shall I betake me where subsist
 While yet we live scarce one short hour perhaps
 Between us two let there be peace both joyning
 As joy n d in injuries one enmitie
 Against a Foe by doom express assign d us,
 That cruel Serpent On me exercise not
 Thy hatred for this miserie befall n
 On me already lost mee then thy self
 More miserable both have sin d but thou 930
 Against God onely I against God and thee
 And to the place of judgement will return
 There with my cries importune Heaven that all
 The sentence from thy head remov d may light
 On me sole cause to thee of all this woe
 Mee mee onely just object of his ire
 She ended weeping and her lowlie plight

Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
 Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wrought
 Commiseration, soon his heart relented 940
 Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
 Now at his feet submissive in distress,
 Creature so faire his reconcilement seeking,
 His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide,
 As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
 And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon

Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,
 So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st
 The punishment all on thy self, alas,
 Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine 950
 His full wrath whose thou feelst as yet lest part,
 And my displeasure bearest so ill If Prayers
 Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
 Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
 That on my head all might be visited,
 Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,
 To me committed and by me expos'd
 But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
 Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
 In offices of Love, how we may light'n 960
 Each others burden in our share of woe,
 Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,
 Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac t evill,
 A long days dying to augment our paine,
 And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd

To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, repli'd
Adam, by sad experiment I know
 How little weight my words with thee can finde,
 Found so erroneous, thence by just event
 Found so unfortunate, nevertheless, 970
 Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
 Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
 Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,
 Living or dying from thee I will not hide
 What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,
 Tending to som relief of our extremes,
 Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
 As in our evils, and of easier choice
 If care of our descent perplex us most,
 Which must be born to certain woe, devourd 980
 By Death at last, and miserable it is
 To be to others cruse of misery,
 Our own begotten, and of our I oines to bring

Into this cursed World a woful Race
 That after wretched Life must be at last
 Food for so foule a Monster in thy power
 It lies yet ere Conception to prevent
 The Race unblest to being yet unbegot.
 Childless thou art, Childless remaine
 So Death shall be deceav'd his glut and with us two 990
 Be forc'd to satisfie his Rav'nous Maw
 But if thou judge it hard and difficult
 Conversing looking loving to abstain
 From Loves due Rites Nuptial embraces sweet,
 And with desire to languish without hope
 Before the present object languishing
 With like desire which would be miserie
 And torment less then none of what we dread
 Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
 From what we fear for both let us make short 1000
 Let us seek Death or hee not found supply
 With our own hands his Office on our selves
 Why stand we longer shivering under feares
 That shew no end but Death and have the power
 Of many wayes to die the shortest choosing
 Destruction with destruction to destroy
 She ended heer or vehement despaire
 Broke off the rest so much of Death her thoughts
 Had entertain'd as did her Cheeks with pale
 But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway'd 1010
 To better hopes his more attentive munde
 Labouring had rais'd and thus to *Eve* repli'd
Eve thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
 To argue in thee something more sublime
 And excellent then what thy munde condemnes
 But self destruction therefore saught refutes
 That excellence thought in thee and implies
 Not thy contempt but anguish and regret
 For loss of life and pleasure overlov'd
 Or if thou covet death as utmost end 1020
 Of miserie so thinking to evade
 The penaltie pronounc't doubt not but God
 Hath wiselier arm'd his vengeful ire then so
 To be forestall'd much more I fear lest Death
 So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine
 We are by doom to pay rather such act
 Of contumacie will provoke the highest
 To make death in us live Then let us seek
 Som safer resolution which methinks

I have in view, calling to minde with heed 1030
 Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
 The Serpents head, piteous amends, unless
 Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
 Against us this deceit to crush his head
 Would be revenge indeed, which will be lost
 By death brought on our selves, or childless days
 Resolv'd, as thou proposhest, so our Foe
 Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee
 Instead shall double ours upon our heads 1040
 No more be mention'd then of violence
 Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,
 That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely
 Rincor and pride, impatience and despite,
 Reluctance against God and his just yoke
 Laid on our Necks Remember with what mild
 And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
 Without wrauth or reviling, wee expected
 Immediate dissolution, which we thought
 Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee 1050
 Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
 And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,
 Fruit of thy Womb On mee the Curse aslope
 Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne
 My bread, what harm? Idleness had bin worse,
 My labour will sustain me, and least Cold
 Or Heat should injure us, his timely care
 Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands
 Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd,
 How much more, if we pray him, will his ear 1060
 Be open, and his heart to pite incline,
 And teach us further by what means to shun
 Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
 Which now the Skie with various Face begins
 To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
 Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
 Of these fair spreading Trees, which bids us seek
 Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
 Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr
 Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams 1070
 Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
 Or by collision of two bodies grinde
 The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
 Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock
 Tine the slint Lightning, whose thw art flame driv'n down

Kindles the gumme bark of Firr or Pine
 And sends a comfortable heat from farr
 Which might supply the Sun such Fire to use
 And what may else be remedie or cure
 To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought 1080
 Hee will instruct us praying and of Grace
 Beseeching him so as we need not fear
 To pass commodiously this life sustain d
 By him with many comforts till we end
 In dust our final rest and native home
 What better can we do then to the place
 Repairing where he judg d us prostrate fall
 Before him reverent and there confess
 Humbly our faults and pardon beg with tears
 Watering the ground and with our sighs the Air 1090
 Frequenting sent from hearts contrite in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign d and humiliation meek
 Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
 From his displeasure in whose look serene
 When angry most he seem d and most severe
 What else but favor grace and mercie shon?
 So spake our Father penitent nor E
 Felt less remorse they forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judg d them prostrate fell
 Before him reverent and both confess d 1100
 Humbly thir faults and pardon beg d with tears
 Watering the ground and with thir sighs the Air
 Frequenting sent from hearts contrite in sign
 Of sorrow unfeign d and humiliation meek

BOOK XI

THE ARGUMENT

The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them. God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise, sends Michael with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them, but first to reveal to Adam future things. Michaels coming down Adam shews to Eve certain ominous signs, he discerns Michaels approach, goes out to meet him, the Angel denounces thir departure. Eves Lamentation Adam pleads, but submits. The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happen till the Flood.

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
 Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above
 Preventive Grace descending had remov'd
 The stone from thir hearts, and made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd
 Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
 Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
 Then loudest Oratorie yet thir port
 Not of mean suiters, nor important less
 Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair 10
 In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
Deucalion and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore
 The Race of Mankind drown'd, before the Shrine
 Of *Themis* stood devot To Heav'n thir prayers
 Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
 Blow'n vagabond or frustrate in they pass'd
 Dimensionless through Heav'nly dores, then clad
 With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
 By thir great Intercessor, came in sight
 Before the Fathers Throne Them the glad Son 20
 Presenting, thus to intercede began
 See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
 From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
 And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt
 With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,
 Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
 Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those
 Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
 Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n
 From innocence Now therefore bend thine ear 30
 To supplication, heare his sighs though mute,
 Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee

Interpret for him mee his Advocate
 And propitiation all his works on mee
 Good or not good ingraft my Merit those
 Shall perfect and for these my Death shall pay
 Accept me and in mee from these receive
 The smell of peace toward Man inde let him live
 Before thee reconcil'd at leyst his days
 Numberd though sad till Death his doom (which I 40
 To mitigate thus plead not to reverse)
 To better life shall yeeld him where with mee
 All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss
 Made one with me as I with thee am one

To whom the Father without Cloud serene
 All thy request for Man accepted Son
 Obtain all thy request was my Decree
 But longer in that Paradise to dwell
 The Law I gave to Nature him forbids
 Those pure immortal Elements that know 50
 No gross no unharmonious mixture soule
 Eject him tainted now and purge him off
 As a distemper gross to aire as gross
 And mortal food as may dispose him best
 For dissolution wrought by Sin that first
 Distemperd all things and of incorrupt
 Corrupted I at first with two fair gifts
 Created him endow'd with Happiness
 And Immortalitie that fondly lost
 This other serv'd but to eternize woe 60
 Till I provided Death so Death becomes
 His final remedie and after Life
 Tri'd in sharp tribulation and refin'd
 By Faith and faithful works to second Life
 Wake in the renovation of the just
 Resignes him up with Heaven and Earth renew'd
 But let us call to Synod all the Blest
 Through Heavens wide bounds from them I will not lude
 My judgments how with Mankind I proceed
 As how with peccant Angels like they saw 70
 And in this state though firm stood more confirm'd

He ended and the Son gave signal high
 To the bright Minister that watch'd hee blew
 His Trumpet heard in Orbs since perhaps
 When God descended and perhaps once more
 To sound at general doom. Th Angelic blast
 Fild all the Regions from this blissful Bowrs

Of *Ammanantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,
 By the waters of Life, where ere they sate
 In fellowships of joy the Sons of Light 80
 Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
 And took thir Seats, till from his Throne supream
 Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran Will

O Sons, like one of us Man is become
 To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
 Of that defended Fruit, but let him boast
 His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
 Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
 Good by it self, and Evil not at all
 He sorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite, 90
 My motions in him, longer then they move,
 His heart I know, how variable and vain
 Self-left Least therefore his now bolder hand
 Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
 And live for ever, dream at least to live
 For ever, to remove him I decree,
 And send him from the Garden forth to Till
 The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile

Michael, this my behest have thou in charge, 100
 Take to thee from among the Cherubim
 Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend
 Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
 Vacant possession som new trouble raise
 Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God
 Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,
 From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce
 To them and to thir Progenie from thence
 Perpetual banishment Yet least they faint
 At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd, 110
 For I behold them soft'nd and with tears
 Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide
 If patiently thy bidding they obey,
 Dismiss them not disconsolate, reveale
 To *Adam* what shall come in future dayes,
 As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
 My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renew'd,
 So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace
 And on the East side of the Garden place,
 Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbs,
 Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame 120
 Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
 And guard all passage to the Tree of Life
 Least Paradise a recepticle prove

To Spirits foule and all my Trees thir prey
With whose stol'n Fruit Man once more to delude.

He ceas'd and th' Archangelic Power prepar'd
For swift descent with him the Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim four faces each
Had like a double *Janus* all thir shape
Spangl'd with eyes more numerous then those 130
Of *Argus* and more wakeful then to drouze
Charm'd with *Arcadian* Pipe the Pastoral Reed
Of *Hermes* or his opiate Rod Mean while
To resalute the World with sacred Light
Leucothea wak'd and with fresh dews imbruid
The Earth when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*
Had ended now thir Onsons and found
Strength added from above new hope to spring
Out of despaire joy but with fear yet linkt
Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd 140

Eve easily may Faith admit that all
The good which we enjoy from Heav'n descends
But that from us ought should ascend to Heav'n
So prevalent as to concerne the mind
Of God high blest or to incline his will
Hard to belief may seem yet this will Prayer
Or one short sigh of humane breath up-borne
E'ne to the Seat of God For since I saught
By Prayer th' offended Deitie to appease
Kneel'd and before him humbl'd all my heart, 150
Methought I saw him placable and mild
Bending his eare perswasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour peace return'd
Home to my brest and to my memorie
His promise that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe
Which then not minded in dismay yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past and w^e shall live Whence Haile to thee
Eve rightly call'd Mother of all Mankind
Mother of all things living since by thee 160
Man is to live and all things live for Man

To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.
Ill worthie I such title should belon.,
To me transgressour who for thee ordain'd
A help became thy snare to mee reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise
But infinite in pardon & as my Judge
That I who first brought Death on all am grac't
The source of life next favourable thou

Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st,
 Farr other name deserving But the Field 170
 To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
 Though after sleepless Night, for see the Morn,
 All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
 Her rosie progress smiling, let us forth,
 I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
 Where ere our days work lies, though now enjoin'd
 Laborious, till day droop, while here we dwell,
 What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?
 Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content 180

So spake, so wish'd much humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate
 Subscrib'd not, Nature first gave Signs, imprest
 On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd
 After short blush of Morn, nigh in her sight
 The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aerie tour,
 Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove
 Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,
 First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
 Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde,
 Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight 190
Adam observ'd, and with his Eye the chase
 Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake

O *Eve*, some further change awaits us nigh,
 Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews
 Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
 Us haply too secure of our discharge
 From penaltie, becuse from death releast
 Some days, how long, and what till then our life,
 Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
 And thither must return and be no more 200
 Why else this double object in our sight
 Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground
 One way the self-same hour? why in the East
 Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light
 More orient in yon Western Cloud that drawes
 O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,
 And slow descends, with something heav'nly fraught

He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
 Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now 210
 In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,
 A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
 And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye
 Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in *Mahanaim*, where he saw
 The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright,

Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd
 In *Dothan* cover'd with a Camp of Fire
 Against the Syrian King who to surprize
 One man Assassin like had levied Warr
 Warr unproclam'd The Princely Hierarch
 In thir bright stand there left his Powers to serse
 Possession of the Garden hee alone
 To finde where *Adam* shelterd tool his way
 Not unperceav'd of *Adam* who to *Eve*
 While the great Visitant approachd thus spak e

- 2

Eve now expect great tidings which perhaps
 Of us will soon determin or impose
 New Laws to be observ'd for I descric
 From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
 One of the heav'nly Host and by his Gate
 None of the meanest some great Potentate
 Or of the Thrones above such Majestic
 Invests him coming yet not terrible
 That I should fear nor sociably mild
 As *Raphael* that I should much confide
 But solemn and sublime whom not to offend
 With reverence I must meet and thou retire
 He ended and th' Arch Angel soon drew nigh
 Not in his shape Celestial but as Man
 Clad to meet Man over his lucid Armes
 A militarie Vest of purple flow'd
 Livelier then *Melibeian* or the graine
 Of *Sarra* worn by Kings and Hero's old
 In time of Truce *Iris* had dypt the wooff
 His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime
 In Manhood where Youth ended by his side
 As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword
 Satans dire dread and in his hand the Spear
Adam bow'd low hee Kingly from his State
 Inclind not but his coming thus declar'd

-30

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-50

Adam Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs
 Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard and Death
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress
 Defeated of his seisure many dayes
 Giv'st thee of Grace wherein thou may'st repent
 And one bad act with many deeds well done
 May'st cover well may then thy Lord appeard
 Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell
 Permits not to remove thee I am come
 And send thee from the Garden forth so till

260

The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.

He added not, for *Adam* at the newes
Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound, *Eve*, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire

O unexpected stroke, worse then of Death!
Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave
Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades, 270
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both O flours,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adorn'd 280
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire
Less pure, accusomd to immortal Fruits?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mulde
Lament not *Eve*, but patiently resigne
What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine,
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes 290
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound,
Where he abides, think there thy native soile

Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatterd spirits returnd,
To *Michael* thus his humble words addressd

Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us, what besides 300
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appeer and desolite,
Nor knowing us nor known and if by prayer

Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can I would not cease
 To wearie him with my assiduous cries 210
 But prayer against his absolute Decree
 No more avails then breath against the winde
 Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit
 This most afflicts me that departing hence
 As from his face I shall be hid deprivd
 His blessed count nance here I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he voutsaf'd
 Presence Divine and to my Sons relate
 On this Mount he appeard under this Tree 30
 Stood visible among these Pines his voice
 I heard here with him at this Fountain talk'd
 So many grateful Altars I would reare
 Of grassie Terfe and pile up every Stone
 Of lustre from the brook in memorie
 Or monument to Ages and thereon
 Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours
 In yonder nether World where shall I seek
 His bright appearances or footstep trace?
 For though I fled him angrie yet recall'd 330
 To life prolongd and promis'd Race I now
 Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
 Of glory and farr off his steps adore
 To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne
Adam thou knowst I Heav'n his and all the Earth
 Not this Rock onely his Omnipresence fills
 Land Sea and Aire and every kinde that lives
 Fomented by his virtual power and warmd
 All th' Earth he gave thee to possess and rule
 No despicable gift surmise not then 340
 His presence to these narrow bounds confin'd
 Of *Paradise* or *Eden* this had been
 Perhaps thy Capital Seate from whence had spread
 All generations and had hither come
 From all the ends of th' Earth to celebrate
 And reverence thee thir great Progenitor
 But this preeminence thou hast lost brought down
 To dwell on even ground now with thy Sons
 Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine
 God is as here and will be found alike 350
 Present and of his presence many a signe
 • Still following thee still compassing thee round
 With goodness and paternal Love his Face

Express, and of his steps the track Divine
 Which that thou mayst beleev e, and be confirmd,
 Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
 To shew thee what shall come in future dayes
 To thee and to thy offspring, good with bad
 Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
 With sinfulness of Men, thereby to learn 360
 True patience, and to temper joy with fear
 And pious sorrow, equally enur'd
 By moderation either state to beare,
 Prosperous or adverse so shalt thou lead
 Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
 Thy mortal passage when it comes Ascend
 This Hill, let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)
 Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
 As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd
 To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd 370
 Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
 Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
 How ever chast'ning, to the evil turne
 My obvious breast, arming to overcom
 By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
 If so I may attain So both ascend
 In the Visions of God It was a Hill
 Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
 The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken
 Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay 380
 Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
 Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
 Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,
 To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory
 His Eye might there command wherever stood
 City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
 Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls
 Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathayan Can*
 And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,
 To *Paquim* of *Sinean* Kings, and thence 390
 To *Agra* and *Labor* of great *Mogul*
 Down to the golden *Cheisonese*, or where
 The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* sate, or since
 In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*
 In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,
Turchestan-born, nor could his eye not l en
 Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the less Maritime Kings
Mombaza, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,

And *Sofala* thought *Ophir* to the Realme 400
 Of *Congo* and *Angola* fardest South
 Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount
 The Kingdoms of *Almansor* *Fez* and *Sus*
Marocco and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*
 On *Europe* thence and where *Rome* was to sway
 The World in Spirit perhaps he also saw
 Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Motezume*
 And *Cusco* in *Peru* the richer seat
 Of *Atabalipa* and yet unspoil'd
Guiana whose great *Citie* *Geryons* Sons 410
 Call *El Dorado* but to nobler sights
Michael from *Adams* eyes the Filme remov'd
 Which that false Fruit that promis'd clearer sight
 Had bred then purg'd with *Euphrasie* and *Rue*
 The visual Nerve for he had much to see
 And from the Well of Life three drops instill'd
 So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc'd
 Even to the inmost seat of mental sight
 That *Adam* now enforc'd to close his eyes
 Sunk down and all his Spirits became intransit 420
 But him the gentle Angel by the hand
 Soon rais'd and his attention thus recall'd
Adam now open thine eyes and first behold
 The effects which thy original crime hath wrought
 In some to spring from thee who never touch'd
 The excepted Tree nor with the Snake conspir'd
 Nor sinn'd thy sin yet from that sin deriv'd
 Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds
 His eyes he open'd and beheld a field
 Part arable and tith whereon were Sheaves 430
 New reap't the other part sheep-walks and foulds
 Ith midst an Altar as the Land mark stood
 Rustic of grassie sord thither anon
 A sweetie Reaper from his Tillage brought
 First Fruits the green Ear and the yellow Sheaf
 Uncull'd as came to hand a Shepherd next
 More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock
 Choicest and best then sacrificing laid
 The Inwards and thir Fat with Incense strew'd
 On the cleft Wood and all due Rites perform'd 440
 His Ostring soon propitious Fire from Heav'n
 Consum'd with nimble glance and grateful steame
 The others not for his was not sincere
 Whereat hee inlie rag'd and as they talk'd
 Smote him into the Midriff with a stone

That bent out life, he fell, and deadly pale
Groand out his Soul with gushing blood effus'd
Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart

Dismar'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd
O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd,
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid² 450

T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd
These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come
Out of thy loyns, th' unjust the just hath slain,
For envie that his Brothers Offering found
From Heav'n acceptance, but the bloodie Fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rowling in dust and gore To which our Sire 460

Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

To whom thus *Michael* Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man, but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
To his grim Cave, all dismal, yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance then within 470
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By Fire, Flood, Famine, by Intemperance more
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear, that thou mayst know
What miserie th' inabstinence of *Eve*
Shall bring on men Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dirl,
A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies 480

Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,¹
Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair
Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch,

¹ After this line 1674 adds

DEMONIAC Phrenzie moaping Melancholie
And Moon struck madness pining Atrophie,
Marasmus and wide wasting Pestilence

And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook but delay'd to strike though oft invoc'd
With vows as thir chief good and final hope
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
Dre ey d behold? *Adam* could not but wept
Though not of Woman born compassion quell'd
His best of Man and gave him up to tears
A space till firmer thoughts restrain'd excess
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd

490

O miserable Mankind to what fall
Degraded to what wretched state reserv'd
Better end heer unborn Why is life giv'n
To be thus wretched from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive would either not accept
Life offer'd or soon beg to lay it down
Glad to be so dismiss'd in peace Can thus
Th Image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect though faultie since
To such unsightly sufferings be debas'd
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man
Retaining still Divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?

500

510

Thir Makers Image answer'd *Michael* then
Forsook them when themselves they villifi'd
To serve ungovern'd appetite and took
His Image whom they serv'd a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of *Envy*
Therefore so abject is thir punishment
Disfiguring not Gods likeness but thir own
Or if his likeness by themselves defac'd
While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules
To loathsome sickness worthily since they
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves

520

I vield it just said *Adam* and submit.
But is there yet no other way besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To Death and mix with our connatural dust?

There is said *Michael* if thou well observe
The rule of not too much by temperance taught
In what thou eatst and drinkst seeking from thence
Due nourishment not gluttonous delight
Till many years over thy head return
So may'st thou live till like ripe Fruit thou drop
Into thy Mothers lap or be with ease

530

Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature
 This is old age, but then thou must outlive
 Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
 To withered weak & gray, thy Senses then
 Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,
 To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth
 Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne 540
 A melancholly damp of cold and dry
 To waigh thy spirits down, and list consume
 The Balme of Life To whom our Ancestor

Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong
 Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
 Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,
 Which I must keep till my appointed day
 Of rendring up, *Michael* to him replid

Nor love thy Life, nor hate, but what thou livest
 Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n 550
 And now prepare thee for another sight

He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon
 Were Tents of various hue, by some were herds
 Of Cattel grazing others, whence the sound
 Of Instruments that made melodious chime
 Was heard, of Harp and Organ, and who moovd
 Thir stops and chords was seen his volant touch
 Instinct through all proportions low and high
 Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue
 In other part stood one who at the Forge 560
 Labouring, two missie clods of Iron and Brass
 Had melted (whether found where crusal fire
 Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
 Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
 To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream
 From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind
 Into fit moulds prepar'd, from which he formd
 First his own Tooles, then, what might else be wrought
 Fusil or grav'n in mettle After these,
 But on the hether side a different sort 570
 From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir Seat,
 Down to the Plain descended by thir guise
 Just men they seemd, and all thir study bent
 To worship God aright, and know his world
 Not hid, nor those things last which might preserv
 Freedom and Peice to men they on the Plain
 Long had not wall t, when from the Tents behold
 A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
 In Gems and wanton dress, to the Harp they sung

Soft amorous Ditties and in dance came on 580
 The Men though grave eyed them and let thir eyes
 Row without rein till in the amorous Net
 Fast caught they lik'd and each his liking chose
 And now of love they treat till th' Evening Star
 Loves Harbinger appeerd then all in heat
 They light the Nuptial Torch and bid invoke
 Hymen then first to marriage Rites invoke
 With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound
 Such happy interview and fair event
 Of love & youth not lost Songs Garlands Flours 590
 And charming Symphonies attach'd the heart
 Of Adam soon inclin'd to admit delight
 The bent of Nature which he thus express'd
 True opener of mine eyes prime Angel blest
 Much better seems this Vision and more hope
 Of peaceful dayes portends then those two past
 Those were of hate and death or pain much worse
 Here Nature seems fulfill'd in all her ends
 To whom thus Michael Judg not what is best
 By pleasure though to Nature seeming meet 600
 Created as thou art to nobler end
 Holie and pure conformitie divine
 Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant were the Tents
 Of wickedness wherein shall dwell his Race
 Who slew his Brother studious they appere
 Of Arts that polish Life Inventers rare
 Unmindful of thir Maker though his Spirit
 Taught them but they his gifts acknowledg'd none
 Yet they a beauteous offspring shall beget
 For that fair femal Troop thou sawst that seem'd 610
 Of Goddesses so blithe so smooth so gay
 Yet empty of all good wherein consists
 Womans domestic honour and chief praise
 Bred onely and completed to the taste
 Of lustful appetence, to sing to dance
 To dress and trouble the Tongue and roule the Eye
 To these that sober Race of Men whose lives
 Religious tid'd them the Sons of God
 Shall yeild up all thir vertue all thir fame
 Ignobly to the traines and to the smiles 620
 Of these fair Atheists and now swim in joy
 (Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh for which
 The world erelong a world of tears must weep
 To whom thus Adam of short joy bereft
 Oppur and shame that they who to live well

Enterd so fure, should turn aside to tread
 Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint'
 But still I see the tenor of Mans woe
 Holds on the same, from Woman to begin

From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,
 Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place
 By wisdom, and superiour gifts receavd
 But now prepare thee for another Scene

630

He lookd and saw wide Territorie spread
 Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
 Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towers,
 Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatening Warr,
 Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise,
 Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,
 Single or in Array of Battel rang'd

640

Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood,
 One way a Band select from forage drives
 A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
 From a fat Meddow ground, or fleecy Flock,
 Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
 Thir Bootie, scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,
 But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray,
 With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine,
 Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies
 With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguind Field
 Deserted Others to a Citie strong

650

Lay Siege, encampt, by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,
 Assaulting, others from the Wall defend
 With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire,
 On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds
 In other part the scepter'd Haralds call
 To Council in the Citie Gates anon
 Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
 Assemble, and Harangues are heard, but soon
 In factious opposition, till at last

660

Of middle Age one rising, eminent
 In wise deport, spal e much of Right and Wrong,
 Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
 And Judgement from above him old and young
 Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands
 Had not a Cloud descending snatch'd him thence
 Unseen amid the throng so violence
 Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
 Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found
 Adam was ill in tears and to his guide
 Lamenting turnd full sad O what are these,

670

Deaths Ministers not Men who thus deal Death
 Inhumanly to men and multiply
 Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew
 His Brother for of whom such massacher
 Make they but of *this Brethren* men of men?
 But who was that Just Man whom had not Heav'n
 Rescu'd had in his Righteousness bin lost?

To whom thus *Michael* These are the product
 Of those ill mated Marriages thou saw'st 680
 Where good with bad were matcht who of themselves
 Abhor to joy'n and by imprudence mixt
 Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind
 Such were these Giants men of high renown
 For in those dayes Might onely shall be admird
 And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd
 To overcome in Battel and subdue
 Nations and bring home spoils with infinite
 Man slaughter shall be held the highest pitch
 Of human Glorie and for Glorie done 690
 Of triumph to be styl'd great Conquerours
 Pitrons of Mankind Gods and Sons of Gods
 Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men
 Thus fame shall be achiev'd renown on Earth
 And what most merits fame in silence hid
 But hee the seventh from thee whom thou beheldst
 The onely righteous in a World perverse
 And therefore hated therefore so beset
 With Foes for daring single to be just
 And utter odious Truth that God would come 700
 To judge them with his Saints Him the most High
 Rapt in a balmy Cloud with winged Steeds
 Did as thou saw'st receive to walk with God
 High in Salvation and the Climes of blis
 Exempt from Death to shew thee what reward
 Awaits the good the rest what punishment
 Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold
 He look'd & saw the face of things quite chang'd
 The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar
 All now was turn'd to jollitie and game 710
 To luxurie and riot feast and dance
 Marrying or prostituting as befell
 Rape or Adulterie where passing faire
 Allurd them thence from Cup to civil Broiles
 At length a Reverend Sire among them came
 And of *this doings* great dislike declar'd
 And testifi'd against *this wayes* hee oft

Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,
 Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd
 Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls 720
 In prison under Judgements imminent
 But all in vain which when he saw, he ceas'd
 Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off,
 Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
 Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,
 Measur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,
 Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore
 Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
 For Man and Beast when loe a wonder strange!
 Of everie Beast, and Bird, and Insect small 730
 Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught
 Thir order, last the Sire, and his three Sons
 With thir four Wives, and God made fast the dore
 Meanwhile the Southwind rose, & with black wings
 Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
 From under Heav'n, the Hills to their supplie
 Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
 Sent up amain, and now the thick'nd Skie
 Like a dark Ceiling stood, down rush'd the Rain
 Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth 740
 No more was seen, the floating Vessel swum
 Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
 Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else
 Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
 Deep under water rould, Sea cover'd Sea,
 Sea without shoar, and in thir Palaces
 Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
 And stabl'd, of Mankind, so numerous late,
 All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't
 How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold 750
 The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad,
 Depopulation, thee another Flood,
 Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drown'd,
 And sunk thee as thy Sons, till gently reard
 By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
 Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns
 His Children, all in view destroy'd at once,
 And scarce to th' Angel utterdst thus thy plaint
 O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
 Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne 760
 My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
 Enough to bear, those now, that were dispenst
 The burd n of many Ages, on me light

At once by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
 Abornive to torment me ere thir being
 With thought that they must be Let no man seek
 Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
 Him or his Children evil he may be sure
 Which neither his foreknowing can prevent
 And hee the future evil shall no less 770
 In apprehension then in substance feel
 Grievous to bear but that care now is past
 Min is not whom to warne those few escape
 Famine and anguish will at last consume
 Wandring that watrie Desert I had hope
 When violence was cease and Warr on Earth
 All would have then gon well peace would have crown'd
 With length of happy days the race of man
 But I was farr deceayd for now I see
 Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste 780
 How comes it thus? unfould Celestial Guide
 And whether here the Race of man will end
 To whom thus *Michael* Those whom last thou sawst
 In triumph and luxurious wealth are they
 First seen in acts of prowess eminent
 And great exploits but of true vertu void
 Who having spilt much blood and don much waste
 Subduing Nations and achiev'd thereby
 Fame in the World high titles and rich prey
 Shall change thir course to pleasure ease and sloth 790
 Surfer and lust, till wantonness and pride
 Rise out of friendship hostile deeds in Peace
 The conquer'd also and enslav'd by Warr
 Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose
 And feare of God from whom thir pietie feign'd
 In sharp contest of Bartel found no aide
 Against invaders therefore coold in zeale
 Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure
 Worldlie or dissolute on what thir l'ords
 Shall leave them to enjoy for th' Earth shall bear 800
 More than anough that temperance may be tri'd
 So all shall turn degenerate all deprav'd
 Justice and Temperance Truth and Faith forgot
 One Man except the onely Son of light
 In a dark Age against example good
 Against allurement custom and a World
 Offended fearless of reproach and scorn,
 Or violence hee of thir wicked wayes
 Shall them admonish and before them set

The paths of righteousness, how much more safe, 810
 And full of peace, denouncing wrath to come
 On thir impenitence, and shall returne
 Of them derided, but of God observd
 The one just Man alive, by his command
 Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
 To save himself and houshold from amidst
 A World devote to universal rack
 No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast
 Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
 And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts 820
 Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre
 Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep
 Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp
 Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
 Above the highest Hills then shall this Mount
 Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd
 Out of his place, pushd by the horned flood,
 With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
 Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
 And there take root an Iland salt and bare, 830
 The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang
 To teach thee that God attributes to place
 No sanctitie, if none be thither brought
 By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell
 And now what further shall ensue, behold
 He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the flood,
 Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
 Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
 Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decal'd,
 And the cleer Sun on his wide wat'rie Glass 840
 Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,
 As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink
 From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole
 With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
 His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut
 The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
 Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt
 And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer,
 With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
 Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde 850
 Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
 And after him, the surer messenger,
 A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
 Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light,
 The second time returning, in his Bill

An Olive leafe he brings pacific signe
 Anon drie ground appeers and from his Arke
 The ancient Sire descends with all his Train
 Then with uplifted hands and eyes devout
 Grateful to Heav'n over his head beholds 860
 A dewie Cloud and in the Cloud a Bow
 Conspicuous with three listed colours gay
 Betolling peace from God and Covenant new
 Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad
 Greatly rejoyc'd and thus his joy brole forth
 O thou that future things canst represent
 As present Heav'nly instructor I revive
 At this last sight assur'd that Man shall live
 With all the Creatures and thir seed preserve
 Fartless I now lament for one whole World 870
 Of wicked Sons destroy'd then I rejoyce
 For one Man found so perfect and so just
 That God voutsafes to raise another World
 From him and all his anger to forget
 But say what mean those colour'd streaks in Heav'n
 Distended as the Brow of God appears'd
 Or serve they as a floure verge to binde
 The fluid skirts of that same watterie Cloud
 Least it again dissolve and shew'r the Earth
 To whom th' Archangel Dextrously thou aim'st 880
 So willingly doth God remit his Ire
 Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd
 Griev'd at his heart when looking down he saw
 The whole Earth fill'd with violence and all flesh
 Corrupting each thir way yet those remoov'd
 Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight
 That he relents not to blot out mankind
 And makes a Covenant never to destroy
 The Earth again by flood nor let the Sea
 Surpass his bounds nor Rain to drown the World 890
 With Man therein or Beast but when he brings
 Over the Earth a Cloud will therein set
 His triple-colour'd Bow whereon to look
 And call to mind his Covenant Day and Night,
 Seed time and Harvest Heat and hoary Frost
 Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new
 Both Heav'n and Earth wherein the just shall dwell

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT

The Angel Michael continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed, then in the mention of Abraham comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised Adam and Eve in the Fall, his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascension, the state of the Church till his second Coming Adam greatly satisfied and recomfited by these Relations and Promises descends the Hill with Michael wakens Eve who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission Michael in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking their Stations to guard the Place

[**A**S ONE who in his journey bates at Noone,
Though bent on speed, so heer the Archangel paus'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If Adam aught perhaps might interpose,
Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes] ¹

Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end,
And Man is from a second stock proceed
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceive
Thy mortal sight to faile, objects divine
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense 10
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend
This second sours of Men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgement past remains
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apice,
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn wine and oyle, and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid, 20
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in perce by Families and Tribes
Under paternal rule, till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fur equalitie, fraternal state,
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,

¹ The five bracketed lines were added in the second edition (1674), when the original Book x was divided into Book xi and Book xii

Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game) 30
 With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse
 Subjection to his Empire tyrannous
 A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
 Before the Lord as in despite of Heav'n
 Or from Heav'n claiming second Sovrantie
 And from Rebellion shall derive his name
 Though of Rebellion others he accuse
 Hec with a crew whom like Ambition joyes
 With him or under him to tyrannize
 Marching from *Eden* towards the West shall finde 40
 The Plain wherein a black bituminous gurgle
 Boiles out from under ground the mouth of Hell
 Of Bricl and of that stuff they cast to build
 A Citie & Towre whose top may reach to Heav'n
 And get themselves a name least far disperst
 In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost
 Regardless whether good or evil fame
 Put God who oft descends to visit men
 Unseen and through thir habitations walks
 To mark thir doings them beholding soon 50
 Comes down to see thir Citie ere the Tower
 Obstruct Heav'n Towr and in derision sets
 Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase
 Quite out thir Native Language and instead
 To sow a jangling noise of words unknown
 Iorthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
 Among the Builders each to other calls
 Not understood till hoarse and all in rage
 As mockt they storm great laughter was in Heav'n
 And looking down to see the hubbub strange 60
 And hear the din thus was the building left
 Ridiculous and the work Confusion nam'd
 Whereeto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd
 O execrable Son so to aspire
 Above his Brethren to himself assuming
 Authoritie usurpt from God not giv'n
 He gave us onely over Beast Fish Fowl
 Dominion absolute that right we hold
 By his donation but Man over men
 He made not Lord such title to himself 70
 Reserving human left from human free
 But this Usurper his encroachment proud
 Staves not on Man to God his Tower intends
 Siege and defiance Wretched man! what food
 Will he convey up thither to sustain

Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?

To whom thus *Michael* Justly thou abhorr'st
That Son, who on the quiet state of men 80
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational Libertie, yet know withall,
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie
Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart Passions catch the Government
From Reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free Therefore since hee permits 90
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just
Subjects him from without to violent Lords,
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom Tyrannie must be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse
Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But Justice, and some fatal curse annext
Deprives them of thir outward libertie, 100
Thir inward lost, Witness th' irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race
Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy Eyes, resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes, 110
And one peculiar Nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A Nation from one faithful man to spring
Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,
Bred up in Idol-worship, O that men
(Cinst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship thir own worl in Wood and Stone
For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes 120
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,

His kindred and false Gods into a Land
 Which he will shew him and from him will raise
 A mightie Nation and upon him show re
 His benediction so that in his Seed
 All Nations shall be blest hee straight obeys
 Not knowing to what Land yet firm believes
 I see him but thou canst not with what Faith
 He leaves his Gods his Friends and native Soile
 Ur of Chaldaea passing now the Ford 130
 To Haran after him a cumbrous Train
 Of Herds and Flocks and numerous servitude
 Not wandring poor but trusting all his wealth
 With God who call'd him in a land unknown
 Canim he now attains I see his Tents
 Pitcht about Sechem and the neighbouring Plaine
 Of Moreh there by promise he receaves
 Gift to his Progenie of all that Land
 From Hamath Northward to the Desert South
 (Things by this names I call though yet unnam'd) 140
 From Hermon East to the great Western Sea
 Mount Hermon vnder Sea each place behold
 In prospect as I point them on the shore
 Mount Carmel here the double founted stream
 Jordan true limit Eastward but his Sons
 Shall dwell to Senir that long ridge of Hills
 This ponder that all Nations of the Earth
 Shall in his Seed be blessed by that Seed
 Is meant thy great deliverer who shall bruise
 The Serpents head whereof to thee anon 150
 Plainlier shall be reveal'd This Patriarch blest
 Whom faithful Abraham due time shall call
 A Son and of his Son a Grand childe leaves
 Like him in faith in wisdom and renown
 The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast departs
 From Canaan to a land hereafter call'd
 Egypt divided by the River Nile
 See where it flows disgorging at seven mouthes
 Into the Sea to sojourn in that Land
 He comes invited by a younger Son 160
 In time of dearth a Son whose worthy deeds
 Raise him to be the second in that Realm
 Of Eliazar there he dies and leaves his Race
 Growing into a Nation and now grown
 Suspected to a sequent King who seeks
 To stop this overgrowth as inmate guests
 Too numerous whence of guests he makes them slaves

Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males
 Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and *Aaron*) sent from God to chume 170
 His people from enthralment, they return
 With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land
 But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
 To know thir God, or message to regard,
 Must be compell'd by Signes and Judgements dire,
 To blood unshed the Rivers must be turn'd,
 Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
 With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land,
 His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,
 Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss, 180
 And all his people, Thunder mixt with Haile,
 Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie
 And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rould,
 What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
 A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down
 Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green
 Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
 Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes,
 Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
 Of *Egypt* must lie dead Thus with ten wounds 190
 This River-dragon tam'd at length submits
 To let his sojourners depart, and oft
 Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
 More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage
 Pursuing whom he late dismissd, the Sea
 Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
 As on drie land between two christal walls,
 Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand
 Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar
 Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend, 200
 Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
 Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
 By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,
 To guide them in thir journey, and remove
 Behinde them, while th' obdurate King pursues
 All night he will pursue, but his approach
 Darkness defends between till morning Watch,
 Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
 God lool'ing forth will trouble all his Host
 And craze thir Chariot wheels when by command 210
Moses once more his potent Rod extends
 Over the Sea, the Sea his Rod obeys,
 On thir unbattell'd rinds the Waves return,

And overwhelm thir Warr the Race elect
 Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance
 Through the wilde Desert not the readiest way
 I east entring on the *Cnaanite* allarm'd
 Warr terrifie them ineexpert and feare
 Return them back to *Egypt* choosing rather
 Inglorious life with servitude for life 20
 To noble and ignoble is more sweet
 Untrain'd in Armes where rashness leads not on
 This also shall they gain by thir delay
 In the wide Wilderness there they shall found
 Thir government and thir great Senate choose
 Through the twelve Tribes to rule by Laws ordain'd
 God from the Mount of *Sinai* whose gray top
 Shall tremble he descendin^g will himself
 In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound
 Ordaine them Lawes part such as appertaine 230
 To civil Justice part religious Rites
 Of sacrifice, informing them by types
 And shadowes of that destin'd Seed to bruise
 The Serpent by what meanes he shall achieve
 Mankinds deliverance But the voice of God
 To mortal eare is dreadful they beseech
 That *Moses* might report to them his will
 And terror cease he grants them thir desire
 Instructed that to God is no access
 Without Mediator whose high Office now 240
Moses in figure beares to introduce
 One greater of whose day he shall foretell
 And all the Prophets in thir Age the times
 Of great *Messiah* shall sing Thus Laws and Rites
 I establisht such delight hath God in Men
 Obedient to his will that he voutsafes
 Among them to set up his Tabernacle
 The holy One with mortal Men to dwell
 By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram'd
 Of Cedar overlaid with Gold therein 250
 An Ark and in the Ark his Testimony
 The Records of his Cov'nant over these
 A Mercie seat of Gold between the wings
 Of two bright Cherubim before him burn
 Seven Lamps as in a Zodiack representing
 The Heav'nly fires over the Tent a Cloud
 Shall rest by Day a fiery gleame by Night
 Save when they journeie and at length they come
 Conducted by his Angel to the Land

Promisd to *Abraham* and his Seed the rest
 Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
 How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,
 Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
 A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,
 Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,
 And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,
 Till *Israel* overcome, so call the third
 From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him
 His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win

Here *Adam* interpos'd O sent from Heav'n,
 Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
 Thou hast reveald, those chiefly which concerne
 Just *Abraham* and his Seed now first I finde
 Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
 Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom
 Of mee and all Mankind, but now I see
 His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,
 Favour unmerited by me, who sought
 Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means
 This yet I apprehend not, why to those
 Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth
 So many and so various Laws are giv'n,
 So many Laws argue so many sins
 Among them, how can God with such reside?

To whom thus *Michael* Doubt not but that sin
 Will reign among them, as of thee begot,
 And therefore was Law given them to evince
 Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up
 Sin against Law to fight, that when they see
 Law can discover sin, but not remove,
 Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
 The blood of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
 Some blood more precious must be paid for Man,
 Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
 To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
 Justification towards God, and peace
 Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
 Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part
 Perform, and not performing cannot live
 So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n
 With purpose to resign them in full time
 Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd
 From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
 From imposition of strict Laws, to free
 Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear

To filial works of Law to works of Faith
 And therefore shall not *Moses* though of God
 Highly belov'd being but the Minister
 Of Law his people into *Canaan* lead
 But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call 310
 His Name and Office bearing who shall quell
 The adversarie Serpent and bring back
 Through the worlds wilderness long wander'd man
 Safe to eternal Paradise of rest
 Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac't
 Long time shall dwell and prosper but when sins
 National interrupt thir public peace
 Provoking God to raise them enemies
 From whom as oft he saves them penitent
 By Judges first then under Kings of whom 320
 The second both for pietie renown'd
 And puissant deeds a promise shall receive
 Irrevocable that his Regal Throne
 For ever shall endure the like shall sing
 All Prophecie That of the Royal Stock
 Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise
 A Son the Womans Seed to thee foretold
 Foretold to *Abraham* as in whom shall trust
 All Nations and to Kings foretold of Kings
 The last for of his Reign shall be no end 330
 But first a long succession must ensue
 And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam'd
 The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
 Wandring shall in a glorious Temple enshrine
 Such follow him as shall be register'd
 Part good part bad of bad the longer scrowle
 Whose foul Idolatries and other faults
 Heapt to the popular summe will so incense
 God as to leave them and expose thir Land
 Thir Citie his Temple and his holy Ark 340
 With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
 To that proud Citie whose high Walls thou saw'st
 Left in confusion *Babylon* thence call'd
 There in captiv'tie he lets them dwell
 The space of seventie years then brings them back
 Remembering mercie and his Covenant sworn
 To *David* stal light as the dayes of Heav'n
 Return'd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings
 Thir Lords whom God dispos'd the house of God
 They first re-edifie and for a while 350
 In mean estate live moderate till grown

In wealth and multitude, factious they grow,
 But first among the Priests dissension springs,
 Men who attend the Altar, and should most
 Endeavour Peace thir strife pollution brings
 Upon the Temple it self at last they seise
 The Scepter, and regard not *David's* Sons,
 Then loose it to a stranger, that the true
 Anointed King *Messiah* might be born
 Barr'd of his right, yet at his Birth a Starr 360
 Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,
 And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire
 His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,
 His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
 To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night,
 They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire
 Of squadron'd Angels hear his Carol sung
 A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
 The Power of the most High, he shall ascend
 The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign 370
 With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns
 He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy
 Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,
 Without the vent of words, which these he breath'd
 O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
 Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
 What oft my steddier thoughts have searcht in vain,
 Why our great expectation should be call'd
 The seed of Woman Virgin Mother, Haile,
 High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes 380
 Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
 Of God most High, So God with man unites
 Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
 Expect with mortal paine say where and when
 Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel
 To whom thus *Michael* Dream not of thir fight,
 As of a Duel, or the local wounds
 Of head or heel not therefore joy nes the Son
 Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
 Thy enemy, nor so overcome 390
Satan, whose fall from Heav'n, a deadlier bruise,
 Disabl'd not to give thee thy death's wound
 Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
 Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works
 In thee and in thy Seed nor can this be,
 But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
 Obedience to the Law of God, impos'd

On penaltie of death and suffering death
 The penaltie to thy transgression due
 And due to theirs which out of thine will grow 400
 So onely can high Justice rest appaid
 The Law of God exact he shall fulfill
 Both by obedience and by love though love
 Alone fulfill the Law thy punishment
 He shall endure by coming in the flesh
 To a reproachful life and cursed death
 Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe
 In his redemption and that his obedience
 Imputed becomes theirs by Faith his merits
 To save them not thir own though legal worl s 410
 For this he shall live hated be blasphem'd
 Seis'd on by force judg'd and to death condemn'd
 A shameful and accurst nail'd to the Cross
 By his own Nation slaine for bringing Life
 But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies
 The Law that is against thee and the sins
 Of all mankinde with him there crucifi'd
 Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
 In this his satisfaction so he dies
 But soon revives Death over him no power 420
 Shall long usurp ere the third dawning light
 Returne the Starres of Morn shall see him rise
 Out of his grave fresh as the dawning light
 Thy ransom paid which Man from death redeems
 His death for Man as many as offerd l ife
 Neglect not and the benefit embrace
 By Faith not void of workes this God like act
 Annuls thy doom the death thou shouldst have dy'd
 In sin for ever lost from life this act
 Shall bruise the head of *Satan* crush his strength 430
 Defeating Sin and Death his two maine armes
 And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings
 Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel
 Or theirs whom he redeems a death like sleep
 A gentle waking to immortal l ife
 Nor after resurrection shall he stay
 Longer on Earth then certaine tmes to appeer
 To his Disciples Men who in his l ife
 Still follow'd him to them shall leave in charge
 To teach all nations what of him they learn'd 440
 And his Salvation them who shall beleve
 Baptizing in the profluent streame the signe
 Of washing them from guilt of sin to l ife

Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
 For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd
 All Nations they shall teach, for from that day
 Not onely to the Sons of *Abrahams* Loines
 Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons
 Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world,
 So in his seed all Nations shall be blest 450
 Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
 With victory, triumphing through the aire
 Over his foes and thine, there shall surprise
 The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
 Through all his realme, & there confounded leave,
 Then enter into glory, and resume
 His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
 Above all names in Heav'n, and thence shall come,
 When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
 With glory and power to judge both quick & dead 460
 To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
 His faithful, and receive them into bliss,
 Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
 Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
 Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies
 So spake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,
 As at the Worlds great period, and our Sire
 Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd
 O goodness infinite, goodness immense! 470
 That all this good of evil shall produce,
 And evil turn to good, more wonderful
 Then that by which creation first brought forth
 Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
 Whether I should repent me now of sin
 By mee done and occasion'd, or rejoyce
 Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
 To God more glory, more good will to Men
 From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound
 But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
 Must reascend, what will betide the few 480
 His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
 The enemies of truth, who then shall guide
 His people, who defend? will they not deale
 Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?
 Be sure they will, said th' Angel, but from Heav'n
 I see to his own Comforter will send,
 The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
 His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith
 Working through love, upon thur hearts shall write,

To guide them in all truth and also arme
 With spiritual Armour able to resist
 Satans assaults and quench his fierie darts
 What Man can do against them not afraid
 Though to the death against such cruelties
 With inward consolations recompenc t
 And oft supported so as shall amaze
 Thir proudest persecuters for the Spirit
 Pour'd first on his Apostles whom he sends
 To evangelize the Nations then on all
 Baptiz'd shall them with wondrous gifts endue
 To speak all Tongues and do all Miracles
 As did thir Lord before them Thus they win
 Great numbers of each Nation to receave
 With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n at length
 Thir Ministry perform'd and race well run
 Thir doctrine and thir story written left
 They die but in thir room as they forewarne
 Wolves shall succeed for teachers grievous Wolves
 Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
 To thir own vile advantages shall turne
 Of lucre and ambition and the truth
 With superstitions and traditions tunc
 Left onely in those written Records pure
 Though not but by the Spirit understood
 Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names
 Places and titles and with these to joine
 Secular power though feigning still to act
 By spiritual to themselves appropriating
 The Spirit of God promis'd alike and giv'n
 To all Beleevers and from thir pretense
 Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
 On every conscience Law's which none shall finde
 Left them inrould or what the Spirit within
 Shall on the heart engrave What will they then
 But force the Spirit of Grace it self and binde
 His consort Libertie what but unbuild
 His living Temples built by Faith to stand
 Thir own Faith not anothers for on Earth
 Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
 Infalible yet many will presume
 Whence heavie persecution shall arise
 On all who in the worship persevere
 Of Spirit and Truth the rest farr greater part
 Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes
 Religion satisfi'd Truth shall retire

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Bestuck with slanderous darts, and world's of Faith
 Rarely be found so shall the World goe on,
 To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
 Under her own waight groaning, till the day
 Appear of respiration to the just, 540
 And vengeance to the wicked, at return
 Of him so lately promiss'd to thy aid,
 The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,
 Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
 Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveal'd
 In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World, then raise
 From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
 New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date
 Founded in righteousness and peace and love, 550
 To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss
 He ended, and thus *Adam* last reply'd
 How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
 Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,
 Till time stand fixt beyond is all abyss,
 Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach
 Greatly instructed I shall hence depart
 Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
 Of knowledge, what this vessel can containe,
 Beyond which was my folly to aspire 560
 Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,
 And love with feare the onely God, to walk
 As in his presence, ever to observe
 His providence, and on him sole depend,
 Merciful over all his works, with good
 Still overcoming evil, and by small
 Accomplishing great things, by things deem'd weak
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
 By simply meek, that suffering for Truths sake
 Is fortitude to highest victorie, 570
 And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life,
 Taught this by his example whom I now
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest
 To whom thus also th' Angel last repli'd
 This having learnt, thou hast attained the summe
 Of wisdom, hope no higher, though all the Starrs
 Thou knew'st by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
 All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
 Or works of God in Heav'n Air Earth, or Sea,
 And all the riches of this World enjoy'st, 580
 And all the rule, one Empire, onely add

Deeds to thy knowledge answerable add Faith
 Add Vertue Patience Temperance add Love
 By name to come call'd Charitie the soul
 Of all the rest then wilt thou not be loath
 To leave this Paradise but shalt possess
 A Paradise within thee happier farr
 Let us descend now therefore from this top
 Of Speculation for the hour precise
 Exacts our parting hence and see the Guards 590
 By mee encamp't on yonder Hill expect
 Thir motion at whose Front a flaming Sword
 In signal of remove waves fiercely round
 We may no longer stay go waken *Eve*
 Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm'd
 Portending good and all her spirits compos'd
 To meek submission thou at season fit
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard
 Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know
 The great deliv'rance by her Seed to come 600
 (I or by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind
 That ye may live which will be many dayes
 Both in one Faith unanimous though sad
 With cause for evils past yet much more cheer'd
 With meditation on the happie end

He ended and they both descend the Hill
 Descended *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*
 Lay sleeping ran before but found her wak'ed
 And thus with words not sad she him receiv'd
 Whence thou returnst & whither wentst I know 610
 For God is also in sleep and Dreams advise
 Which he hath sent propitious some great good
 Presaging since with sorrow and hearts distress
 Wearied I fell asleep but now lead on
 In mee is no delay with thee to goe
 Is to stay here without thee here to stay
 Is to go hence unwilling thou to mee
 Art all things under Heav'n all places thou
 Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence
 This further consolation yet secure 620
 I carry hence though all by mee is lost
 Such favour I unworthie am voutsaf't
 By mee the Promis'd Seed shall all restore

So spake our Mother *Eve* and *Adam* heard
 Well pleas'd but answer'd not for now too nigh
 Th' Archangel stood and from the other I full
 To thir fixt Station all in bright array

The Cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides, 630
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning High in Front advanc't
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet, which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,
Began to parch that temperate Clime, whereat
In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine, then disappear'd 640
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon,
The World was all before them, where to choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way

SAMSON AGONISTES

Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is call'd
Tragedy

TRAGEDY, as it was antiently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other Poems therefore said by *Aristotle* to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion for so in Physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sowr against sowr, salt to remove salt humours Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate thir discourse The Apostle *Paul* himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor* 15 33 and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguish'd each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy Of that honour *Dionysius* the elder was no less ambitious, then before of his attaining to the Tyranny *Augustus Cæsar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinished *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at lest the best of them) that go under that name *Gregory Nazianzen* a Father of the Church, thought it not unbecoming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy, which he entitl'd, *Christ suffering* This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes, hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath bin counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people And though antient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epistle, in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the antient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before hand may be Epistl'd, that *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not antient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians* In the modelling therefore of this Poem with good reason, the Antients and

Italians are rather follow'd as of much more authority and fame The measure of Verse us'd in the Chorus is of all sorts call'd by the Greeks *Monostrophic* or rather *Apoelymenon* without regard had to *Strophe* *Antistrophe* or *Epod* which were a kind of Stanza's fram'd only for the Music then us'd with the Chorus that sung not essential to the Poem and therefore not material or being divided into Stanza's or Pauses they may be call'd *Alleostroph* a Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc'd beyond the fifth Act of the style and uniformity and that commonly call'd the Plot whether intricate or explicit which is nothing indeed but such œconomy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschylus Sophocles* and *Euripides* the three Tragic Poets unequalled yet by any and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends is according to antient rule and best example within the space of 24 hours

SAMSON AGONISTES

THE ARGUMENT

Samson made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd there to sit a while and be moan his condition Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father Manoa, who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom, lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the Philistins as a day of Thanksgiving for thir deliverance from the hands of Samson which yet more troubles him Manoa then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the Philistian Lords for Samson's redemption, who in the mean while is visited by other persons, and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in thir presence, he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denyal to come, at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him, the Chorus yet remaining on the place, Manoa returns full of joyful hope, to procure e're long his Sons deliverance in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste confusedly at first, and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what Samson had done to the Philistins and by accident to himself, where with the Tragedy ends

The Persons

Samson	Harapha of Gath
Manoah the Father of Samson	Publick Officer Messenger
Dalila his Wife	Chorus of Danites

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza

SAMSON A little onward lend thy guiding hand
 To these dark steps, a little further on,
 For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade,
 There I am wont to sit, when any chance
 Relieves me from my task of servile toyl,
 Daily in the common Prison else enjoy'd me,
 Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
 The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
 Unwholsom draught but here I feel amends
 The breath of Heav'n fresh-blowing, pure and sweet, 10
 With day-spring born, here leave me to respire
 This day a solemn Feast the people hold
 To Dagon thir Sea-Idol, and forbid
 Laborious works, unwillingly this rest

This Superstition yields me hence with leave
 Retiring from the popular noise I seek
 This unfrequented place to find some ease
 Ease to the body some none to the mind
 From restless thoughts that like a deadly swarm
 Of Hornets arm'd no sooner found alone 20
 But rush upon me thronging and present
 Times past what once I was and what am now
 O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
 Twice by an Angel who at last in sight
 Of both my Parents all in flames ascended
 From off the Altar where an Off ring burn'd
 As in a fiery column charioting
 His Godlike presence and from some great act
 Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?
 Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd 30
 As of a person separate to God
 Design'd for great exploits if I must dye
 Betray'd Captiv'd and both my Eyes put out,
 Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze
 To grind in Brazen Fetters under task
 With this Heav'n gifted strength? O glorious strength
 Put to the labour of a Beast debas'd
 Lower then bondslave? Promise was that I
 Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver
 Ask for this great Deliverer now and find him 40
 Eless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves
 Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke
 Yet stay let me not rashly call in doubt
 Divine Prediction what if all foretold
 Had been fulfill'd but through mine own default
 Whom have I to complain of but my self?
 Who this high gift of strength committed to me
 In what part lodg'd how easily bereft me
 Under the Seal of silence could not keep
 But weakly to a woman must reveal it 50
 O recome with importunity and tears
 O impotence of mind in body strong!
 But what strength without a double share
 Of wisdom, vast unwieldy burdensom
 Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
 By weakest subtleties, not made to rule
 But to subserve where wisdom bears command
 God when he gave me strength to shew withal
 How slight the gift was hung, it in my hand
 But peace I must not quarrel with the will 60

Of highest dispensation, which herein
 Happ'ly had ends above my reach to know
 Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
 And proves the source of all my miseries,
 So many, and so huge, that each apart
 Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
 O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
 Blind among enemies, O worse than chains,
 Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age!
 Light the prime work of God to me is extinct, 70
 And all her various objects of delight
 Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
 Inferiour to the vilest now become
 Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me,
 They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
 To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
 Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
 In power of others, never in my own,
 Scarce half I seem to live, dead more than half
 O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon, 80
 Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse
 Without all hope of day!
 O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
 Let there be light, and light was over all,
 Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
 The Sun to me is dark
 And silent as the Moon,
 When she deserts the night
 Hid in her vacant interlunar cove
 Since light so necessary is to life, 90
 And almost life itself, if it be true
 That light is in the Soul,
 She all in every part, why was the sight
 To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?
 So obvious and so easie to be quench'd,
 And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
 That she might look at will through every pore?
 Then had I not been thus evil'd from light,
 As in the land of darkness yet in light,
 To live a life half dead, a living death, 100
 And buried, but O yet more miserable!
 My self, my Sepulcher, and moving Grave,
 Buried, yet not exempt
 By privilege of death and burial
 From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
 But made hereby obnoxious more

To all the miseries of life
 Life in captivity
 Among inhuman foes
 But who are these? for with joint pace I hear 110
 The tread of many feet steering this way
 Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
 At my affliction and perhaps to insult
 Their daily practice to afflict me more
Chor Thus this is he softly a while
 Let us not break in upon him
 O change beyond report thought or belief!
 See how he lies at random carelessly diffus'd
 With languish'd head unpropt
 As one past hope abandon'd 120
 And by himself given over
 In slavish habit ill fitted weeds
 Ore worn and sold
 Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be hee
 That Heroic that Renown'd
 Irresistible *Samson*? whom unarm'd
 No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could with-
 stand
 Who tore the Lion as the Lion tears the kid
 Ran on embattel'd Armies clad in Iron
 And weaponless himself 130
 Made Arms ridiculous useless the forgery
 Of brazen shield and spear the hammer'd Cuirass
 Chalybean temper'd steel and frock of mail
 Adamantine Proof
 But safest he who stood aloof
 When insupportably his foot advanc'd
 In scorn of thir proud arms and warlike tools
 Spurn'd them to death by Troops The bold
Ascalonite
 Fled from his Lion ramp old Warriors turn'd
 Thir plated backs under his heel 140
 Or grov'ling soiled thir crested helmets in the dust
 Then with what trivial weapon came to hand
 The Jaw of a dead Ass his sword of bone
 A thousand fore skins fell the flower of *Isaellim*
 In *Ramath-leel* famous to this day
 Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders
 bore
 The Gates of *Azaz* Post and main vic Bar
 Up to the Hill by *Hebron* seat of Giants old
 No journey of a Sabbath day and loaded so

Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n 150
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy Bondage or lost Sight,
Prison within Prison
Inseparably dark?

Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The Dungeon of thy self, thy Soul
(Which Men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
Imprison'd now indeed,

In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light 160
To incorporate with gloomy night,
For inward light alas

Puts forth no visual beam
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,

To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n
For him I reckon not in high estate 170
Whom long descent of birth

Or the spear of fortune raises,
But thee whose strength, while virtue was her mate
Might have subdu'd the Earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises

Sam I hear the sound of words, thir sense the air
Dissolves unjointed e're it reach my ear

Chor Hee speal s, let us draw nigh Matchless in might,
The glory hite of *Israel*, now the grief,
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown 180
From *Eshtaol* and *Zora's* fruitful Vale

To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or Consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have power to swage
The tumors of a troubl'd mind,
And are as Balm to fester'd wounds

Sam Your coming, Friends, revives me for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their Superscription (of the most 190
I would be understood) in prosperous days

They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their herd
Not to be found though sought Yee see, O friends,
How much evils have enclos'd me round,
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,

Blindness for had I sight confus'd with shame
 How could I once look up or heav'n the head
 Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwreck'd,
 My Vessel trusted to me from above
 Gloriously rigg'd and for a word a tear
 Fool have divulg'd the secret gift of God
 To a deceitful Woman tell me Friends
 Am I not sung and proverb'd for a Fool
 In every street, do they not say how well
 Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
 Immeasurable strength they might behold
 In me of wisdom nothing more then mean
 This with the other should at least have purd
 These two proportion'd ill drove me transverse

200

Chor Tax not divine disposal wisest Men
 Have err'd and by bad Women been deceiv'd
 And shall again pretend they ne're so wise
 Deject not then so overmuch thy self
 Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides
 Yet truth to say I oft have heard men wonder
 Why thou shouldst wed *Philistian* women rather
 Then of thine own Tribe fairer or as fair
 At least of thy own Nation and as noble

210

Sam The first I saw at *Tinma* and she pleas'd
 Mee not my Parents that I sought to wed
 The daughter of an Infidel they knew not
 That what I motion'd was of God I knew
 From intimate impulse and therefore urg'd
 The Marriage on that by occasion hence
 I might begin *Israel's* Deliverance
 The work to which I was divinely call'd
 She proving false the next I took to Wife
 (O what I never had! fond wish too late)
 Was in the Vale of *Sorec* *Dalila*

220

That specious Monster my accomplisht snare
 I thought it lawful from my former act
 And the same end still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressours of what now I suffer
 She was not the prime cause but I my self
 Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)
 Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman

230

Chor In seeking just occasion to provoke
 The *Philistine* thy Countries Enemy
 Thou never wast remiss I bear thee witness
 Yet *Israel* still serves with all his Sons.

240

Sam That fault I take not on me but transfer

On *Israel's* Governours, and Heads of Tribes,
 Who seeing those great acts which God had done
 Singly by me against their Conquerours
 Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
 Deliverance offerd I on th' other side
 Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
 The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
 doer,

But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
 To count them things worth notice, till at length 250
 Thir Lords the *Philistines* with gather'd powers
 Enterd *Judea* seeking mee, who then
 Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
 Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
 To set upon them, what advantag'd best,
 Mean while the men of *Judah* to prevent
 The harrass of thir Land, beset me round,
 I willingly on some conditions came
 Into thir hands, and they as gladly yield me 260
 To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey,
 Bound with two cords, but cords to me were threds
 Toucht with the flame on thir whole Host I flew
 Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
 Thir choicest youth, they only liv'd who fled
 Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
 They had by this possess'd the Towers of *Gath*,
 And lorded over them whom now they serve,
 But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
 And by thir vices brought to servitude,
 Then to love Bondage more then Liberty, 270
 Bondage with ease then strenuous liberty,
 And to despise, or envy, or suspect
 Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
 As thir Deliverer, if he ought begin,
 How frequent to desert him, and at last
 To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds

Chor Thy words to my remembrance bring
 How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Peniel*
 Thir great Deliverer contemn'd,
 The matchless *Gideon* in pursuit 280
 Of *Madian* and her vanquisht Kings
 And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
 Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
 Not worse then by his shield and spear
 Defended *Israel* from the *Ammonite*,
 Had not his prowess quell'd thir pride

Of *vow* and have betray'd it to a woman
 A *Canaanite* my faithless enemy 380
 This well I knew nor was at all surpris'd
 But warn'd by oft experience did not she
 Of *Tinna* first betray me and reveal
 The secret wrested from me in her hight
 Of Nuptial Love profest carrying it strait
 To them who had corrupted her my Spies
 And Rivals? In this other was there found
 More Faith? who also in her prime of love
 Spousal embraces vitiated with Gold
 Though offer'd only by the sent conceiv'd 390
 Her spurious first born Treason against me?
 Thrice she assay'd with flattering prayers and sighs
 And amorous reproaches to win from me
 My capital secret in what part my strength
 Lay stor'd in what part summ'd that she might know
 Thrice I deluded her and turn'd to sport
 Her importunity each time perceiving
 How openly and with what impudence
 She purpos'd to betray me and (which was worse
 Then undissembl'd hate) with what contempt 400
 She sought to make me Traitor to my self
 Yet the fourth time when mustering all her wiles
 With blandisht parlies feminine assaults
 Tongue batteries she surceas'd not day nor night
 To storm me over watch't and wearied out
 At times when men seek most repose and rest
 I yielded and unlock'd her all my heart
 Who with a grain of manhood well resolv'd
 Might easily have shook off all her snares
 But foul effeminacy held me yok't 410
 Her Bond slave O indignity O blot
 To Honour and Religion's servil mind
 Rewarded well with servil punishment
 The base degree to which I now am fall'n
 These rags this grinding is not yet so base
 As was my former servitude ignoble
 Unmanly ignominious infamous
 True slavery and thit blindness worse then this,
 That saw not how degeneratly I serv'd
 If I cannot praise thy Marriage choises Son 420
 Rather approv'd them not but thou didst plead
 Divine impulsion prompting how thou might'st
 Find some occasion to infest our Foes.
 I state not that this I am sure our Foes

Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
 Thir Captive, and thir triumph, thou the sooner
 Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
 To violate the sacred trust of silence
 Deposited within thee, which to have kept
 Tacit, was in thy power, true, and thou bear'st 430
 Enough, and more the burden of that fault,
 Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
 That rigid score A worse thing yet remains,
 This day the *Philistines* a popular Feast
 Here celebrate in *Gaza*, and proclaim
 Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
 To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd
 Thee *Samson* bound and blind into thir hands,
 Them out of thine, who slew'st them many & slain 440
 So *Dagon* shall be magnifi'd, and God,
 Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
 Disglorifi'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
 By th' Idolatrous rout amidst thir wine,
 Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
 Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
 Could have befall'n thee and thy Fathers house
Sam Father, I do acknowledge and confess
 That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
 To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praises high 450
 Among the Heathen round, to God have brought
 Dishonour, obloquie, and op't the mouths
 Of Idolists, and Atheists, have brought scandal
 To *Israel*, diffidence of God, and doubt
 In feeble hearts, propense enough before
 To waver, or fall off and joyn with Idols
 Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
 The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not
 Mine eie to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest
 This only hope relieves me, that the strife 460
 With me hath end, all the contest is now
 'Twixt God and *Dagon*, *Dagon* hath presum'd,
 Me overthrow'n, to enter lists with God,
 His Deity comparing and preferring
 Before the God of *Abraham* He, be sure,
 Will not connive, or linger, thus provoked,
 But will arise and his great name assert
Dagon must stoop and shall ere long receive
 Such & discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
 Of all these boasted *Trophies* won on me, 470

Effeminatly vanquish^d by which means
 Now blind disheartn^d sham^d dishonour^d quell^d
 To what can I be useful wherein serv^e ■
 My Nation and the work from Heavⁿ impos^d
 But to sit idle on the household hearth
 A burdenous drone to visitants a gaze
 Or pitied object these redundant locks
 Robustious to no purpose clustring down
 Vain monument of strength till length of years 570
 And sedentary numness craze my limbs
 To a contemptible old age obscure
 Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread
 Till vermin or the draff of servil food
 Consume me and oft invocated death
 Hist n the welcom end of all my pains

Man Wilt thou then serve the *Philistines* with that gift
 Which was expressly givⁿ thee to annoy them?
 Better at home lie bedrid not only idle
 Inglorious unemploy^d with age out worn 580
 But C^{od} who caus^d a fountain at thy prayer
 From the dry ground to spring thy thirst to allay
 After the brunt of battel can as easie
 Cause light again within thy eyes to spring
 Wherewith to serv^e him better then thou hast
 And I perswade me so why else this strength
 Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
 His might continues in thee not for naught
 Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus

Sam All otherwise to me my thoughts portend 590
 That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light
 Nor th^e other light of life continue long
 But y^eild to double darkness nigh at hand
 So much I feel my genial spirits droop
 My hopes all flat nature within me seems
 In all her functions weary of herself
 My race of glory run and race of shame
 And I shall shortly be with them that rest

Man Believe not these suggestions which proceed 600
 From anguish of the mind and humours black
 That mingle with thy fancy I how ever
 Must not omit a Fathers timely care
 To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
 By ransom or how else mean while be calm
 And healing words from these thy friends admit.

Sam O that torment should not be confin^d
 To the bodies wounds and sores

With maladies innumerable
 In heart, head, brest, and reins,
 But must secret passage find
 To th' inmost mind, 610

There exercise all his fierce accidents,
 And on her purest spirits prey,
 As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
 With answerable pains, but more intense,
 Though void of corporal sense

My griefs not only pain me
 As a lingring disease,
 But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
 Nor less then wounds immedicable 620
 Ranckle, and fester, and gangrene,
 To black mortification

Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings
 Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
 Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
 Dire inflammation which no cooling herb
 Or medicinal liquor can assuage,
 Nor breath of Vernal Air from snowy *Alp*
 Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o're
 To deaths benumbing Opium as my only cure 630
 Thence faintings, swoonings of despair,
 And sense of Heav'n's desertion

I was his nursling once and choice delight,
 His destin'd from the womb,
 Promis'd by Heav'nly message twice descending
 Under his special eye

Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd remain,
 He led me on to mightiest deeds
 Above the nerve of mortal arm
 Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies 640
 But now hath cast me off as never known,
 And to those cruel enemies

Whom I by his appointment had provok'd
 Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
 Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
 The subject of thir cruelty, or scorn
 Nor am I in the list of them that hope,
 Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless
 This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
 No long petition, speedy death 650
 The close of all my miseries, and the blam

Chor Many are the sayings of the wise
 In antient and in modern books enroll'd,

Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude
 And to the bearing well of all calamities
 All chances incident to mans frail life
 Consolatories writ
 With studied argument and much perswasion sought
 Lenient of grief and anxious thought
 But with th' afflicted in his pangs thir sound 660
 Little prevails or rather seems a tune
 Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint
 Unless he feel within
 Some source of consolation from above
 Secret refreshings that repair his strength
 And fainting spirits uphold
 God of our Fathers what is man!
 That thou towards him with hand so various
 Or nigh I say contrarious
 Temperst thy providence through his short course 670
 Not evenly as thou rul'st
 The Angelic orders and inferiour creatures mute
 Irrational and brute
 Nor do I name of men the common rout
 That wandring loose about
 Grow up and perish as the summer flie
 Heads without name no more rememberd
 But such a thou hast solemnly elected
 With gifts and graces eminently adorn'd
 To some great work thy glory 680
 And peoples safety which in part they effect
 Yet toward these thus dignifi'd thou oft
 Amidst thir highth of noon
 Changest thy countenance and thy hand with no regard
 Of highest favours past
 From thee on them or them to thee of service
 Nor only dost degrade them or remit
 To life obscur'd which were a fair dismissal
 But throw'st them lower then thou didst exalt them high
 Unseemly falls in human eie 690
 Too grievous for the trespass or omission
 Oft leav'st them to the hostile sword
 Of Heathen and prophane thir earkasses
 To dogs and fowls a prey or else captiv'd
 Or to the unjust tribunals under change of times,
 And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude
 If these they scape perhaps in poverty
 With sickness and disease thou bow'st them down
 Painful diseases and deform'd

In crude old age,
Though not disordinate, yet causless suffering
The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,
Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike, both come to evil end

So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
The Image of thy strength, and mighty minister
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end

But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
Femal of sex it seems,

That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,

Comes this way sailing

Like a stately Ship

Of *Tarsus*, bound for th' Isles

Of *Javan* or *Gadier*

With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,

Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,

Courted by all the winds that hold them play,

An Amber sent of odorous perfume

Her harbinger, a damsel train behind,

Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem,

And now at nether view, no other certun

Than *Dalila* thy wife

Sam My Wife, my Tray tress, let her not come near
me

Cho Yet on she moves, now stands & cies thee fixt,

About t have spoke, but now, with head declin'd

Like a fair flower surchaig'd with dew, she weeps

And words address seem into tears dissolv'd,

Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil

But now again she makes address to speak

Dal With doubtful feet and wavering resolution

I come, still dreading thy displeasure, *Samson*,

Which to have merited, without excuse,

I cannot but acknowledge, yet if tears

May expiate (though the fact more evil drew

In the perverse event then I foresaw)

My penance hath not slack'n'd, though my pardon

No way assur'd But conjugal affection

Prevailing over fear, and timorous doubt

Hath led me on desirous to behold

Once more thy face, and know of thy estate

If aught in my ability may serve

To lighten what thou suffer'st, and appease

Thy mind with what amends is in my power
Though late yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed

Sam Out out *Hyena* these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee
To break all faith all vows deceive betray
Then as repentant to submit beseech
And reconciliation move with feign'd remorse
Confess and promise wonders in her change
Not truly penitent but chief to try
Her husband how far urg'd his patience bears
His virtue or weakness which way to assail
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses and again submits
That wisest and best men full oft beguild
With goodness principld not to reject
The penitent but ever to forgive
Are drawn to wear out miserable days
Entangld with a poysonous bosom snake
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee to Ages an example

150

760

Dal Yet hear me *Samson* not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence
But that on th' other side if it be weigh'd
By it self with aggravations not surcharg'd
Or else with just allowance counterpois'd
I may if possible thy pardon find
The easier towards me or thy hatred less
First granting as I do it was a weakness
In me but incident to all our set
Curiosity inquisitive importune
Of secrets then with like infirmity
To publish them both common female faults
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity that is for naught,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety
To what I did thou shew'dst me first the way
But I to enemies reveal'd and should not
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to woman's frailty
I're I to thee thou to thy self wast cruel
Let weakness then with weakness come to parl
So near related or the same of kind
Thine forgive mine that men may censure thine
The gentler if severely thou exact not
More strength from me then in thy self was found
And what if Love which thou interpretst hate

770

780

790

The jealousie of Love, powerful of sway
 In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
 Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
 Of fancy, fear'd lest one day thou wouldst leave me
 As her at *Tinna*, sought by all means therefore
 How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest
 No better way I saw then by importuning
 To learn thy secrets, get into my power
 Thy key of strength and safety thou wilt say,
 Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those 800
 Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
 Against thee but safe custody, and hold
 That made for me, I knew that liberty
 Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
 While I at home sate full of cares and fears
 Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed,
 Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
 Mine and Loves prisoner, not the *Philistines*,
 Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,
 Fearless at home of partners in my love 810
 These reasons in Loves law have past for good,
 Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps
 And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much woe,
 Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd
 Be not unlike all others, not austere
 As thou art strong, inflexible as steel
 If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
 In uncompassionate anger do not so
Sam How cunningly the sorceress displays
 Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine! 820
 That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
 By this appears I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
 I led thee way bitter reproof, but true,
 I to my self was false ere thou to me,
 Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
 Take to thy wicked deed which when thou seest
 Impartial, self-severe, inevitable,
 Thou wilt renounce thy seeking and much rather
 Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,
 And I believe it, weakness to resist 830
Philistian gold if weakness may excuse,
 What Murderer, what Traitor, Parricide,
 Incestuous Sacerilegious, but may plead it
 All wickedness is weakness that plea therefore
 With God or Man will gain thee no remission
 But I over constrain'd thee, call it furious rage

To satisfie thy lust Love seeks to have Love
My love how couldst thou hope who tookst the way
To raise in me inexorable hate

Knowing as needs I must by thee betray d³ 840
In vain thou striv'st to cover shame with shame
Or by evasions thy crime uncoverst more

Dil Since thou determinst weakness for no plea
In man or woman though to thy own condemning
Hear what assaults I had what snares besides
What sieges girt me round ere I consented
Which might have aw'd the best resolv'd of men
The constantest to have yielded without blame
It was not gold as to my charge thou lay'st
That wrought with me thou know'st the Magistrates 850
And Princes of my countrey came in person
Solicited commanded threatn'd urg'd
Adjur'd by all the bonds of civil Duty
And of Religion press'd how just it was
How honourable how glorious to entrap
A common enemy who had destroy'd
Such numbers of our Nation and the Priest
Was not behind but ever at my ear
Preaching how mentorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious 860
Dishonourer of *Dagon* what had I
To oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest at length that grounded maxim
So ripe and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men that to the public good
Private respects must yield with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail'd
Vertue as I thought truth duty so enjoining 870

Sam I thought where all thy circling wiles would end
In feign'd Religion smooth hypocrisie
But had thy love still odiously pretended
Bin as it ought sincere it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings brought forth other deeds
I before all the daughters of my Tribe
And of my Nation chose thee from among
My enemies lov'd thee as too well thou knew'st
Too well unbosom'd all my secrets to thee 880
Not out of levity but overpowr'd
By thy request who could deny thee nothing
Yet now am judg'd an enemy Why then

Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband?
 Then, as since then, thy countries foe profest
 Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
 Parents and countrey, nor was I their subject,
 Nor under their protection but my own,
 Thou mine, not theirs if ight against my life
 Thy countrey sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
 Against the law of nature, law of nations, 890
 No more thy countrey, but an impious crew
 Of men conspiring to uphold thir state
 By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
 For which our countrey is a name so dear,
 Not therefore to be obey'd But zeal mov'd thee,
 To please thy gods thou didst it, gods unable
 To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
 But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
 Of their own deity, Gods cannot be
 Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd, 900
 These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
 Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?

Dal In argument with men a woman ever
 Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause

Sam For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
 Witness when I was worried with thy peals

Dal I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
 In what I thought would have succeeded best
 Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, *Samson*,
 Afford me plice to shew what recompence 910
 Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
 Misguided only what remains past cure
 Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
 To afflict thy self in vain though sight be lost,
 Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
 Where other senses want not their delights
 At home in leisure and domestic ease,
 Exempt from many a care and chance to which
 Eye-sight exposes duly men abroad
 I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting 920
 Thir favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
 From forth this loathsome prison-house to abide
 With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
 With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
 May ever tend about thee to old age
 With all things grateful cheer'd and so suppl'd,
 That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss

Sam No, no, of my condition rise no care

It fits not thou and I long since are twain
 Nor think me so unwary or accurst 930
 To bring my feet again into the snare
 Where once I have been caught I know thy trains
 Though dearly to my cost thy gins and toils
 Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms
 No more on me have power their force is null'd
 So much of Adders wisdom I have learn'd
 To fence my ear against thy sorceries
 If in my flower of youth and strength when all men
 Lov'd honour'd fear'd me thou alone could hate me
 Thy Husband slight me sell me and forgo me 940
 How wouldst thou use me now blind and thereby
 Deceivable in most things as a child
 Helpless thence easily contemn'd and scorn'd
 And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult
 When I must live uxorious to thy will
 In perfect thralldom how again betray me
 Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
 To gloss upon and censuring frown or smile?
 This Gaol I count the house of Liberty
 To thine whose doors my feet shall never enter 950
Dal Let me approach at least and touch thy hand
Sam Not for thy life lest fierce remembrance wake
 My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint
 At distance I forgive thee go with that
 Bewail thy falshood and the pious works
 It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
 Among illustrious women faithful wives
 Cherish thy hastn'd widowhood with the gold
 Of Matrimonial treason so farwel
Dal I see thou art implacable more deaf 960
 To prayers than winds and seas yet winds to seas
 Are reconcil'd at length and Sea to Shore
 Thy anger unappeasable still rages
 Eternal tempest never to be calm'd
 Why do I humble thus my self and sung
 For peace reap nothing but repulse and hate
 Bid go with evil omen and the brand
 Of infamy upon my name denounce?
 To mix with thy concerns I desist
 Henceforth nor too much disapprove my own 970
 Fame if not double fact is double mouth'd
 And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds
 On both his wings one black the other white
 Bears greatest names in his wild aerie flight

My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd
 In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,
 To all posterity may stand defam'd,
 With malediction mention'd, and the blot
 Of falshood most unconjugal traduc't
 But in my countrey where I most desire, 980
 In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Asdod*, and in *Gath*
 I shall be nam'd among the famousest
 Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
 Living and dead recorded, who to save
 Her countrey from a fierce destroyer, chose
 Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
 With odours visited and annual flowers
 Not less renown'd then in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
 Smote *Sisera* sleeping through the Temples nail'd 990
 Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy
 The public marks of honour and reward
 Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
 Which to my countrey I was judg'd to have shewn
 At this who ever envies or repines
 I leave him to his lot, and like my own
Chor She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting
 Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd
Sam So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
 And aggravate my folly who committed 1000
 To such a viper his most sacred trust
 Of secresie, my safety, and my life
Chor Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
 After offence returning, to regain
 Love once possess, nor can be easily
 Repuls't, without much inward passion felt
 And secret sting of amorous remorse
Sam Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
 Not wedlock-treachery endangering life
Chor It is not vertue wisdom, valour, wit 1010
 Strength, comliness of shape, or amplest merit
 That womans love can win or long inherit,
 But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit,
 (Which way soever men refer it)
 Much like the riddle *Samson*, in one day
 Or seven though one should musing sit
 If any of these or all the *Timmim* bride
 Had not so soon preferr'd
 The Parinyph worthless to thee compar'd, 1020

Successour in thy bed
 Nor both so loosely disally'd
 Thir nuptials nor thus last so treacherously
 Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head
 Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavish't on thir Sex that inward gifts
 Were left for hast unfinish'd judgment scant
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
 Or value what is best

In choice but ofttest to affect the wrong?³ 1030
 Or was too much of self love mixt
 Of constancy no root infixt
 That either they love nothing or not long?

What ere it be to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil
 Soft modest meek demure
 Once join'd the contrary she proves a thorn
 Intestin far within defensive arms
 A cleaving mischief in his way to vertue
 Adverse and turbulent or by her charms 1040
 Draws him awry enslav'd
 With dotage and his sense depriv'd
 To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends
 What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck
 Embarqu'd with such a Steers mate at the Helm?

Favour'd of Heav'n who finds
 One vertuous rarely found
 That in domestic good combines
 Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth
 But vertue which breaks through all opposition 1050
 And all temptation can remove
 Most shines and most is acceptable above

Therefore Gods universal Law
 Gave to the man despotic power
 Over his female in due awe
 Nor from that right to part an hour
 Smile she or lowre
 So shall he least confusion draw
 On his whole life not sway'd
 By female usurpation nor dismay'd 1060

But had we best retire I see a storm?

Sam Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain

Chor But this another kind of tempest brings.

Sam Be less abstruse my riddling days are past

Chor Look now for no enchanting voice nor fear
 The bait of honied words a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
 The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look
 Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud
 Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
 I less conjecture then when first I saw 1071
 The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way
 His habit carries peace, his brow defiance

Sam Or peace or not, alike to me he comes

Chor His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives

Har I come not *Samson*, to condole thy chance,
 As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
 Though for no friendly intent I am of *Gath*,
 Men call me *Harapha*, of stock renown'd
 As *Og* or *Anak* and the *Emmim* old 1080
 That *Kiriathaim* held, thou knowst me now
 If thou at all art known Much I have heard
 Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
 Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
 That I was never present on the place
 Of those encounters, where we might have tri'd
 Each others force in camp or listed field
 And now am come to see of whom such noise
 Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
 If thy appearance answer loud report 1090

Sam The way to know were not to see but taste

Har Dost thou already single me, I thought
 Gives and the Mill had tam'd thee? O that fortune
 Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd
 To have wrought such wonders with an Asses Jaw,
 I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
 Or left thy carl ass where the Ass lay thrown
 So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
 To *Palestine*, won by a *Philistine*
 From the unforefokinn'd race, of whom thou bearst 1100
 The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour
 Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
 I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out

Sam Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
 What then thou wouldst, thou seest it in thy hand

Har To combat with a blind man I disdain,
 And thou hast need much wishing to be toucht.

Sam Such usage is your honourable Lords
 Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
 Who durst not with thir whole united powers 1110
 In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
 Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes

Close banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping
 Till they had hur d a woman with their gold
 Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me
 Therefore without feign d shifts let be assign d
 Some narrow place enclos d where sight may give thee
 Or rather flight no great advantage on me
 Then put on all thy gorgeous arms thy Helmet
 And Brigandine of brass thy broad Habergeon 110
 Vant brass and Greaves and Gauntlet add thy Spear
 A Weavers beam and seven times folded shield
 I only with an Oak n staff will meet thee
 And raise such out cries on thy clatter d Iron
 Which long shall not with hold mee from thy head
 That in a little time while breath remains thee
 Thou oft shalt wish thy self at Gath to boast
 Again in safety what thou wouldest have done
 To Samson, but shalt never see Gath more

Har Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms 1130
 Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn
 Thir ornament and safety had not spells
 And black enchantments some Magicians Art
 Arm d thee or charm d thee strong which thou from
 Heaven

Feign dst at thy birth was giv n thee in thy hair
 Where strength can least abide though all thy hairs
 Were bristles rang d like those that ridge the back
 Of chaf t wild Boars or ruffl d Porcupines

Sam I know no Spells use no forbidden Arts
 My trust is in the living God who gave me 1140
 At my Nativty this strength diffus d
 No less through all my sinews joints and bones
 Then thine while I preserv d these locks unshorn
 The pledge of my unviolated vow
 For proof hereof if Dagon be thy god
 Go to his Temple invoke his aid
 With solemnest devotion spread before him
 How highly it concerns his glory now
 To frustrate and dissolve these Magic spells
 Which I to be the power of Israel's God 1150
 At ou and challenge Dagon to the test
 Offering to combat thee his Champion bold
 With th utmost of his Godhead seconded
 Then thou shalt see or rather to thy sorrow
 Soon feel whose God is strongest thine or mine
Har Presume not on thy God what e re lie be
 Thee he regards not owns not hath cur off

Quite from his people, and delivered up
 Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
 To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee 1160
 Into the common Prison, there to grind
 Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
 As good for nothing else, no better service
 With those thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match
 For valour to assail, nor by the sword
 Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
 But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd

Sam All these indignities, for such they are
 From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
 Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me 1170
 Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
 Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
 Gracious to re-admit the suppliant,
 In confidence whereof I once again
 Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight,
 By combat to decide whose god is God,
 Thine or whom I with *Israel's* Sons adore

Har Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
 He will accept thee to defend his cause,
 A Murderer, a Revolter, and a Robber 1180

Sam Tongue doubting Giant, how dost thou prove me
 these?

Har Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords?
 Their Magistrates confest it, when they took thee
 As a League-breaker and deliver'd bound
 Into our hands for hadst thou not committed
 Notorious murder on those thirty men
 At *Askelon*, who never did thee harm,
 Then like a Robber strip'dst them of their robes?
 The *Philistines*, when thou hadst broke the league,
 Went up with armed powers thee only seeking, 1190
 To others did no violence nor spoil

Sam Among the Daughters of the *Philistines*
 I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe,
 And in your City held my Nuptial Feast
 But your ill-manning Politician Lords
 Under pretence of Bridal friends and guests,
 Appointed to wait me thirty spies,
 Who threatening cruel death constrain'd the bride
 To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
 That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd 1200
 When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
 As on my enemies, where ever chine'd,

I us d hostility and took thir spoil
 To pay my underminers in thir coin
 My Nation was subjected to your Lords
 It was the force of Conquest force with force
 Is well ejected when the Conquer d can
 But I a private person whom my Countrey
 As a league breaker gave up bound presum d
 Single Rebellion and did Hostile Acts 1210

I was no private but a person rais d
 With strength sufficient and command from Heav n
 To free my Countrey if their servile minds
 Me their Deliverer sent would not receive
 But to thir Misters gave me up for nought
 Th unworthier they whence to this day they serve
 I was to do my part from Heav n assign d
 And had perform d it if my known offence
 Had not disabl d me not all your force
 These shifts refuted answer thy appellat 1220
 Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts
 Who now defies thee thrice to single fight
 As a petty enterprise of small enforce

Har With thee a Man condemn d a Slave enrol d
 Due by the Law to capital punishment?
 To fight with thee no man of arms will deign

Sam Canst thou for this vain boaster to survey me
 To descant on my strength and give thy verdict?
 Come nearer part not hence so slight inform d
 But take good heed my hand survey not thee 1230

Har O Baal zebub! can my ears unus d
 Hear these dishonours and not render death

Sam No man with holds thee nothing from thy hand
 Fear I incurable bring up thy van
 My heels are fetter d but my fist is free

Har This insolence other kind of answer fits

Sam Go baffl d coward lest I run upon thee
 Though in these chains bulk without spirit vast
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low
 Or swing thee in the Air then dash thee down 1240
 To the hazard of thy brains and shatter d sides

Har By *Astaroth* ere long thou shalt lament
 These braveries in Irons lorden on thee

Cl or His Giantship is gone somewhat crestfall n
 Stalking with less unconscionable strides
 And lower looks but in a sylvatic chase

Sam I dread him not nor all his Ciant brood
 Though Fame divulge him Father of five Sons

All of Gigantic size, *Goliath* chief

Chor He will directly to the Lords, I fear, 1250
And with malicious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee

Sam He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd
Much more affliction then already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
If they intend advantage of my labours
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping 1260
With no small profit daily to my owners
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best
Yet so it may fall out, because thir end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw thir own ruin who attempt the deed

Chor Oh how comely it is and how reviving
To the Spirits of just men long oppress'd
When God into the hands of thir deliverer 1270
Puts invincible might
To quell the might of the Earth, th' oppressour,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyranic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour Truth,
He all thir Ammunition
And feats of War defeats
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd, 1280
Thir Armories and Magazines contemns,
Renders them useless while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose thir defence distracted and amaz'd

But patience is more oft the exercise
Of Saints the trial of thir fortitude
Making them each his own Deliverer,
And Victor over all 1290
That tyrannic or fortune can inflict,
Either of these is in thy lot
Samson, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men but sight bereav'd

May chance to number thee with those
 Whom Patience finally must crown
 This Idols day hath bin to thee no day of rest
 Labouring thy mind
 More then the working day thy hands
 And yet perhaps more trouble is behind 1300
 For I descry this way
 Some other tending in his hand
 A Scepter or quaint staff he bears
 Comes on amain speed in his look
 By his habit I discern him now
 A Public Officer and now at hand
 His message will be short and voluble
Off Ebrews the Prisoner *Samson* here I seek
Chor His manacles remark him there he sits
Off Samson to thee our Lords thus bid me say 1310
 This day to *Dagon* is a solemn Feast
 With Sacrifices Triumph Pomp and Games
 Thy strength they know surpassing human rate
 And now some public proof thereof require
 To honour this great Feast and great Assembly
 Rise therefore with all speed and come along
 Where I will see thee heartn d and fresh clad
 To appear as firs before th illustrious Lords
Sam Thou knowst I am an *Ebrew* therefore tell them
 Our Law forbids at thir Religious Rites 1320
 My presence for that cause I cannot come
Off This answer be assur d will not content them
Sam Have they not Sword players and ev ry sort
 Of Gymnic Artists Wrestlers Riders Runners
 Juglers and Dancers Antics Mummers Mimics
 But they must pick me out with shackles tir d
 And over labour d at thir publick Mill
 To make them sport with blind activity?
 Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
 On my refusal to distress me more 1330
 Or make a game of my calamities?
 Return the way thou camst I will not come
Off Regard thy self this will offend them highly
Sam My self? my conscience and internal peace
 Can they think me so broken so debas d
 With corporal servitude that my mind ever
 Will condescend to such absurd commands
 Although thir drudge to be thir fool or jetter
 And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief
 To shew them feats, and play before thir god 1340

The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Joyn'd with extream contempt? I will not come

Off My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay is this thy resolution?

Sam So take it with what speed thy message needs

Off I am sorry what this stoutness will produce

Sam Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed

Chor Consider, *Samson*, matters now are strain'd
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break,
He's gone, and who knows how he may report 1350
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?

Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring then thou well wilt bear

Sam Shall I abuse this Consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to Idols,
A *Nazarite* in place abominable

Vaunting my strength in honour to thir *Dagon*? 1360
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?

Chor Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Philistines*,
Idoltrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean

Sam Not in thir Idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in thir civil power

Chor Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not
Sam Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds,
But who constrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*, 1370

Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command
Commands are no constraints If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease

God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind which in his jealousie
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in Temples at Idoltrous Rites

For some important cause, thou needst not doubt

Chor How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach 1381
Sam Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rousing motions in me which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this Messenger will go along
Nothing to do, be sure that may dishonour
Our Law, or stain my vow of *Nazarite*

If there be aught of presage in the mind
 This day will be remarkable in my life
 By some great act or of my days the last

Chor In time thou hast resolv'd the man returns 1390

Off Samson this second message from our Lords
 To thee I am bid say Art thou our Slave
 Our Captive at the public Mill our drudge
 And dar'st thou at our sending and command
 Dispute thy coming? come without delay
 Or we shall find such Engines to assail
 And hamper thee as thou shalt come of force
 Though thou wert firmer fastn'd then a rock

Sam I could be well content to try thir Art
 Which to no few of them would prove pernicious 1400
 Yet knowing thir advantages too many
 Because they shall not trail me through thir streets
 Like a wild Beast I am content to go
 Masters commands come with a power resistless
 To such as owe them absolute subjection
 And for a life who will not change his purpose?
 (So mutable are all the ways of men)
 Yet this be sure in nothing to comply
 Scandalous or forbidden in our Law

Off I praise thy resolution doff these links 1410
 By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
 To favour and perhaps to set thee free

Sam Brethren farewell your company along
 I will not wish lest it perhaps offend them
 To see me girt with Friends and how the sight
 Of me as of a common Enemy

So dreaded once may now exasperate them
 I know not Lords are Lordliest in thir wine
 And the well feasted Priest then soonest fir'd
 With zeal if aught Religion seem concern'd 1420
 No less the people on thir Holy days
 Impetuous insolent unquenchable
 Happ'n what may of me expect to hear
 Nothing dishonourable impure unworthy
 Our God our Law my Nation or my self
 The last of me or no I cannot warrant.

Chor Go and the Holy One

Of Israel be thy guide
 To what may serve his glory best & spread his name
 Great among the Heathen round 1430
 Send thee the Angel of thy Birth to stand
 Fast by thy side who from thy Fathers field

Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire, that Spirit that first rusht on thee
In the camp of *Dan*

Be efficacious in thee now at need
For never was from Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen 1440
But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in such hast
With youthful steps? much livelier than e're while
He seems supposing here to find his Son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?

Man Peace with you brethren, my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my Son,
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at thir Feast
I heard all as I came, the City rings
And numbers thither flock, I had no will, 1450
Lest I should see him forc't to things unseemly
But that which mov'd my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty

Chor That hope would much rejoyce us to partake
With thee, say reverend Sire, we thirst to hear

Man I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and Fathers tears
To receipt of ransom for my Son thir pris'ner, 1460
Some much reverse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite,
Thit part most reverenc'd *Dagon* and his Priests,
Others more moderate seeming, but thir um
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale, a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had enough reveng'd, having reduc't
Thir foe to misery beneath thir feirs,
The rest was magnanimity to remit, 1470
If some convenient ransom were propos'd
What noise or shout was thit' it tore the Sile

Chor Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Thir once great dread, captive, & blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown

Man His ransom if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And number'd down much rather I shall chuse

To live the poorest in my Tribe then richest
And he in that calamitous prison left

2480

No I am fixt not to part hence without him
For his redemption all my Patrimony

If need be I am ready to forgo

And quit not wanting him I shall want nothing

Chor Fathers are wont to lay up for thur Sons

Thou for thy Son art bent to lay out all

Sons wont to nurse thur Parents in old age

Thou in old age carst how to nurse thy Son

Made older then thy age through eye sight lost

Man It shall be my delight to tend his eyes

2490

And view him sitting in the house enobl d

With all those high exploits by him atchiev d

And on his shoulders waving down those locks

That of a Nation arm d the strength contain d

And I perswade me God had not permitted

His strength again to grow up with his hair

Garrison d round about him like a Camp

Of faithful Souldiery were not his purpose

To use him further yet in some great service

Not to sit idle with so great a gift

2500

Useless and thence ridiculous about him

And since his strength with ey e sight was not lost

God will restore him eye sight to his strength

Chor Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain

Of his delivery and thy joy thereon

Conceiv d agreeable to a Fathers love

In both which we as next participate

Man I know your friendly minds and—O what noise!

Mercy of Heav n what hideous noise was that!

Horribly loud unlike the former shout

2510

Chor Noise call you it or universal groan

As if the whole inhabitation perish d

Blood death and deathful deeds are in that noise

Ruin destruction at the utmost point

Man Of rum indeed methought I heard the noise

Oh it continues they have slain my Son

Chor Thy Son is rather slaying them that outcry

From slaughter of one foe could not ascend

Man Some dismal accident it needs must be

What shall we do stay here or run and see?

2520

Chor Best keep together here lest running thither

We unawares run into dangers mouth

This evil on the *Philistines* is fall n

From whom could else a general cry be heard?

The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
 From other hands we need not much to fear
 What if his eye-sight (for to *Israel's* God
 Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
 He now be dealing dole among his foes,
 And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way? 1530

Man That were a joy presumptuous to be thought

Chor Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
 For his people of old, what hinders now?

Man He can I know, but doubt to think he will,
 Yet Hope would fain subscribe, and tempts Belief
 A little stay will bring some notice hither

Chor Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner,
 For evil news rides post, while good news baits
 And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
 An *Ebriew*, as I guess, and of our Tribe 1540

Mess O whither shall I run, or which way flee
 The sight of this so horrid spectacle
 Which erst my eyes beheld and yet behold,
 For dire imagination still pursues me
 But providence or instinct of nature seems,
 Or reason though disturb'd, and scarce consulted
 To have guided me aright, I know not how,
 To thee first reverend *Manoa*, and to these
 My Countreymen, whom here I knew remaining,
 As at some distance from the place of horror, 1550
 So in the sad event too much concern'd

Man The accident was loud, & here before thee
 With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,
 No Preface needs, thou seest we long to know

Mess It would burst forth, but I recover breath
 And sense district, to know well what I utter

Man Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer

Mess Gaza yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
 All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n

Man Said, but thou knowst to *Israelites* not saddest 1560
 The desolation of a Hostile City

Mess Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfeit.

Man Relate by whom *Mess* By *Samson*

Man That still lessens

The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy

Mess Ah *Manoa* I refrain, too suddenly
 To utter what will come at last too soon,
 Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
 Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep

Man Suspense in news is torture, speak them out

Aless Then take the worst in brief *Samson* is dead 1570

Alan The worst indeed O all my hopes defeated
To free him hence? but death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Delivery which now proves
Abortive as the first born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winters frost
Yet ere I give the reins to grief say first
How dy'd he? death to life or crown or shame
All by him fell thou say st by whom fell he 1580
What glorious hand gave *Samson* his deaths wound?

Aless Unwounded of his enemies he fell

Alan Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain

Aless By his own hands *Alan* Self violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes? *Aless* Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd
The Edifice where all were met to see him
Upon their heads and on his own he pull'd

Alan O lastly over strong against thy self? 1590
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge
More than enough we know but while things yet
Are in confusion give us if thou canst
Eye witness of what first or last was done
Relation more particular and distinct

Aless Occasions drew me early to this City
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun rise
The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
Through each high street little I had dispatch'd
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day 1600
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games
I sorrow'd at his captive state but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle
The building was a spacious Theatre
Half round on two main Pillars vaulted high
With seats where all the Lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold
The other side was open where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand 1610
I among these aloof obscurely stood
The Feast and noon grew high and Sacrifice
Had fill'd their hearts with mirth high cheer & wine,
When to their sports they turn'd Immediately
Was *Samson* as a public servant brought

In thir state Livery clad, before him Pipes
 And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
 Both horse and foot before him and behind
 Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears
 At sight of him the people with a shout 1620
 Risted the Air clamouring thir god with praise,
 Who had made thir dreadful enemy thir thrall
 He patient but undaunted where they led him,
 Came to the place, and what was set before him
 Which without help of eye, might be assay'd,
 To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
 All with incredible, stupendious force,
 None daring to appear Antagonist.
 At length for intermission sake they led him
 Between the pillars, he his guide requested 1630
 (For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
 As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
 With both his arms on those two massie Pillars
 That to the arched roof gave main support.
 He unsuspecting led him, which when *Samson*
 Felt in his arms, with head a while inclin'd,
 And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,
 Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd
 At last with head erect thus cryed aloud,
 Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd 1640
 I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
 Not without wonder or delight beheld
 Now of my own accord such other tryal
 I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
 As with amaze shall strike all who behold
 This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
 As with the force of winds and waters pent,
 When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars
 With horrible convulsion to and fro,
 He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew 1650
 The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
 Upon the heads of all who sate beneath,
 Lords, Ladies, Captains, Councillors, or Priests,
 Thir choice nobility and flower, not only
 Of this but each *Philistin* City round
 Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.
Samson with these immixt, inevitably
 Pulld down the same destruction on himself,
 The vulgar only scap'd who stood without
 Chor O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious! 1660
 Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd

The work for which thou wast foretold
 To *Israel* and now thy victor's
 Among thy slain self kill'd
 Not willingly but tangl'd in the fold
 Of dire necessity whose law in death conjoin'd
 Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
 Than all thy life had slain before

Semichor While thir hearts were jocund and sublime
 Drunk with Idolatry drunk with Wine 1670

And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats
 Chaunting thir Idol and preferring
 Before our living Dread who dwells
 In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary
 Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
 Who hurt thir minds

And urg'd them on with mad desire
 To call in hast for thir destroyer
 They only set on sport and play

Unweetingly importun'd 1680

Their own destruction to come speedy upon them

So fond are mortal men

Fall'n into wrath divine

As thir own ruin on themselves to invite

Insensate left or to sense reprobate

And with blindness internal struck

Semichor But he though blind of sight,

Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite

With inward eyes illuminated

His fierie vertue rouz'd 1690

From under ashes into sudden flame

And as an evening Dragon came

Assailant on the perched roosts

And nests in order rang'd

Of tame villatic Fowl but as an Eagle

His cloudless thunder bolted on thir heads.

So vertue giv'n for lost

Deprest and overthrow'n as seem'd

Like that self begott'n bird

In the *Arabian* woods embost, 1700

That no second knows nor third

And lay ere while a Holocaust

From out her ashie womb now teem'd

Revives reffourishes then vigorous most

When most unactive deem'd

And though her body die her fame survives,

A secular bird ages of lives

Man Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
 Nor much more cause, *Samson* hath quit himself
 Like *Samson*, and heroically hath finish'd 1710
 A life Heroic, on his Enemies
 Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
 And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor*
 Through all *Philistian* bounds To *Israel*
 Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
 Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
 To himself and Fathers house eternal fame,
 And which is best and happiest yet, all this
 With God not parted from him, as was feard,
 But favouring and assisting to the end 1720
 Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
 Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
 Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
 And what may quiet us in a death so noble
 Let us go find the body where it lies
 Sok't in his enemies blood, and from the stream
 With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
 The clotted gore I with what speed the while
 (*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)
 Will send for all my kindred, all my friends 1730
 To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
 With silent obsequie and funeral train
 Home to his Fathers house there will I build him
 A Monument, and plant it round with shade
 Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,
 With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
 In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song
 Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
 And from his memory inspire thir breasts
 To matchless valour, and adventures high 1740
 The Virgins also shall on feastful days
 Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
 His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
 From whence captivity and loss of eyes
Chor All is best though we oft doubt,
 What th' unsearchable dispose
 Of highest wisdom brings about,
 And ever best found in the close
 Oft he seems to hide his face,
 But unexpectedly returns 1750
 And to his faithful Champion hath in place
 Bore witness gloriously whence *Gaza* mourns
 And all that bind them to resist

SAMSON AGONISTES

His uncontrollable intent
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismiss,
And calm of mind all passion spent

AREOPAGITICA

AREOPAGITICA

Analysis of the Order of Parliament (June 14, 1643), Against which the Areopagitica was Directed

1 The Preamble recounts that many false "scandalous seditious and libellous" works have lately been published to the great defamation of Religion and government, that many private printing presses have been set up, and that "divers of the Stationers' Company" have infringed the rights of the Company.

2 "It is therefore ordered by the Lords and Commons in Parliament," (1) that no Order "of both or either House shall be printed except by command (-) if it is a Book, etc., "shall from henceforth be printed or put to sale, unless the same be first approved of and licensed by such person or persons as both or either of the said Houses shall appoint for the licensing of the same", (3) that no book of which the copy right has been granted to the Company "for their relief and the maintenance of their poor be printed by any person or persons 'without the license and consent of the Master Warden, and assistants of the said Company'" (4) that no book "formerly printed here" be imported from beyond seas "upon pain of forfeiting the same to the Owner of the Copyright and such further punishment as shall be thought fit

3 The Stationers Company and the officers of the two Houses are authorised to search for unlicensed Presses and to break them up, to search for unlicensed Books etc and confiscate them and to apprehend all authors printers and others concerned in publishing unlicensed books and to bring them before the Houses or the Committee of Examination for further punishments, such persons not to be released till they have given satisfaction and also sufficient caution not to offend in like sort for the future

4 "All Justices of the Peace Captains Constables and other officers" are ordered to give aid in the execution of the above

A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING, TO THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND (1644)

THEY, who to states and governors of the Commonwealth direct their speech, High Court of Parliament, or, wanting such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good. I suppose them, as at the beginning of no mean endeavour, not a little altered and moved inwardly in their minds some with doubt of what will be the success, others with fear of what will be the censure, some with hope others with confidence of what they have to speak. And me perhaps each of these dispositions, as the subject was whereon I entered, may have at other times variously affected, and likely might in these foremost expressions now also disclose which of them swayed most but that the very attempt of this address thus made, and the thought of whom it hath recourse to, hath got the power within me to a passion far more welcome than incidental to a preface.

Which though I stay not to confess ere any ask I shall be blameless if it be no other than the joy and gratulation which it brings to all who wish and promote their country's liberty whereof this whole discourse proposed will be a certain testimony if not a trophy For this is not the liberty which we can hope that no grievance ever should arise in the Commonwealth—that let no man in this world expect but when complaints are freely heard deeply considered and speedily reformed then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for To which if I now manifest by the very sound of this which I shall utter that we are already in good part arrived and yet from such a steep disadvantage of tyranny and superstition grounded into our principles as was beyond the manhood of a Roman recovery it will be attributed first as is most due to the strong assistance of God our deliverer next to your faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom Lords and Commons of England Neither is it in God's esteem the diminution of His glory when honourable things are spoken of good men and worthy magistrates which if I now first should begin to do after so fair a progress of your laudable deeds and such a long obligation upon the whole realm to your indefatigable virtues I might be justly reckoned among the tardiest and the unwillingest of them that praise ye

Nevertheless there being three principal things without which all praising is but courtship and flattery First when that only is praised which is solidly worth praise next when greatest likelihoods are brought that such things are truly and really in those persons to whom they are ascribed the other when he who praises by showing that such his actual persuasion is of whom he writes can demonstrate that he flatters not the former two of these I have heretofore endeavoured rescuing the employment from him who went about to impair your merits with a trivial and malignant encomium the latter as belonging chiefly to mine own acquittal that whom I so extolled I did not flatter hath been reserved opportunely to this occasion

For he who freely magnifies what hath been nobly done and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better gives ye the best covenant of his fidelity and that his loyalist affection and his hope waits on your proceedings His highest praising is not flattery and his plainest advice is a kind of praising For though I should affirm and hold by argument that it would fare better with truth with learning and the Commonwealth if one of your published Orders which I should name were called in yet at the same time it could not but much redound to the lustre of your mild and equal government whereas private persons are hereby animated to think ye better pleased with public advice than other statists have been delighted heretofore with public flattery And men will then see what difference there is between the magnanimity of a triennial Parliament and that jealous haughtiness of prelates and Cabin Counsellors that usurped of late whereas they shall observe ye in the midst of your victories and successes more gently brooking written exceptions against a voted Order than other Courts, which had produced nothing worth memory but the weak ostenta

tion of wealth, would have endured the least signified dislike at any sudden Proclamation

If I should thus far presume upon the meek demeanour of your civil and gentle greatness, Lords and Commons, as what your published Order hath directly said, that to gainsay, I might defend myself with ease, if any should accuse me of being new or insolent, did they but know how much better I find we esteem it to imitate the old and elegant humanity of Greece, than the barbaric pride of a Hunnish and Norwegian stateliness. And out of those ages, to whose polite wisdom and letters we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders, I could name him who from his private house wrote that discourse to the Parliament of Athens, that persuades them to change the form of democracy which was then established. Such honour was done in those days to men who professed the study of wisdom and eloquence, not only in their own country, but in other lands, that cities and signories heard them gladly, and with great respect, if they had aught in public to admonish the state. Thus did Dion Prusæus, a stranger and a private orator, counsel the Rhodians against a former edict, and I abound with other like examples, which to set here would be superfluous.

But if from the industry of a life wholly dedicated to studious labours, and those natural endowments haply not the worse for two and fifty degrees of northern latitude, so much must be derogated, as to count me not equal to any of those who had this privilege, I would obtain to be thought not so inferior, as ourselves are superior to the most of them who received their counsel. And how far you excel them, be assured. Lords and Commons, there can no greater testimony appear, than when your prudent spirit acknowledges and obeys the voice of reason from what quarter soever it be heard speaking, and renders we is willing to repeal any Act of your own setting forth, as any set forth by your predecessors.

If we be thus resolved, as it were injury to think we were not, I I now not what should withhold me from presenting we with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which we eminently profess and that uprightness of your judgment which is not wont to be partial to ourselves, by judging over again that Order which we have ordained to regulate Printing—that no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth printed unless the same be first approved and licensed by such, or at least one of such as shall be thereto appointed. For that part which preserves justly every man's copy to himself, or provides for the poor, I touch not only wish they be not made pretences to abuse and persecute honest and painful men who offend not in either of these particulars. But that other clause of Licensing Books, which we thought had died with his brother quadragesimal and matrimonial when the prelates expired. I shall now attend with such a homily, as shall lay before we first the inventors of it to be those whom we will be loth to own. Next what is to be thought in general of reading whatever sort the books be, and that this Order avails nothing to the suppressing of scandalous, seditious and libellous books which were mainly intended to be suppressed. Last, that it will be primely to the discouragement of all

learning and the stop of Truth not only by disexercising and blunting our abilities in what we know already but by hindering and cropping the discovery that might be yet further made both in religious and civil Wisdom

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men and thereafter to confine imprison and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors For books are not absolutely dead things but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are nay they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men And yet on the other hand unless wariness be used as good almost kill a man as kill a good book Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature God's image but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself kills the image of God as it were in the eye Many a man lives a burden to the earth but a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life 'Tis true no age can restore a life whereof perhaps there is no great loss and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth for the want of which whole nations fare the worse

We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed sometimes a martyrdom and if it extend to the whole impression a kind of massacre whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence the breath of reason itself slays an immortality rather than a life But lest I should be condemned of introducing licence while I oppose licensing I refuse not the pains to be so much historical as will serve to show what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths against this disorder till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the inquisition was caught up by our prelates and hath caught some of our presbyters

In Athens where books and wits were ever busier than in any other part of Greece I find but only two sorts of writings which the magistrate cared to take notice of those either blasphemous and atheistical or libellous Thus the books of Protagoras were by the judges of Areopagus commanded to be burnt and himself banished the territory for a discourse begun with his confessing not to know whether there were gods, or whether not And against defaming it was agreed that none should be traduced by name as was the manner of *Vetus Comœdia* whereby we may guess how they censured libelling And this course was quick enough as Cicero writes to quell both the desperate wits of other atheists and the open way of defaming as the event showed Of other sects and opinions though tending to voluptuousness, and the denying of Divine Providence they took no heed.

Therefore we do not read that either Epicurus, or that libertine school of Cyrene, or what the Cynic impudence uttered, was ever questioned by the laws. Neither is it recorded that the writings of those old comedians were suppressed, though the acting of them were forbid, and that Plato commended the reading of Aristophanes, the loosest of them all, to his royal scholar Dionysius, is commonly known, and may be excused, if holy Chrysostom, as is reported, nightly studied so much the same author and had the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the style of a rousing sermon.

That other leading city of Greece, Lacedæmon, considering that Lycurgus their lawgiver was so addicted to elegant learning, as to have been the first that brought out of Ionia the scattered works of Homer, and sent the poet Thales from Crete to prepare and mollify the Spartan surliness with his smooth songs and odes, the better to plant among them law and civility, it is to be wondered how museless and unbookish they were, minding nought but the feats of war. There needed no licensing of books among them, for they disliked all but their own laconic apothegms, and took a slight occasion to chase Archilochus out of their city, perhaps for composing in a higher strain than their own soldierly ballads and roundels could reach to. Or if it were for his broad verses, they were not therein so cautious but they were as dissolute in their promiscuous conversing, whence Euripides affirms in *Andromache*, that their women were all unchaste. Thus much may give us light after what sort of books were prohibited among the Greeks.

The Romans also, for many ages truned up only to a military roughness resembling most the Lacedæmonian guise, knew of learning little but what their twelve Tables, and the Pontific College with their augurs and flamens taught them in religion and law, so unacquainted with other learning that when Carneides and Critolaus, with the Stoic Diogenes coming ambassadors to Rome, took thereby occasion to give the city a taste of their philosophy, they were suspected for seducers by no less a man than Cato the Censor, who moved it in the Senate to dismiss them speedily, and to banish all such Attic babblers out of Italy. But Scipio and others of the noblest senators withstood him and his old Sabine austerity, honoured and admired the men, and the censor himself at last in his old age fell to the study of what whereof before he was so scrupulous. And yet at the same time Nevius and Plautus, the first Latin comedians, had filled the city with all the borrowed scenes of Menander and Philemon. Then began to be considered there also what was to be done to libellous books and authors: for Nevius was quickly cast into prison for his unbridled pen, and released by the tribunes upon his recantation: we read also that libels were burnt and the makers punished by Augustus. The like severity, no doubt, was used if ought were impiously written against their esteemed gods. Except in these two points how the world went in books the magistrate kept no reckoning.

And therefore Lucretius without impeachment venities his Epicurism to

Memmius and had the honour to be set forth the second time by Cicero so great a father of the commonwealth although himself disputes against that opinion in his own writings Nor was the satirical sharpness or naked plainness of Lucilius or Catullus or Flaccus by any order prohibited And for matters of state the story of Titus Livius though it extolled that part which Pompey held was not therefore suppressed by Octavius Caesar of the other faction But that Naso was by him banished in his old age for the wanton poems of his youth was but a mere covert of state over some secret cause and besides the books were neither banished nor called in From hence we shall meet with little else but tyranny in the Roman empire that we may not marvel if not so often bad as good books were silenced I shall therefore deem to have been large enough in producing what among the ancients was punishable to write save only which all other arguments were free to treat on

By this time the emperors were become Christians whose discipline in this point I do not find to have been more severe than what was formerly in practice The books of those whom they took to be grand heretics were examined refuted and condemned in the general Councils and not till then were prohibited or burnt by authority of the emperor As for the writings of heathen authors unless they were plain invectives against Christianity as those of Porphyrius and Proclus they met with no interdict that can be cited till about the year 400 in a Carthaginian Council wherein bishops themselves were forbid to read the books of Gentiles but heresies they might read while others long before them on the contrary scrupled more the books of heretics than of Gentiles And that the primitive Councils and bishops were wont only to declare what books were not commendable passing no further but leaving it to each one's conscience to read or to lay by till after the year 800 is observed already by Padre Paolo the great unmasker of the Trentine Council

After which time the Popes of Rome engrossing what they pleased of political rule into their own hands extended their dominion over men's eyes as they had before over their judgments burning and prohibiting to be read what they fancied not yet sparing in their censures and the books not many which they so dealt with till Martin V by his bull not only prohibited, but was the first that excommunicated the reading of heretical books for about that time Wickliffe and Huss growing terrible were they who first drove the Papal Court to a stricter policy of prohibiting Which course Leo X and his successors followed until the Council of Trent and the Spanish Inquisition engendering together brought forth or perfected those Catalogues and expurging Indexes that rake through the entrails of many an old good author with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb Nor did they stay in matters heretical but any subject that was not to their palate, they either condemned in a Prohibition or had it straight into the new Purgatory of an Index

To fill up the measure of encroachment their last invention was to ordain that no book pamphlet or paper should be printed (as if St Peter had

bequeathed them the keys of the press also out of Paradise) unless it were approved and licensed under the hands of two or three glutton friars For example

Let the Chancellor Cini be pleased to see if in this present work be contained aught that may withstand the printing

Vincent Rabbatta, Vicar of Florence

I have seen this present work, and find nothing athwart the Catholic faith and good manners in witness whereof I have given, etc

Nicolo Cini, Chancellor of Florence

Attending the precedent relation, it is allowed that this present work of Davanzati may be printed

Vincent Rabbatta, etc

It may be printed, July 15

Friar Simon Mompei d'Amelia, Chancellor of the holy office in Florence

Sure they have a conceit, if he of the bottomless pit had not long since broke prison, that this quadruple exorcism would bar him down I fear their next design will be to get into their custody the licensing of that which they say Claudius intended, but went not through with Vouchsafe to see another of their forms, the Roman stamp

Imprimatur, If it seem good to the reverend master of the holy Palace
Belcastro, Vicegerent.

Imprimatur, Friar Nicolo Rodolphi, Master of the holy Palace

Sometimes five Imprimaturs are seen together dialogue-wise in the pizza of one title-page, complimenting and ducking each to other with their shaven reverences, whether the author, who stands by in perplexity at the foot of his epistle, shall to the press or to the sponge These are the pretty responsories, these are the dear antiphonies, that so bewitched of late our Prelates and their chaplains with the goodly echo they made, and besotted us to the gay imitation of a lordly Imprimatur, one from Lambeth House another from the west end of Pauls, so apishly romanising, that the word of command still was set down in Latin, as if the learned grammatical pen that wrote it would cast no ink without Latin, or perhaps, as they thought, because no vulgar tongue was worthy to express the pure conceit of an Imprimatur, but rather, as I hope, for that our English the language of men, ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty, will not easily find servile letters enow to spell such a dictatory presumption English

And thus ye have the inventors and the original of book-licensing ripped up and drawn as lineally as any pedigree We have it not, that can be heard of, from any ancient state or polity or church nor by any statute left us by our ancestors elder or later, nor from the modern custom of any reformed city or church abroad, but from the most antichristian council and the most tyrannous inquisition that ever inquired Till then books were

ever as freely admitted into the world as any other birth the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb no envious Juno sat cross legged over the nativity of any man's intellectual offspring but if it proved a monster who denies but that it was justly burnt or sunk into the sea? But that a book in worse condition than a peccant soul should be to stand before a jury ere it be born to the world and undergo yet in darkness the judgment of Radamanth and his colleagues ere it can pass the ferry backward into light was never heard before till that mysterious iniquity provoked and troubled at the first entrance of Reformation sought out new limbos and new hells wherein they might include our books also within the number of their damned And this was the rare morsel so officiously snatched up and so ill favouredly imitated by our inquisitorial bishops and the attendant minorities their chaplains That we like not now these most certain authors of this licensing order and that all sinister intention was far distant from your thoughts when we were importuned the passing it all men who know the integrity of your actions and how ye honour Truth will clear we readily

But some will say What though the inventors were bad the thing for all that may be good? It may be so yet if that thing be no such deep invention but obvious and easy for any man to light on and yet best and wisest commonwealths through all ages and occasions have foreborne to use it and falsest seducers and oppressors of men were the first who took it up and to no other purpose but to obstruct and hinder the first approach of Reformation I am of those who believe it will be a harder alchymy than Iullius ever knew to sublimate any good use out of such an invention Yet this only is what I request to gain from this reason that it may be held a dangerous and suspicious fruit as certainly it deserves for the tree that bore it until I can dissect one by one the properties it has But I have first to finish as was propounded what is to be thought in general of reading books whatever sort they be and whether be more the benefit or the harm that thence proceeds

Not to insist upon the examples of Moses Daniel and Paul who were skilful in all the learning of the Egyptians Chaldeans and Greeks which could not probably be without reading their books of all sorts in Paul especially who thought it no defilement to insert into Holy Scripture the sentences of three Greek poets, and one of them a tragedian the question was notwithstanding sometimes controverted among the primitive doctors, but with great odds on that side which affirmed it both lawful and profitable as was then evidently perceived when Julian the Apostate and subtlest enemy to our faith made a decree forbidding Christians the study of heathen learning for said he they wound us with our own weapons and with our own arts and sciences they overcome us. And indeed the Christians were put so to their shifts by this crafty means and so much in danger to decline into all ignorance that the two Apollinarians were fain as a man may say to coin all the seven liberal sciences out of the Bible reducing it into divers forms of orations, poems dialogues, even to the calculating of

■ new Christian grammar But, saith the historian Socrates, the providence of God provided better than the industry of Apollinarius and his son, by taking away that illiterate law with the life of him who devised it. So great an injury they then held it to be deprived of Hellenic learning, and thought it a persecution more undermining, and secretly decaying the Church, than the open cruelty of Decius or Diocletian

And perhaps it was the same politic drift that the devil whipped St Jerome in ■ Lenten dream, for reading Cicero, or else it was a phantasm bred by the fever which had then seized him For had an angel been his discipliner, unless it were for dwelling too much upon Ciceronianisms, and had chastised the reading, not the vanity, it had been plainly partial, first to correct him for grave Cicero, and not for scurril Plautus, whom he confesses to have been reading, not long before, next to correct him only, and let so many more ancient fathers wax old in those pleasant and florid studies without the lash of such a tutoring apparition, insomuch that Basil teaches how some good use may be made of Margites, a sportful poem, not now extant, writ by Homer, and why not then of Morgante, an Italian romance much to the same purpose

But if it be agreed we shall be tried by visions, there is a vision recorded by Eusebius, far ancients than this tale of Jerome to the nun Eustochium, and, besides, has nothing of a fever in it Dionysius Alexandrinus was about the year 240 a person of great name in the Church for piety and learning who had wont to rail himself much against heretics by being conversant in their books, until a certain presbyter laid it scrupulously to his conscience, how he durst venture himself among those defiling volumes The worthy man, loth to give offence, fell into a new debate with himself what was to be thought, when suddenly a vision sent from God (it is his own epistle that so vers it) confirmed him in these words Read any books whatever come to thy hands, for thou art sufficient both to judge aright, and to examine each matter To this revelation he assented the sooner as he confesses because it was answerable to that of the Apostle to the Thessalonians, Prove all things, hold fast that which is good And he might have added another remarkable saying of the same author To the pure all things are pure, not only meats and drinks, but all kind of knowledge whether of good or evil the knowledge cannot defile nor consequently the books if the will and conscience be not defiled

For books are as meats and vinds are some of good some of evil substance and yet God in that unipocryphal vision said without exception Rise, Peter kill and eat, leaving the choice to each man's discretion Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction but herein the difference is of bad books that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover to confute to forewarn, and to illustrate Whereof what better witness can we expect I should produce than one of your own now sitting in Parliament the chief of

learned men reputed in this land Mr Selden whose volume of natural and national laws proves not only by great authorities brought together but by exquisite reasons and theorems almost mathematically demonstrative that all opinions yea errors known read and collated are of main service and assistance toward the speedy attainment of what is truest I conceive therefore that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man's body saving ever the rules of temperance He then also as before left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity

How great a virtue is temperance how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust with out particular law or prescription wholly to the demeanour of every grown man And therefore when He Himself tabled the Jews from heaven that omer which was every man's daily portion of manna is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals For those actions which enter into a man rather than issue out of him and therefore defile not God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser there were but little work left for preaching if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation Solonion informs us that much reading is a weariness to the flesh but neither he nor other inspired author tells us that such or such reading is unlawful yet certainly had God thought good to limit us herein it had been much more expedient to have told us what was unlawful than what was wearisome As for the burning of those Ephesian books by St Paul's converts they replied the books were magic the Syrine so renders them It was a private act a voluntary act and leaves us to a voluntary imitation the men in remorse burnt those books which were their own the magistrate by this example is not appointed these men practised the books another might perhaps have read them in some sort usefully

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort vnder were not more intermixed It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil as two twins cleaving together leaped forth into the world And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil that is to say of knowing good by evil As therefore the state of man now is what wisdom can there be to choose what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish and yet prefer that which is truly better he is the true wayfaring Christian

I can not praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and un

breathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slins out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather, that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure, her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness. Which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

But of the harm that may result hence three kinds are usually reckoned. First, is feared the infection that may spread, but then all human learning and controversy in religious points must remove out of the world: yet the Bible itself, for that oftentimes relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly, it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against Providence through all the arguments of Epicurus: in other great disputes it answers dubiously and darkly to the common reader. And ask a Talmudist what ails the modesty of his marginal Keri, that Moses and all the prophets cannot persuade him to pronounce the textual Chetiv. For these causes we all know the Bible itself put by the Papist into the first rank of prohibited books. The ancientest fathers must be next removed, as Clement of Alexandria, and that Eusebian book of Evangelic preparation, transmitting our ears through a hoard of heathenish obscenities to receive the Gospel. Who finds not that Irenæus, Epiphanius, Jerome, and others discover more heresies than they well confute: and that oft for heresy which is the truer opinion?

Nor boots it to say for these, and all the heathen writers of greatest infection, if it must be thought so, with whom is bound up the life of human learning, that they writ in an unknown tongue: so long as we are sure those languages are known as well to the worst of men, who are both most able and most diligent to instil the poison they suck, first into the courts of princes, acquainting them with the choicest delights and criticisms of sin. As perhaps did that Petronius whom Nero called his Arbiter: the master of his revels, and the notorious ribald of Arezzo, dreaded and yet dear to the Italian courtiers. I name not him for posterity's sake: whom Henry VIII. named in merriment his Vicar of hell. By which compendious way all the contrivance that foreign books can infuse will find a passage to the people: far easier and shorter than an Indian voyage, though it could be sailed: either

by the north of Carno eastward or of Canada westward while our Spanish licensing gags the English press never so severely.

But on the other side that infection which is from books of controversy in religion is more doubtful and dangerous to the learned than to the ignorant and yet those books must be permitted untouched by the licenser. It will be hard to instance where any ignorant man hath been ever seduced by popistical book in English unless it were commended and expounded to him by some of that clergy and indeed all such tractates, whether false or true are as the prophecy of Isaiah was to the eunuch not to be understood without a guide. But of our priests and doctors how many have been corrupted by studying the comments of Jesuits and Sorbonists and how fast they could transfuse that corruption into the people our experience is both late and sad. It is not forgot since the acute and distinct Arminius was perverted merely by the perusing of a nameless discourse written at Delft which at first he took in hand to confute.

Seeing therefore that those books and those in great abundance which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning and of all ability in disputation and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed and that evil manners are as perfectly learnt without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped and evil doctrine not with books can propagate except a teacher guide which he might also do without writing and so beyond prohibiting I am not able to unfold how this mutelous enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts. And he who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate.

Besides another inconvenience if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error how shall the licensers themselves be confided in unless we can confer upon them or they assume to themselves above all others in the land the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness. And again if it be true that a wise man like a good refiner can gather gold out of the drossiest volume and that a fool will be a fool with the best book yea or without book there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly. For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading we should in the judgment of Aristotle not only but of Solomon and of our Saviour not vouchsafe him good precepts and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet than a fool will do of sacred Scripture.

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity and next to that not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve out of the grounds already laid

that to all men such books are not temptations, nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want. The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that Sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive. Which is what I promised to deliver next, That this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed, and hath almost prevented me by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining. See the ingenuity of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her.

It was the task which I began with, to show that no nation, or well-instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing, and it might be answered, that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered. To which I return, that as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out, there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course, which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it.

Plato, a man of high authority, indeed, but least of all for his commonwealth, in the book of his Laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy by making many edicts to his airy burgomasters, which they who otherwise admire him wish had been rather buried and excused in the general cups of an Academic night sitting. By which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own Dialogues would be abundant. And there also enacts, that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written, until the judges and law-keepers had seen it, and allowed it. But that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident. Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates, both for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of Sophron, Mimus and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeller of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place and so neither he himself nor any magistrate, or city ever imitated that course, which, taken apart from those other collateral injunctions must needs be vain and fruitless. I or if they fell upon one kind of strictness unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavour they knew would be but a fond labour, to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open.

If we thinl to regulate printing thereby to rectify manners we must regulate all recreations and pastimes all that is delightful to man No music must be heard no song be set or sung but what is grave and Doric There must be licensing dancers that no gesture motion or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest for such Plato was provided if it will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes the violins and the guitars in every house they must not be suffered to prattle as they do but must be licensed what they may say And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers The windows also and the balconies must be thought on there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale who shall prohibit them shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the ballatry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler for these are the country mans Arcadias and his Monte Mayors

Next what more national corruption for which England hears ill abroad than household gluttony who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmisters to see them cut into a less wanton garb Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth male and female together as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed what presumed and no further? Lastly who shall forbid and separate all idle resort all evil company? These things will be and must be but how they shall be least hurtful how leest enticing herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state

To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities which never can be drawn into use will not mend our condition but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably Nor is it Plato's licensing of books will do this which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing as will make us all both ridiculous and weary and yet frustrate but those unwritten or at least unconstraining laws of virtuous education religious and civil nurture which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these when all licensing will be easily eluded Impunity and remissness for certain are the bane of a commonwealth but here the great art lies, to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment and in what things persuasion only is to work

If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion what were virtue but a name what praise could be then due to well doing what gratitude to be sober just or continent Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress foolish tongues! When God gave him reason He gave him freedom to choose for reason is but choosing

he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions We ourselves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes, herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence Wherefore did He create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue?

They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin, for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all, in such a universal thing as books are, and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste, that came not thither so such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point. Suppose we could expel sin by this means, look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue for the matter of them both is the same, remove that, and ye remove them both alike

This justifies the high providence of God, who, though He commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us, even to a profuseness, all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety Why should we then affect a rigour contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scinting those means which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth? It would be better done, to learn that the law must needs be frivolous, which goes to restrain things, uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil And were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil-doing For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious

And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, travelling or conversing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are, yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this order hitherto is far insufficient to the end which it intends Do we not see, not once or oftener but weekly that continued court-libel against the Parliament and City, printed as the wet sheets can witness and dispersed among us, for all that licensing can do yet this is the prime service a man would think, wherein this Order should give proof of itself If it were executed you'll say But certain if execution be remiss or blindfold now and in this particular, what will it be hereafter and in other books If then the Order shall not be vain and frustrate behold a new labour, Lords and Commons, we must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged after we have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned and which

not and ordain that no foreign books be deliuered out of custody till they have been read over This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers and those no vulgar men There be also books which are partly useful and excellent partly culpable and pernicious this work will ask as many more officials to make expurgations and expunctions that the Commonwealth of Learning be not dammified In fine when the multitude of books increase upon their hands ye must be fain to catalogue all those printers who are found frequently offending and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography In a word that thus your Order may be exact and not deficient ye must reform it perfectly according to the model of Trent and Seville which I know ye abhor to do

Yet though ye should condescend to this which God forbid the Order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it If to prevent sects and schisms who are so unread or so uncatechised in story that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance and preserving their doctrine unmixt for many ages only by unwritten traditions The Christian faith for that was once a schism is not unknown to have spread all over Asia ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing If the amendment of manners be aimed at look into Italy and Spain whether those places be one scruple the better the honester the wiser the chaster since all the inquisitional rigour that hath been executed upon books

Another reason whereby to make it plain that this Order will miss the end it seeks consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser It cannot be denied but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books whether they may be waisted into this world or not had need to be a man above the common measure both studious learned and judicious there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not which is also no mean injury If he be of such worth as behoves him there cannot be a more tedious and displeasing journey work a greater loss of time leui'd upon his head than to be made the perpetual reader of unchosen books and pamphlets oftentimes huge volumes There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons but to be enjoined the reading of that at all times and in a hand scarce legible whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fastest print is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies or is but of a sensible nostril should be able to endure In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned for so thinking who doubtless took this office up looking on it through their obedience to the Parliament whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlabourous to them but that this short trial hath wearied them out already their own expressions and excuses to them who make so many journeys to solicit their licence are testimony enough Seeing therefore those who now possess the employment by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it and that no man of worth none that is not a plain unthrift of his own hours is ever likely to succeed them, except he mean to put himself to the

salary of a press corrector, we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to show, wherein this Order cannot conduce to that end whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning, and to learned men.

It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally Church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy: nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If therefore ye be loth to dishearten heartily and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind, then know that, so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an Imprimatur, if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar-scholar under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser. He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the Commonwealth, wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him: he searches meditates is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes as well as any that writ before him. If in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness no veils, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, is not to be still mistrusted and suspected unless he carry all his considerate diligence all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil to the hasty view of an unlearned licenser perhaps much his younger perhaps far his inferior in judgment perhaps one who never knew the labour of book writing and if he be not repulsed or slighted must appear in print like a puny with his guardian and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no

idiot or seducer it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author to the book to the privilege and dignity of Learning

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing while the book is yet under the press which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers and that perhaps a dozen times in one book? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy so often then must the author trudge to his leave giver that those his new insertions may be viewed and many a jaunt will be made ere that licenser for it must be the same man can either be found or found at leisure meanwhile either the press must stand still which is no small damage or the author lose his accuratest thoughts and send the book forth worse than he had made it which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall

And how can a man teach with authority which is the life of teaching how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be or else had better be silent whenas all he teaches all he delivers is but under the tuition under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humour which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic licence will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quots distance from him I hate a pupil teacher I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist I know nothing of the licenser but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance who shall warrant me his judgment? The State sir replies the stationer but has a quick return The State shall be my governors but not my critics they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author this is some common stuff and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon That such authorised books are but the language of the times For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession yet his very office and his commission enjoins him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already

Nay which is more lamentable if the work of any deceased author though never so famous in his lifetime and even to this day come to their hands for licence to be printed or reprinted if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge uttered in the height of zeal and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit yet not suited with every low decrepit humour of their own though it were Knox himself the Reformer of a Kingdom that spake it they will not pardon him their dash the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser And to what an author this violence hath been lately done and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published I could now instance but shall forbear till a more convenient season.

Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who

have the remedy in their power, but that such iron moulds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men, whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly-wise, for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life, and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labours and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole Nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever, much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolised and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the kind, to mark and licence it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges? Had any one written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to press his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole Nation and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is. So much the more, when debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but unoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible juler in their title.

Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach for if we be so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet what do we but censure them for a giddy vicious and ungrounded people in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion as to be able to tilde nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser. That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend when in those popish places where the harts are most hated and despised the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it because it stops but one breach of licence nor that neither when those corruptions which it seeks to prevent break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

And in conclusion it reflects to the disrepute of our Ministers also of whose labours we should hope better and of the proficiency which their flock reaps by them than that after all this light of the Gospel which is

and is to be and all this continual preaching they should still be frequented with such an unprincipled unedified and laic rabble as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking. This may have much reason to discourage the Ministers when such a low conceit is had of all their exhortations and the benefiting of their hearers as that they are not thought fit to be turned loose to three sheets of paper without a licenser that all the sermons all the lectures preached printed vented in such numbers and such volumes as have now well nigh made all other books unsaleable should not be armour enough against one single Enchiridion without the castle of St Angelo of an imprimatur.

And lest some should persuade ye Lords and Commons that these arguments of learned mens discouragement at this your Order are mere flourishes and not real I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries where this kind of inquisition tyrannises when I have sat among their learned men for that honour I had and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.

And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope that those Worthies were then breathing in her air who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish. When that was once begun it was as little in my fear that what words of complaint I heard among learned men of other parts visered against the Inquisition the same I should hear by as learned men at home uttered in time of Parliament against an order of licensing and that so generally that when I had disclosed myself a companion of their discontent I might say if without envy that he whom an honest questorship had endeared to the Sicilians was not more by them importuned against Verres than the favourable opinion which I had among many who honour ye and are known and respected by ye loaded me with entreaties and persuasions that I would not despair to lay together that which just reason should bring into my mind toward the removal of an undeserved thralldom upon learning. That this is not therefore the disburdening of a particular fancy but the common grievance of all those who had prepared their minds and studies above the vulgar pitch to advance truth in others, and from others to entertain it thus much may satisfy.

And in their name I shall for neither friend nor foe conceal what the general murmur is that if it come to inquisitioning again and licensing

and that we are so timorous of ourselves, and so suspicious of all men, as to fear each book and the shaking of every leaf, before we know what the contents are, if some who but of late were little better than silenced from preaching shall come now to silence us from reading, except what they please, it cannot be guessed what is intended by some but a second tyranny over learning and will soon put it out of controversy, that Bishops and Presbyters are the same to us, both name and thing. That those evils of Prelaty, which before from five or six and twenty sees were distributively charged upon the whole people, will now light wholly upon learning, is not obscure to us whenas now the Pastor of a small unlearned Parish on the sudden shall be exalted Archbishop over a large diocese of books, and yet not remove, but keep his other cure too, a mystical pluralist. He who but of late cried down the sole ordination of every novice Bachelor of Art, and denied sole jurisdiction over the simplest parishioner, shall now at home in his private chair assume both these over worthiest and excellentest books and ablest authors that write them.

This is not, ye Covenants and Protestations that we have made! this is not to put down Prelaty: this is but to chop an Episcopacy, this is but to translate the Palace Metropolitan from one kind of dominion into another, this is but an old canonical sleight of commuting our penance. To startle thus betimes at a mere unlicensed pamphlet will after a while be afraid of every conventicle, and a while after will make a conventicle of every Christian meeting. But I am certain that a State governed by the rules of justice and fortitude, or a Church built and founded upon the rock of faith and true knowledge cannot be so pusillanimous. While things are yet not constituted in Religion, that freedom of writing should be restrained by a discipline imitated from the Prelates and learnt by them from the Inquisition, to shut us up all again into the breast of a licenser must needs give cause of doubt and discouragement to all learned and religious men.

Who cannot but discern the fineness of this politic drift and who are the contrivers, that while Bishops were to be bruted down then all Presses might be open, it was the people's birthright and privilege in time of Parliament, it was the brealing forth of light. But now, the Bishops abrogated and voided out the Church as if our Reformation sought no more but to make room for others into their seats under another name the episcopal arts begin to bud again the cause of truth must run no more oil liberty of Printing must be enthralled again under a prelatical commission of twenty the privilege of the people nullified and which is worse the freedom of learning must grow again and to her old fetters all this the Parliament yet sitting. Although their own late arguments and defences against the Prelates might remember them that this obstructing violence meets for the most part with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invets them with a reputation. The punishing of wits enhances their authority said the Viscount St Albans and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spirit of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out.

This Order therefore may prove a nursing mother to sects but I shall easily show how it will be a stepdame to Truth and first by dissembling us to the maintenance of what is known already

Well knows he who uses to consider that our faith and knowledge thrives by exercise as well as our limbs and complexion Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition A man may be a heretic in the truth and if he believe things only because his Pastor says so or the Assembly so determines without knowing other reason though his belief be true yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy

There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another than the charge and care of their Religion There be—who I know not that there be—of Protestants and professors who live and die in as arrant an implicit faith as any lay Papist of I oretto A wealthy man addicted to his pleasure and to his profits finds Religion to be a traffic so entangled and of so many piddling accounts that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade What should he do fain he would have the name to be religious fain he would bear up with his neighbours in that What does he therefore but resolve to give over toiling and to find himself out some factor to whose care and credit he may commit the whole managing of his religious affairs some Divine of note and estimation that must be To him he adheres resigns the whole warehouse of his religion with all the locks and keys into his custody and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion esteems his associating with him a sufficient evidence and commendatory of his own piety So that a man may say his religion is now no more within himself but is become a dividual movable and goes and comes near him according as that good man frequents the house He entertains him gives him gifts feasts him lodges him his religion comes home at night prays is liberally supped and sumptuously laid to sleep rises saluted and after the malmsey or some well spiced brewage and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem his Religion walks abroad at eight and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all day without his Religion

Another sort there be who when they hear that all things shall be ordered all things regulated and settled nothing written but what passes through the custom house of certain Publicans that have the tolling and pounding of all free spoken truth will straight give themselves up into your hands make em and cut em out what religion ye please there be delights there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream What need they torture their heads with that which others have taken so strictly and so unalterably into their own purveying These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation of our knowledge will bring forth among the people How goodly and how to be wished were such an obedient

unanimity is this, what a fine conformity would it starch us all into! Doubtless a strunch and solid piece of framework, as any January could freeze together

Nor much better will be the consequence even among the clergy themselves. It is no new thing never heard of before, for a parochial Minister, who has his reward and is at his Hercules' pillars in a warm benefice, to be easily inclinable, if he have nothing else that may rouse up his studies, to finish his circuit in an English Concordance and a topic folio, the gatherings and savings of a sober graduateship, a Harmony and a Catena, treading the constant round of certain common doctrinal herds, attended with the uses, motives, marks, and means, out of which, as out of an alphabet, or sol-fa, by forming and transforming, joining and disjoining variously, a little bookcraft, and two hours' meditation, might furnish him unspeakably to the performance of more than a weekly charge of sermoning not to reckon up the infinite helps of interlineries, breviaries, synopses, and other loitering gear. But as for the multitude of sermons ready printed and piled up, on every text that is not difficult, our London trading St. Thomas in his vestry, and add to boot St. Martin and St. Hugh, have not within their hallowed limits more vendible ware of all sorts ready made so that penury he never need fear of pulpit provision, having where so plenteously to refresh his magazine. But if his rear and flank be not impaled, if his back door be not secured by the rigid licenser, but that a bold book may now and then issue forth and give the assault to some of his old collections in their trenches, it will concern him then to keep watching, to stand in watch, to set good guards and sentinels about his received opinions, to walk the round and counter-round with his fellow inspectors fearing lest any of his flock be seduced, who also then would be better instructed, better exercised and disciplined. And God send that the fear of this diligence, which must then be used, do not make us affect the laziness of a licensing Church.

For if we be sure we are in the right, and do not hold the truth guiltily, which becomes not, if we ourselves condemn not our own weak and frivolous teaching, and the people for an untought and irreligious gadding round what can be more fair than when a man judicious, learned, and of a conscience, for ought we know as good as theirs that taught us what we know, shall not privily from house to house, which is more dangerous, but openly by writing publish to the world what his opinion is, what his reasons, and wherefore that which is now thought cannot be sound? Christ urged it as wherewith to justify himself, that he preached in public yet writing is more public than preaching and more easy to refutation if need be, there being so many whose business and profession merely it is to be the champions of Truth, which if they neglect what can be imputed but their sloth, or inability.

Thus much we are hindered and dismured by this course of licensing toward the true knowledge of what we seem to know. For how much it hurts and hinders the licensers themselves in the calling of their ministry, more than any secular employment if they will discharge that office as

they ought so that of necessity they must neglect either the one duty or the other I insist not because it is a particular but leave it to their own conscience how they will decide it there

There is yet behind of what I proposed to lay open the incredible loss and detriment that this plot of incensing puts us to more than if some enemy at sea should stop up all our havens and ports and creeks it hinders and retards the importation of our richest Merchandise Truth nay it was first established and put in practice by Antichristian malice and mystery on set purpose to extinguish if it were possible the light of Reformation and to settle falsehood little differing from that policy wherewith the Turk upholds his Alcoran by the prohibition of Printing 'Tis not denied but gladly confessed we are to send our thanks and vows to Heaven louder than most of nations for that great measure of truth which we enjoy especially in those main points between us and the Pope with his appurtenances the Prelates but he who thinks we are to pitch our tent here and have attained the utmost prospect of reformation that the mortal glass wherein we contemplate can show us till we come to beatific vision that man by this very opinion declares that he is yet far short of Truth

Truth indeed came once into the world with her Divine Master and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on but when He ascended and His Apostles after Him were laid asleep then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers who as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators how they dealt with the good Osiris took the virgin Truth hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four wind From that time ever since the sad friends of Truth such as durst appear imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could find them We have not yet found them all Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do till her Master's second coming He shall bring together every joint and member and shall mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking that continue to do our obseques to the torn body of our martyred saint

We boast our light but if we look not wisely on the Sun itself it smites us into darkness Who can discern those planets that are oft combust and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the Sun until the opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament where they may be seen evening or morning? The light which we have gained was given us not to be ever staring on but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge It is not the unrocking of a priest, the unmuzzling of a bishop and the removing him from off the presbyterian shoulders that will make us a happy Nation No if other things as great in the Church and in the rule of life both economical and political be not looked into and reformed we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zuinglius and Calv hath beacons up to us that we are stark blind.

There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims 'Tis their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their Syntagma They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dissevered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of Truth To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneal and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a Church, not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral, and inwardly divided minds

Lords and Commons of England, consider what Nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors A Nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point, the highest that human capacity can soar to Therefore the studies of Learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island And that wise and civil Roman Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cesar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men to learn our language and our theologic arts

Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us Why else was this Nation chosen before any other, that out of her, as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliff, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demerited the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and backwardest scholars of whom God offered to have made us the teachers Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men as they duly and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church even to the reforming of Reformation itself what does He then but reveal Himself to His servants and as His manner is first to His Englishmen I say, as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy

Behold now this vast City a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty,

encompassed and surrounded with His protection the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waling to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps musing searching revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present as with their hom age and their fealty the approaching Reformation others is fast reading trying all things assenting to the force of reason and convincement What could a man require more from a Nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardsly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers to make a knowing people a Nation of Proph ets of Sages and of Worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest there need not be five weeks had we but eyes to lift up the fields are white already

Where there is much desire to learn there of necessity will be much arguing much writing many opinions for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism we wrong the earnest and zealous thirst after knowledge and understand ing which God hath stirred up in this city What some lament of we rather should rejoice at should rather praise this pious forwardness among men to reassume the ill reputed care of their Religion into their own hands again A little generous prudence a little forbearance of one another and some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join and unite in one general and brotherly search after Truth could we but forego this prelati cal tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties into canons and precepts of men I doubt not if some great and worthy stranger should come among us wise to discern the mould and temper of a people and how to govern it observing the high hopes and aims the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom but that he would cry out as Pyrrhus did admiring the Roman docility and courage If such were my Epitots I would not despair the greatest design that could be attempted to make a Church or kingdom happy

Yet these are the men cried out against for schismatics and sectaries as if while the temple of the Lord was building some cutting some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars there should be a sort of irrational men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissec tions made in the quarry and in the timber ere the house of God can be built And when every stone is laid artfully together cannot be united into a continuity it can but be contiguous in this world neither can every piece of the building be of one form nay rather the perfection consists in this that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly dissimilitudes that are not vastly disproportional arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure

Let us therefore be more considerate builders more wise in spiritual architecture when great reformation is expected For now the time seems come wherein Moses the great prophet may sit in heaven rejoicing to see

that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy Elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour. When they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches. nor will he be ware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps though over-timorous of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persunde me.

First, when a City shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular goodwill, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight and safe government. Lords and Commons, and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment.

Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous not only to vital but to rational faculties and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety but to spire, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention it betokens us not degenerated nor drooping to a fatal decay but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pricks and wax young again entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam purg'd and unscolding her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds with tho-

also that love the twilight flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What would ye do then? should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city? should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it to bring a famine upon our minds again when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel? Believe it Lords and Commons they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves and I will soon show how. If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and humane government. It is the liberty Lords and Commons which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us liberty which is the nurse of all great wits this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven this is that which hath enfranchised enlarged and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves.

Ye cannot make us now less capable less knowing less eagerly pursuing of the truth unless ye first make yourselves that made us so less the lovers less the founders of our true liberty. We can grow ignorant again brutish formal and slavish as ye found us but you then must first become that which ye cannot be oppressive arbitrary and tyrannous as they were from whom ye have freed us. That our hearts are now more capacious our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law that fathers may despatch at will their own children. And who shall then stick closest to ye and excite others not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct and his four nobles of Danegelt. Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities yet love my peace better if that were all. Give me the liberty to know to utter and to argue freely according to conscience above all liberties.

What would be best advised then if it be found so hurtful and so unequal to suppress opinions for the newness or the unsuitableness to a customary acceptance will not be my task to say. I only shall repeat what I have learned from one of your own honourable number a right noble and pious lord who had he not sacrificed his life and fortunes to the Church and Commonwealth we had not now missed and bewailed a worthy and undoubted patron of this argument. Ye know him I am sure yet I for honours sake and may it be eternal to him shall name him the Lord Brook. He writing of Episcopacy and by the way treating of sects and schisms left ye his vote or rather now the last words of his dying charge which I know will ever be of dear and honoured regard with ye so full of meekness and breathing charity that next to His last testament who bequeathed love and peace to His disciples I cannot call to mind where I have read or heard words more mild and peaceful. He there exhorts us to hear with patience and humility those however they be miscalled that

desire to live purely, in such a use of God's ordinances, as the best guidance of their conscience gives them, and to tolerate them, though in some disconformity to ourselves. The book itself will tell us more at large, being published to the world, and dedicated to the Parliament by him who, both for his life and for his death, deserves that what advice he left be not laid by without perusal.

And now the time in special is, by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus with his two controversial faces might now not insignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple, who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their cismments. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute? When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ringed, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument, for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth.

For who knows not that Truth is strong next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious: those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power. Give her but room and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spoke oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness. Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent wherein Truth may be on this side or on the other without being unlike herself? What but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances that hand writing nailed to the cross? What great purchase is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is that he who eats or eats not regards a day or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace and left to conscience had we but charity, and were it not the chiefs to g-

they themselves have begun by transgressing it be not enough but that they will persuade and execute the most *Dominican* part of the *Inquisition* over us and are already with one foot in the stirrup so active at suppressing it would be no unequal distribution in the first place to suppress the suppressors themselves whom the change of their condition hath puffed up more than their late experience of harder times hath made wise

And as for regulating the Press let no man think to have the honour of advising ye better than yourselves have done in that Order published next before this that no book be Printed unless the Printers and the Authors name or at least the Printers be registered Those which otherwise come forth if they be found mischievous and libellous the fire and the executioner will be the timeliest and the most effectual remedy that mans prevention can use For this authentic Spanish policy of licensing books if I have said aught will prove the most unlicensed book itself within a short while and was the immediate image of a Star Chamber decree to that purpose made in those very times when that Court did the rest of those herpious works for which she is now fallen from the stars with Lucifer Whereby ye may guess what kind of state prudence what love of the people what care of Religion or good manners there was at the contriving although with singularly poetry it pretended to bind books to their good behaviour And how it got the upper hand of your precedent Order so well constituted before if we may believe those men whose profession gives them cause to enquire most it may be doubted there was in it the fraud of some old patentees and monopolisers in the trade of bookselling who under pretence of the poor in their Company not to be defrauded and the just retaining of each man his several copy which God forbid should be gainsaid brought divers glosing colours to the House which were indeed but colours and serving to no end except it be to exercise a superiority over their neighbours men who do not therefore labour in an honest profession to which learning is indebted that they should be made other mens vassals Another end is thought was aimed at by some of them in procuring by petition this Order that having power in their hands malignant books might the easier scape abroad as the event shows

But of these sophisms and clenches of merchandise I skill not This I know that errors in a good government and in a bad are equally almost incident for what Magistrate may not be misinformed and much the sooner if Liberty of Printing be reduced into the power of a few I ut to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred and in highest authority to esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous bribe is a virtue (honoured Lords and Commons) answerable to your highest actions and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.

